Collier's

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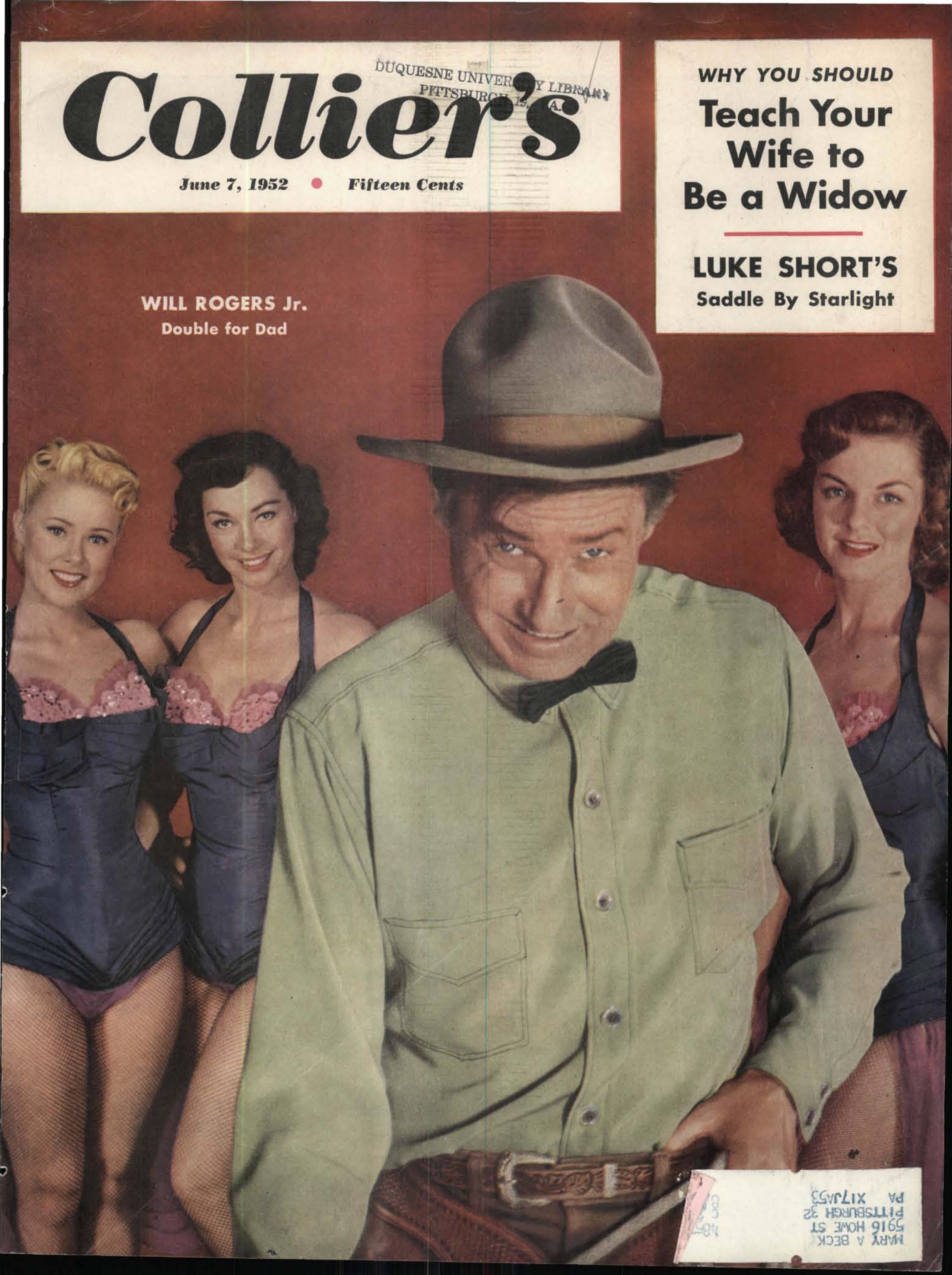
June 7, 1952 • Fifteen Cents

WHY YOU SHOULD

Teach Your Wife to Be a Widow

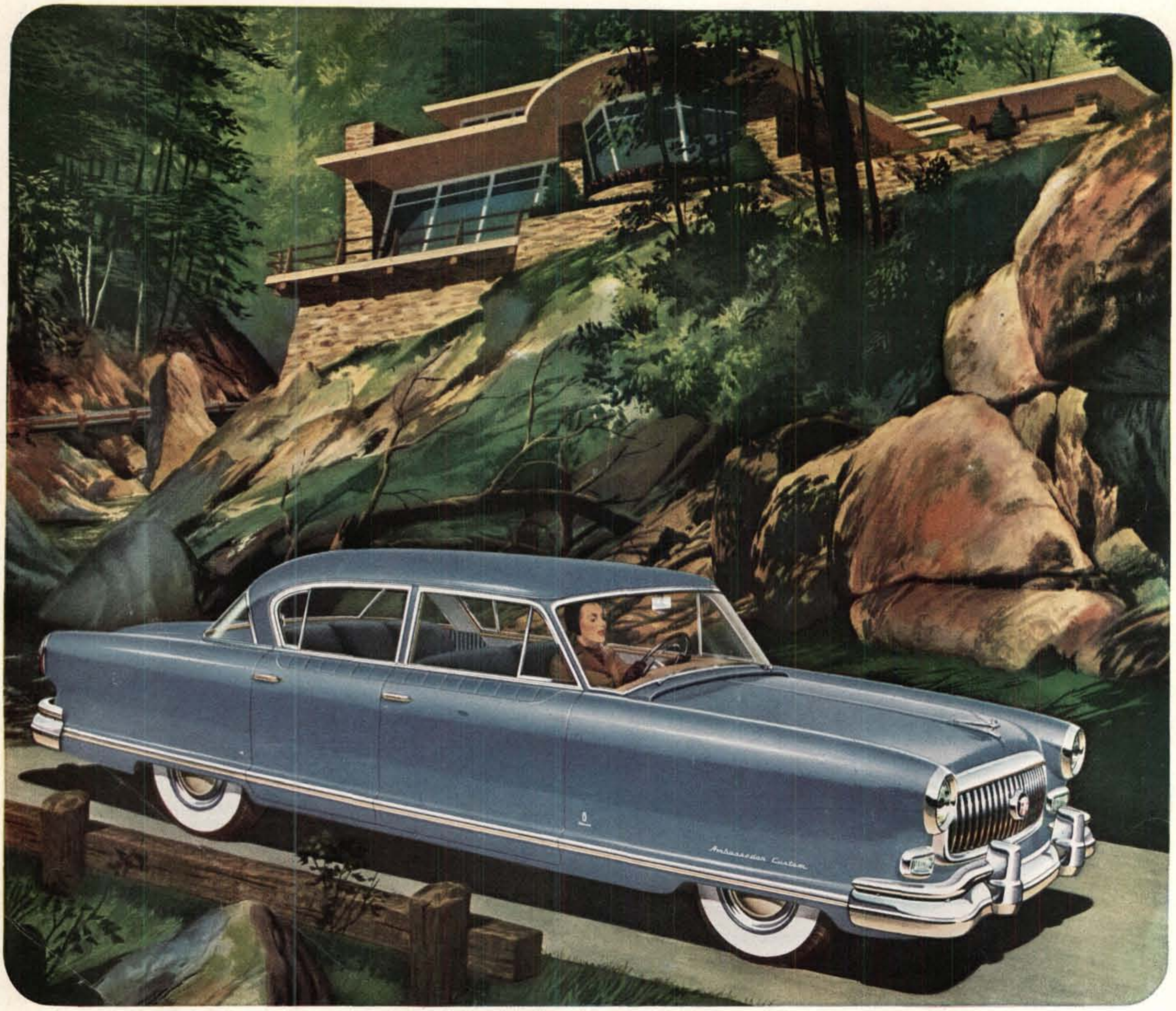
LUKE SHORT'S

Saddle By Starlight



WILL ROGERS Jr.

Double for Dad



This 1952 Nash Ambassador is upholstered in Mediterranean Blue needle point and striped homespun. Reclining Seats, Twin Beds, Hood Ornament, glare-free tinted Solex glass and White Sidewalls optional extras. Your choice of three transmissions including Automatic Overdrive and new Dual-Range Hydra-Matic, at extra cost.

THERE'S A NEW "WHO'S WHO" OF THE HIGHWAY

YOU ARE NOT ALONE when you admire the picture above.

Because never before has any new car won such instant acclaim as the Nash Golden Airflyte—*already* the new choice of thousands of distinguished Americans!

Here you see beauty that is *entirely new* . . . the swift, clean, continental styling of Pinin Farina, world's most famous custom designer.

Look inside. You'll find the widest seats, the greatest Eye-Level visibility and the most luxurious interior ever built into one car! You'll enjoy *double* Reclining Seats, with new Twin Bed arrangements . . . and thrill to a new view of the road over the low, racy hood and distinctive Road-Guide Fenders!

Performance? Who could ask for more than a Super Jetfire engine even more powerful than the Nash Jetfire that set last year's stock-car speed record! Riding Ease? There's the unmatched magic of new Airflex suspension and safer, rattle-free Airflyte Construction!

Yes, there's a new standard of fine-car value on the highway today—a new "Who's Who". See your Nash dealer and learn how easily your golden dreams can come true!

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Nash Motors, Division Nash-Kelvinator Corp., Detroit, Michigan

Nash Golden Airflytes

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BILL'S BARBER SHOP
POST OFFICE
BOOK
DRESS
DRUGS

Can America escape socialism?

Some nations couldn't. And there are people in this country who are trying to push America down the same road.

They don't speak out for socialism openly — they know most Americans don't want it. Instead, they give persuasive reasons for the *steps that lead to socialism.*

There's one clue that will help you recognize this hidden socialism. It's the old line: "*Let the federal government do it — or run it — or take it over — or own and operate it.*" When you hear that, look out.

For the more things the federal government runs, the closer we are to socialism — whether we want it or not — and the fewer rights and freedoms we have left for ourselves.

America can escape socialism — here's how you can help: Recognize the steps that lead to it. Help your friends and neighbors see the danger. And use your ballot wisely!

• • •

WHERE DOES SOCIALISM START? One of socialism's first aims is to have the federal government take over electricity, and thus get the whip hand over every business, farm and family. In America, socialized electricity has spread steadily — and the pressure is on for much more. That's why America's business-managed, tax-paying Electric Light and Power Companies* publish this warning to all Americans.

**Names on request from this magazine*

Electric power is the key to U. S. production strength. We need more and more of it to produce more steel, aluminum and other materials, and to make them into more planes, ships, tanks and guns.

America's electric light and power companies have planned ahead to have enough electricity ready on time to meet foreseeable demands.

They'll *have* it ready . . . *if* their suppliers can get the steel and other materials they need to finish the new power plants, new lines and equipment they've already started.

• "MEET CORLISS ARCHER"—*Sundays—ABC—9:15 P. M., Eastern Time.*

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June 7, 1952

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The characters in all stories and serials in this magazine are purely imaginary. No reference or allusion to any living person is intended.

Editorial and Executive Offices, 640 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, N. Y.

COLLIER'S THE NATIONAL WEEKLY Vol. 129, No. 23.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY by The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio, U.S.A., Publishers of Collier's, Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine. Executive and Editorial Offices, 640 Fifth Ave., New York 19, N. Y. Albert E. Winger, Chairman of the Board; Clarence E. Stouch, President; E. A. Schirmer, Executive Vice-President; T. L. Brantly, Peter J. Dennerlein, Edward Anthony, Robert T. Messler, E. P. Seymour, Ralph G. Smith, John W. McPherrin, Vice-Presidents; Denis O'Sullivan, Secretary; C. F. Norsworthy, Treasurer.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICES: United States and Possessions, and Philippine Islands, 1 year $5.00; 2 years $8.00; 2½ years (130 issues) $9.00; 3 years $10.00. Canada, 1 year $5.50. Pan-American countries in the Postal Union, 1 year $6.00. All other foreign countries, 1 year $9.00. Payments from foreign countries, except Canada, must be in United States funds, and addressed to The Crowell-Collier Publishing Co., Springfield, Ohio.

ENTERED as second-class matter at the Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, under Act of March 3, 1879. Authorized as second-class mail, Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada.

MANUSCRIPTS or art submitted to Collier's, The National Weekly, should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and return postage. The Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts or art.

▶ **CHANGES OF ADDRESS should reach us five weeks in advance of the next issue date. Give both the old and new addresses.** ◀

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The Cover

Judging by the comments around Collier's editorial offices, there's only one possible reaction to this week's cover: "Just like his dad." The astonishing resemblance between Will Rogers, Jr., and his famous cowboy-philosopher father has turned the son—for the first and only time in his busy career—into an actor. He is shown here in a Ziegfeld Follies scene from the Warner Brothers motion picture The Story of Will Rogers, in which he plays the title role (see page 21).

Week's Mail

Here's the Answer

EDITOR: In Week's Mail (Apr. 19th), Mrs. Ayer, of Missouri, chidingly inquires regarding the present administration, "Can't you ever find anything *favorable* to say for it?"

"Yes, indeed," you may tell Mrs. Ayer. "It will end next January."

Speed the day!

W. W. SCOTT, North Hollywood, Cal.

TV Guest

EDITOR: The enclosed photos of Joe DiMaggio and Tom Meany were taken during the first dress rehearsal, or dry run, of Joe's new TV show over WPIX, New York.

Collier's sports writer and author of DiMaggio as I Knew Him (Apr. 19th) was the Clipper's first guest on his program, which is telecast before and after each Yankee home game.

Naturally, they talked about Meany's article on DiMag, which broke the same week that Joe became a television performer. On the program Joe praised Meany's piece. "I don't know how you dug up so much stuff about me," said DiMaggio.

BOB VIANO, New York, N.Y.

Inside Dope

EDITOR: My two sons and I wish to express our appreciation for the very enlightening, informative thumbnail sketches of Presidential aspirants written by Parke Cummings (I Get Around, Apr. 19th).

Making Mr. Cummings' findings available to the public is in keeping with your untiring efforts to maintain Collier's as an indispensable source of information for the average voter, who has neither the time nor the facilities to acquire such very important facts through other means.

Many of the truths revealed by Mr. Cummings were, indeed, startling. We have clipped the article so as to have it handy when Election Day rolls around.

THEO. KUNZ, St. Louis, Mo.

Samples of Mr. Cummings' intimate, exclusive, startling information, in case you missed the article: *Eisenhower.* "Sleeps under blankets on cold nights . . . Never studied Sanskrit." *Kefauver.* "When hatless, hair tends to blow in a high wind." *MacArthur.* "Learned to walk at an early age. Sore throats make him uncomfortable." *Stassen.* "A coffee drinker, likes to start at the top of the cup and work down." *Stevenson.* "Considers New

Safety Tips for Vacation Trips

Now that vacation time has come, many motorists will follow the natural urge to take to the open road. Whether they go on a vacation or week-end trip, or just for a drive in the country, they will find motoring most pleasant when it is safest.

According to National Safety Council data, motor vehicle accidents accounted for 40 percent of all deaths from accidental causes, and injured more than a million people last year. Safety authorities say that a good way to make your summer trips more pleasant as well as safer is to follow such motoring precautions as these:

1. Always drive at a safe and sane speed. Reports of state and city traffic authorities show that in 2 out of every 5 fatal accidents, a speed violation was involved. That is why it is so important to drive at a speed which gives you complete control of your car at all times.

2. Follow other cars at a safe distance. According to the National Safety Council, even when going only 30 miles per hour, under normal conditions, it would take you about 80 feet to come to a complete stop. This emphasizes the need of allowing ample stopping room between your car and the car ahead. A safe margin is one car length for every 10 miles of speed. Of course, this distance should be increased at night, and when driving on slippery roads or in bad weather.

3. Keep constantly alert to other cars on the road. This may help you avoid an accident, even if their drivers do something wrong. For example, by watching traffic coming from both left and right when nearing an intersection, you may be able to anticipate and avert possible danger. For the same reason, it is wise to pay attention to traffic coming toward you at all times, and especially on hills and curves.

4. Be prepared for driving emergencies. Should a tire blow out, keep a firm grip on the wheel with both hands and let the car slow down before applying the brakes. This will help prevent dangerous swerving. When stopping on a slippery surface, apply your brakes lightly, then release and apply again to help avoid skidding.

5. Have your car's condition checked regularly. Traffic reports show that vehicle defects are contributing causes in about 1 out of every 9 fatal accidents. Defective brakes, lights, tires and steering mechanisms are most frequently at fault. Every part of your car should be periodically checked to make sure it is in safe operating condition. Such inspection is especially important before taking a trip.

Metropolitan has prepared a booklet, "How's Your Driving?" to help you increase the pleasure and safety of your motoring. This booklet contains many practical comments and suggestions that tell how to drive with the least amount of worry and trouble. Use the coupon below to send for your free copy.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Co.
1 Madison Ave., New York 10, N. Y.
Please send me a copy of your booklet, 752-C, "How's Your Driving?"

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HOW'S YOUR DRIVING?

Your Movies and Snapshots Come Alive—*Like This!* Photographer Peter Gowland chose Ansco Color Film to capture the softer, life-like flesh tones of his subject.

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York to be America's largest city, and regards Shakespeare as a great writer." ***Taft.*** **"Never has soup for breakfast. Wears overcoats which have buttons on the right side."** ***Truman.*** **"Has piano with 88 keys on it . . . Married, one child."** ***Darkhorse.*** **He never attended Melrose (Massachusetts) High School; never had a tryout with the St. Louis Browns.**

Subtle Revelation

Editor: Thank you very much for Bill Mauldin's articles. They are humorous, *yet informative. Perhaps they represent the* subtle approach to making us understand that we are fighting the most cruel war in our history—*right now.*

G. P. Du Bose, Austin, Texas

Jet Acrobats

Editor: I found your story on the Skyblazers (Apr. 19th) most interesting; however, I was disappointed in that one of the original members, and a most colorful individual, Major "Flash" Gordon, was not mentioned.

As his crew chief during 1949 and 1950, I personally observed him putting the Skyblazers through their paces before thousands of spectators in England and other major cities throughout the European continent. It was he who initiated and developed low-level precision acrobatics at Malta during 1949 continuing throughout 1950.

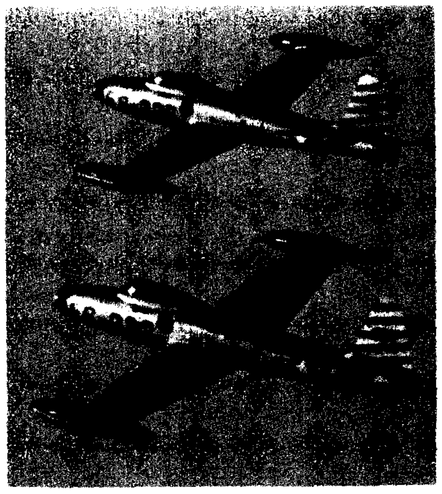
Former Crew Chief for Major Gordon,
March Air Force Base, Cal.

. . . Your article implies that what the Skyblazers are doing has never been done before! I would like to ask S. Freidin and Bill Richardson if they have ever heard of the Blue Angels of the U.S. Navy?

I wouldn't go so far as to say that the Navy team was any better than the Air Force's, but the Navy Blue Angels were formed several years ago and were only broken up because of the Korean war.

As I recall, the Blue Angels consisted of five fliers and flew conventional prop aircraft in a manner similar to the Skyblazers. When the Navy was given jet aircraft, the Blue Angels were given jets and did all that the Skyblazers are now doing, and several years in advance of this Air Force team.

Ronald R. Cotton, AC1 USN,
Fleet Post Office, New York, N.Y.



. . . In the photograph illustrating Skyblazers, the trailing end of the fuel tanks on all four planes is equipped with fins. The left tank is washed down and the right tank is up. Why? The only reason I can think of is to keep constant pressure on the stick.

Carl L. Duvall, Jr.,
Grand Rapids, Mich.

The tilted appearance of the fins is an optical—or photographic—illusion, caused by the angle at which the picture was taken. Lower photograph shows their correct position. Actually, the fins are not movable and have nothing directly to do with the flying operation. They are used to prevent "burbling" and wing vibration at high speeds.

Dream Guy

Editor: I just want to thank you for publishing the story you had on Aldo Ray (Rugged Romeo, Apr. 19th). He attracted my attention from the minute I saw and heard him in his first picture, Saturday's Hero. I think everyone will like him even more when they read your story on him. He's the kind of guy every girl dreams about.

Joan La Marre, Brooklyn, N.Y.

Emerson Enthusiasts

Editor: I would like to comment on some recent articles by Mr. William Austin Emerson, Jr.

His first article on the Okefenokee Swamp (Nov. 24, 1951), and the later one on Miss Wil Lou Gray's Opportunity School (She Spells Opportunity with Three R's, Mar. 29th) were equally interesting; however, the one on "Mr. Dixie" (Apr. 19th) naturally brought forth more enthusiasm and interest in this area, since most of us are so well acquainted and familiar with Grady Cole, his life and his accomplishments.

I trust that we will see more and more articles of this nature.

S. R. Clark, Charlotte, N.C.

. . . The article Cattle Rush Down South (Apr. 5th), is the best one that I have ever read in a popular magazine. It is the first one I have seen published in a magazine such as yours which did not have numerous technical errors which could seriously affect people who might be interested in going into the cattle business.

The subject was so broad that it took a masterful piece of writing to turn out such a splendid article. Please give my congratulations to William A. Emerson, Jr.

George V. Gaines, Atlanta, Ga.

Byrd & Byrnes

Editor: I want to see the Democratic party put up either Senator Harry Byrd or ex-Secretary of State James F. Byrnes for the Presidency. Then, no matter which party should win the national election, we would have good government in this country.

The Democratic party has this fine choice to make at its convention. Both parties and the people are demanding a good domestic and foreign policy. Let's do something about it.

Chester M. Way, St. Petersburg, Fla.

Apology Accepted

Editor: Terribly sorry. I have no ax to grind. Just one excellent publication.

John V. Busch, Jr., Oakdale, Iowa

Remington
Remington
60

GIVE DAD HIS OWN MASTER BARBER

For a useful, luxurious Father's Day present, give Dad a new Remington 60—a happy blending of the skill, the gentle touch of a Master Barber, and the swift efficiency of the world's fastest electric shaver. Dad will really appreciate all of these features, because whiskers grow tougher with each passing year. He'll be amazed by the way the extra-long *Diamond-Honed* Blue Streak Twin Shaving Heads of the new Remington 60 glide smoothly and effortlessly over his face, giving him the fastest, easiest, most comfortable shave of his life.

REMINGTON 60

ELECTRIC SHAVER DIVISION
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The Remington 60 is practical, too—Dad will quit fussing with old-fashioned methods... he'll shave anytime, anywhere, without taking off his coat or tie. He'll find it economical—no soap, blades, or brush to buy. And he'll be proud of his handsome 60, smartly packaged in a good-looking gift-case. *See* the new Remington 60 at fine stores everywhere, or at one of our 112 Nationwide Shaver Headquarters... *Buy* a Remington with confidence—it's a quality product. *Give* it knowing that it will certainly please Dad in every way.

No one is paid to play an Acushnet . . . but in Big Money Tournaments through the years, more Pros have played the Acushnet than any other ball. Hit a new 1952 Titleist — by scientific test the finest, hardest-to-injure, high-compression ball ever offered the American public — and you'll see why. Titleists, like all Acushnets, are sold through Pro Shops *only.*

I guess we better plan to have supper at the club.

ACUSHNET

GOLF BALLS

FIRST CHOICE IN THE MAJORITY OF PRO SHOPS

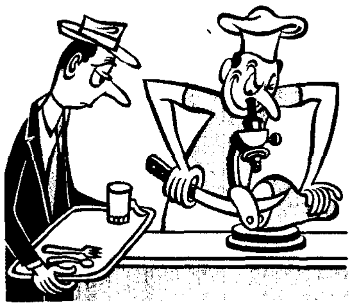
48 STATES OF MIND

By WALTER DAVENPORT

Gentleman in Barre, Vermont, who shyly forgets to mention his name, says he's looking forward to the coming elections with considerable pleasure. Says he: "Expect to get my hand shook, my back slapped and my leg pulled. Don't know what more a fellow could want, except maybe a few important changes in Washington."

★ ★ ★

If those scientists at Battelle Memorial Institute in Columbus, Ohio, think they've impressed Mr. Joe Wooden by announcing that they've discovered a way to cut biological tissue into slices five millionths of an inch thick, they're feebly mistaken. Mr. Wooden says he's been eating in restaurants whose meat carvers can make heavy-handed tramps of those guys.



★ ★ ★

Wisconsin is one of our better-governed states. But according to that excellent newspaper, the Milwaukee Journal, there are 7,000 governmental units in Wisconsin, all with the power to levy taxes. There is a tax-levying authority for each 500 of population. This discouraging intelligence comes from Mr. Amos Newbegin, of Racine, who adds: "The half dollar that rolls under the bed when you take off your pants at night is about the only money that goes as far today as it did before the war."

★ ★ ★

And Mr. Alex Franz, of Charlotte, Michigan, was sure we'd all be merrier if we knew that in his newspaper, the Republican-Tribune, the following ad appears within a black border: "Government employees please note! Mink coats cleaned, glazed and stored. No questions asked."

★ ★ ★

Teacher in New Jersey devoted a whole afternoon to urging her small pupils to add "sir" to any remarks they might address to their fathers. "Yes, sir" or "No, sir" or "Can I have a dime, sir?" Like that. Next day she made inquiries. One of the kids reported that he had saluted his father, just home from the office, with: "Nice evening, sir." Teacher hoped Dad was pleased. "Dunno," replied the kid. "He said, 'Well, what have you done now?' "

★ ★ ★

A gentleman in Atchison, Kansas, calmly laid down his newspaper—the Globe—and drafted a letter to the editor. "History," wrote he, "is a record of how other nations in the world have always been wrong."

★ ★ ★

And if Mr. Ted Tynge only knew somebody in the Army's high-brass section who'd listen, he'd write a letter. Mr. Tynge is tired of the "Operations" of our armed forces—Operation Disinfectant, Operation Bottlenose, Operation Cutup, Operation Night Club, Operation Zig Zag, and so forth. But Mr. Tynge is anxious to forgive and forget "if only there would be one Operation Success."

★ ★ ★

In Oklahoma City a marriage license was issued to Mr. Warner Pigg and Miss Mary Bacon. We have a newspaper clipping from Miss Winifred Harper as proof.

★ ★ ★

Here's an unsigned letter from a citizen in Des Moines, Iowa, lamenting that he "can't afford the things my old man got along fine without."

★ ★ ★

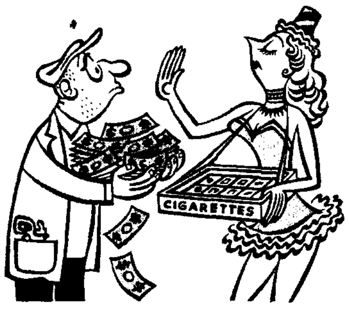
There's quite a big do in Sacramento, California, about a survey of the elevators in the state government buildings. Found that more people go up than come down. Somebody suggested that maybe some folks ride up and walk down. But spotters stationed on the stairs failed to verify that. Mr. Norman Gladfelter says there are a lot of investigations going on in the upper floors and he "wouldn't be surprised if jumping was getting stylish again."

★ ★ ★

Plaintively, the Enterprise, Alabama, fire department asked its public to come hear its Community Sing: "Won't you come to our singing? We go to your fires."

★ ★ ★

And while he doesn't guarantee that it will work, there's a man in Detroit who's got to be given credit for thinking about it. Crime prevention's the subject. He suggests that our paper money be printed for local circulation only. Not good on a nation-wide basis. Money stolen in, say Massachusetts, where nobody seems to bother with snatching less than a few hundred thousand at a clip, would not be spendable in any of the other 48. A guy in Nevada clipping you for your money belt wouldn't be able to buy a pack of cigarettes with it in New York. The gentleman agrees that the scheme might be a little inconvenient if you aimed to travel; but it's his opinion that if people had to think twice before gadding about, other varieties of crime might also hit the skids.

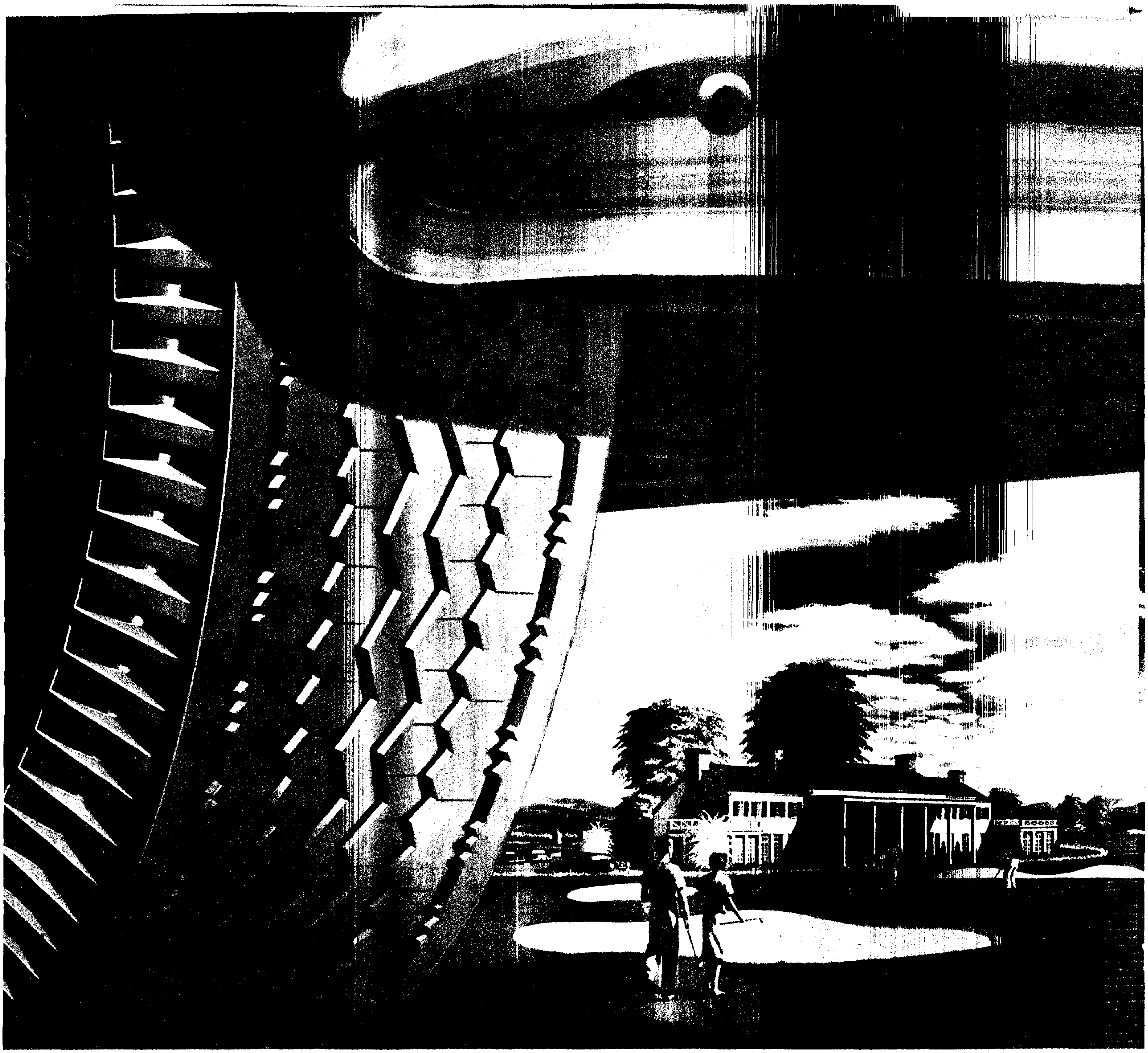


IRWIN CAPLAN

★ ★ ★

Mr. Joe Mikecin got a letter not long ago from the United Nations asking him to remove the sign over the door of his St. Louis, Missouri, tavern—the United Nations Bar. At first that was okay with Mr. Mikecin, who said the name was there when he bought the place and that it never

(*Continued on page* 46)



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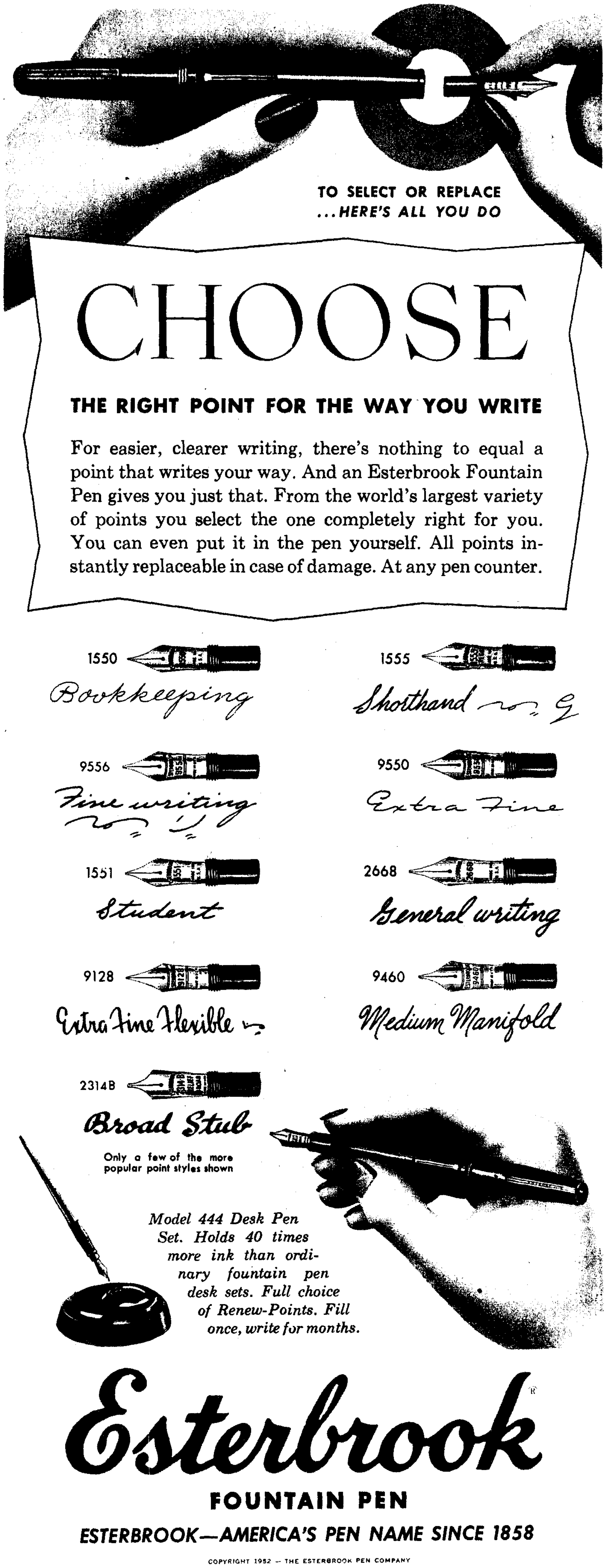
KELLY
Springfield
TIRES

Proved and Improved for 58 years

THE KELLY-SPRINGFIELD TIRE COMPANY, CUMBERLAND, MARYLAND



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1555 Shorthand
9556 Fine writing
9550 Extra Fine
1551 Student
2668 General writing
9128 Extra Fine Flexible
9460 Medium Manifold
2314B Broad Stub

Only a few of the more popular point styles shown

Model 444 Desk Pen Set. Holds 40 times more ink than ordinary fountain pen desk sets. Full choice of Renew-Points. Fill once, write for months.

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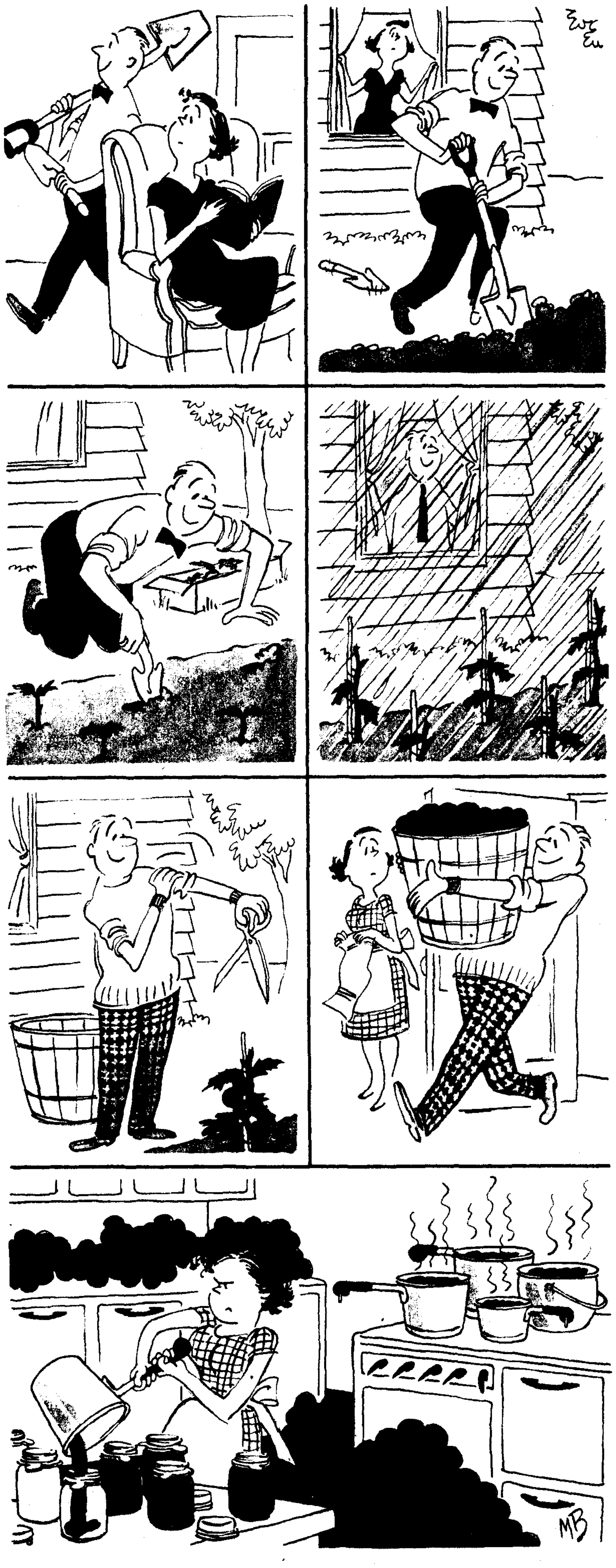
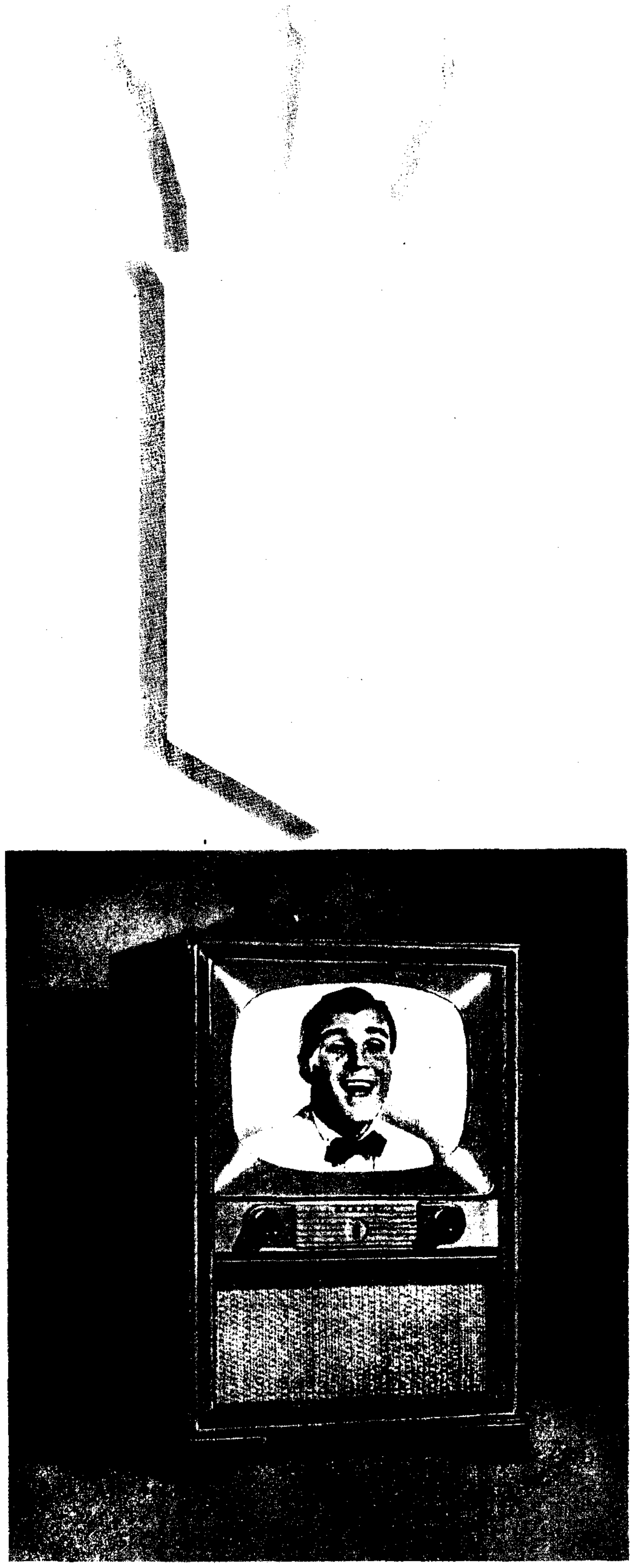
The Gardener

By MARTHA BLANCHARD





Quality

You will never fully know until you own a

Zenith TV

A S K   A N Y   Z E N I T H   O W N E R

You will hear its praises among your many friends in the ever-widening circle of Zenith Radio and TV owners. You will learn of its vast superiority at any reliable dealer's.

But you will never really witness the fabulous parade of Television talent at its supreme best until this magnificent instrument comes into your home and your heart.

The reason lies in its rare Quality—an achievement easy to claim, difficult and costly to attain.

Yet as you live year after year with this superb Television—you come to realize the true value of its costlier materials and parts, its superior engineering and assembling.

And over and over again our promise comes back to you—the promise that Zenith Quality will never be sacrificed for price. A policy based firmly on the knowledge that there is no economy in a low price tag.

A few dollars more for all this? Yes. Dollars you very wisely spend to make sure of years of thrilling enjoyment—years in which the need for costly service is rare—and more frequently than not—absent.

* * *

PROVISION FOR COMING UHF STATIONS

Every Zenith TV set ever built has built-in provision to receive the coming new UHF stations without the use of a converter. No other Television manufacturer can make this statement.

Above: New Zenith "Byron" Television Console. *Model J2252R. 21-inch (235 sq. in.). Graceful classic simplicity with genuine, lustrous Mahogany veneers and selected hardwoods. See this and the many other Zenith models at your dealer's.*

Also Makers of Zenith "Royal" and "Super Royal" Hearing Aids. Small, compact, beautifully designed. Money back guarantee. Sold only through authorized dealers at $75.

ZENITH
LONG DISTANCE RADIO
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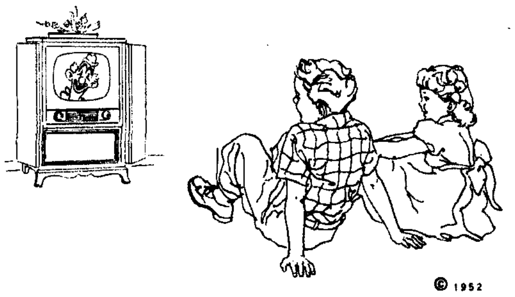
THE ROYALTY OF RADIO AND TELEVISION



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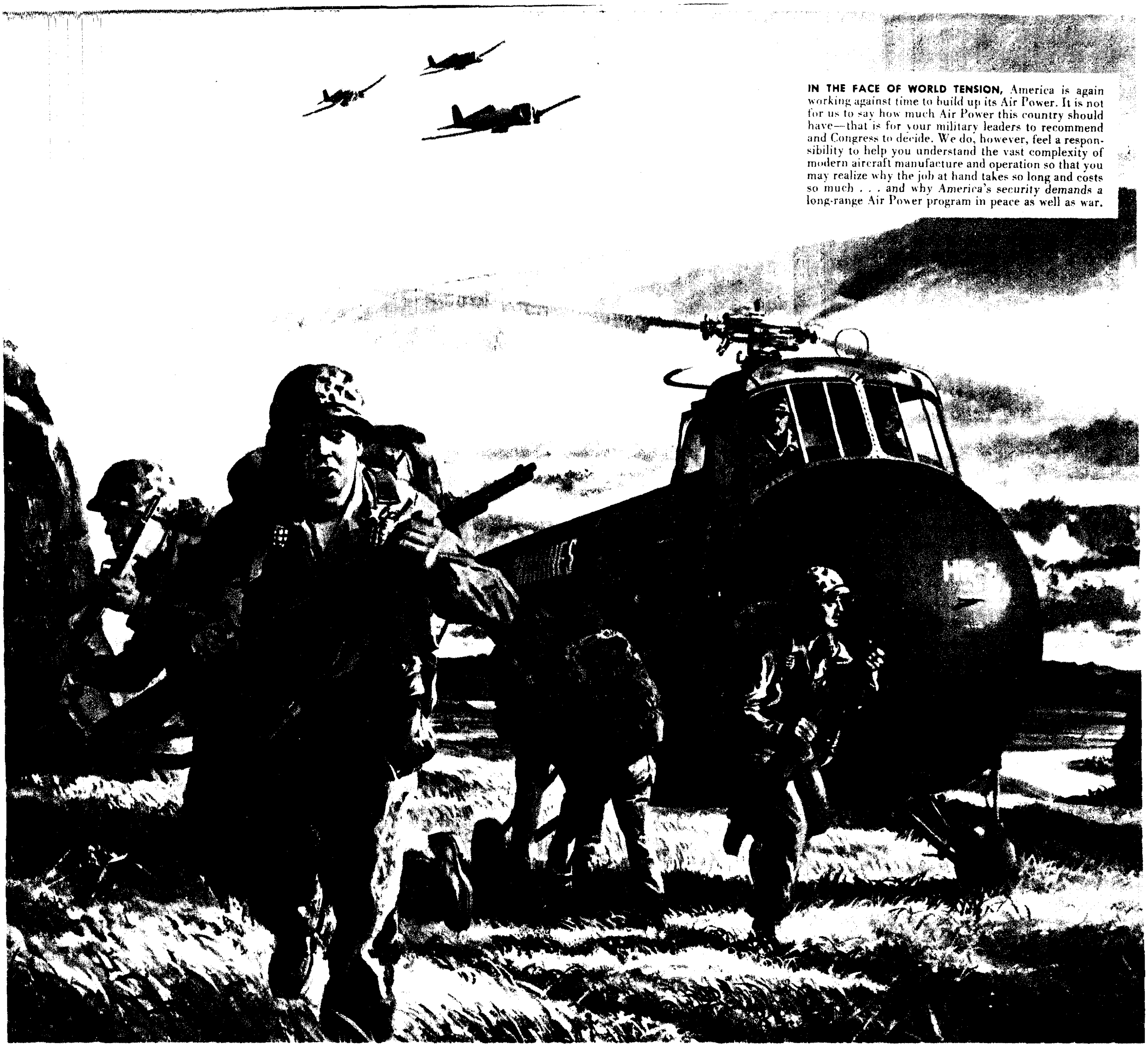
Zenith Radio Corporation, Chicago 39, Illinois

Backed by 33 Years of "Know-How" in Radionics® Exclusively



IN THE FACE OF WORLD TENSION, America is again working against time to build up its Air Power. It is not for us to say how much Air Power this country should have—that is for your military leaders to recommend and Congress to decide. We do, however, feel a responsibility to help you understand the vast complexity of modern aircraft manufacture and operation so that you may realize why the job at hand takes so long and costs so much . . . and why America's security demands a long-range Air Power program in peace as well as war.

MILITARY HISTORY BEING MADE IN KOREA IN 1951 AS 936 BATTLE-EQUIPPED MARINES LAND AT FRONT LINES BY SIKORSKY HELICOPTERS

YOUR MARINE CORPS IS TACKLING A LONG, HARD JOB—

EXPANDING MARINE AVIATION

When Japan surrendered in 1945, United States Marine Corps aviation had 2,776 airplanes in service. Five years later, when war broke out in Korea, the number had dwindled to 687—all the Marines could afford to operate on their limited appropriations.

In the emergency the Marine air arm de-mothballed World War II aircraft and drew heavily upon its Reserves for manpower.

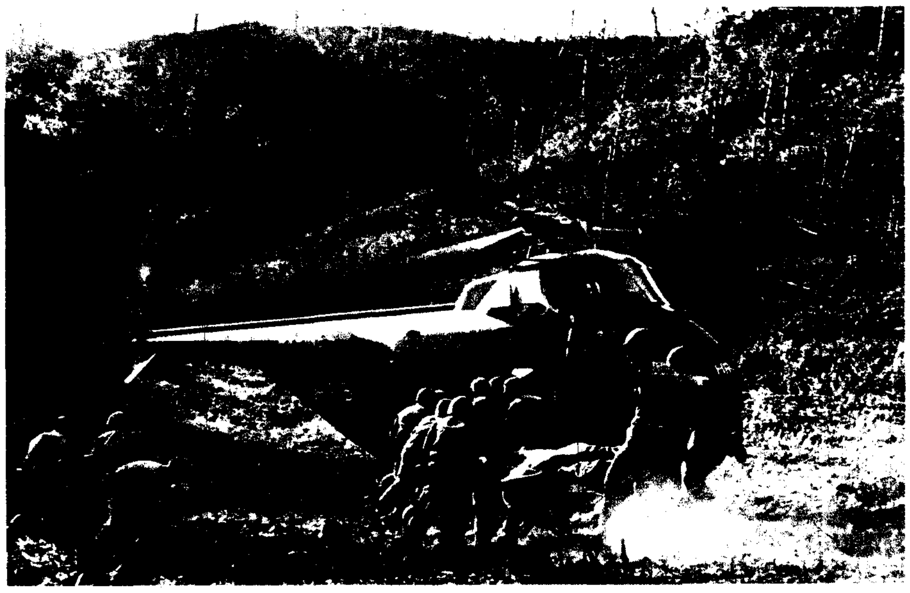
But, of course, these measures left it far short of required strength, for Marine aviation must perform a wide variety of assignments. Not only does it *fly from both carriers and land bases*, but close operation with ground troops has led the Marine Corps to pioneer many revolutionary combat tactics.

For instance, Marine aviation has developed *under fire* a whole new technique of air-borne assault. As in the color illustration above Marines have seized key positions in difficult terrain by helicopter shuttle of battle-equipped companies of troops.

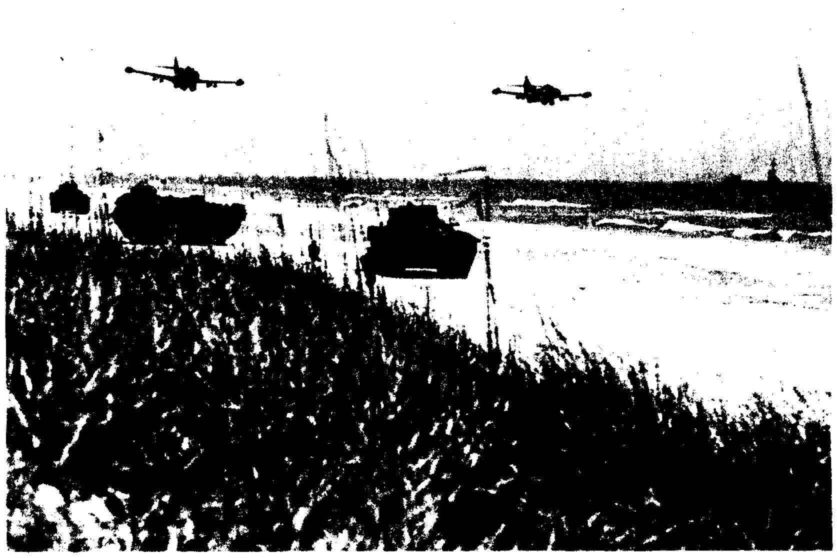
Marine aviation has also pioneered and brought to a high degree of skill close air support of ground *troops. Few jobs in flying demand greater precision* or more constant practice than this kind of coordinated air-ground assault. Pilots sometimes strafe and *fire-bomb within 100 short yards of their ground* troops! Training is so exacting that pilots often spend months with ground units learning ground maneuvers.

Add to these tasks the operation of night fighters and reconnaissance planes . . . transports for logistic support . . . plus the need to train thousands of skilled air and ground crews . . . and you begin to see what a tremendously complicated job Marine aviation is tackling in just this one phase of Air Power.

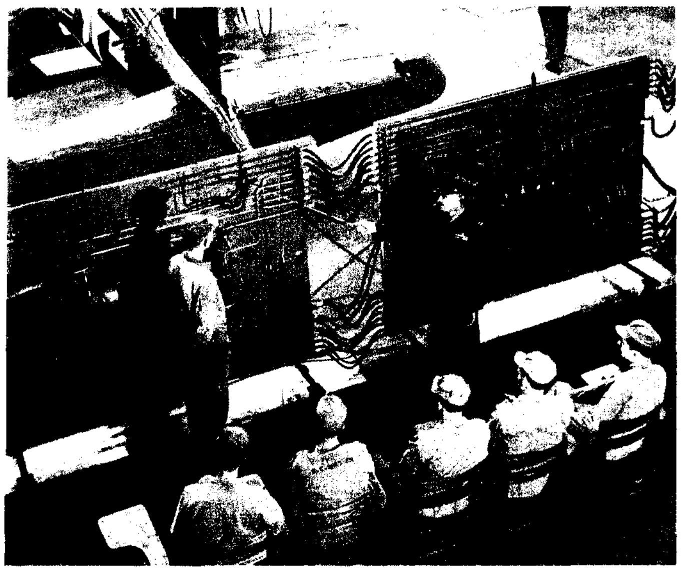
To succeed, Marine Corps aviation must have public understanding of the time factors involved in Air Power expansion . . . and a recognition of the hard fact that Air Power must be consistently maintained *in peace if it is to be relied upon to help* prevent—or meet—the terrible emergency of war.



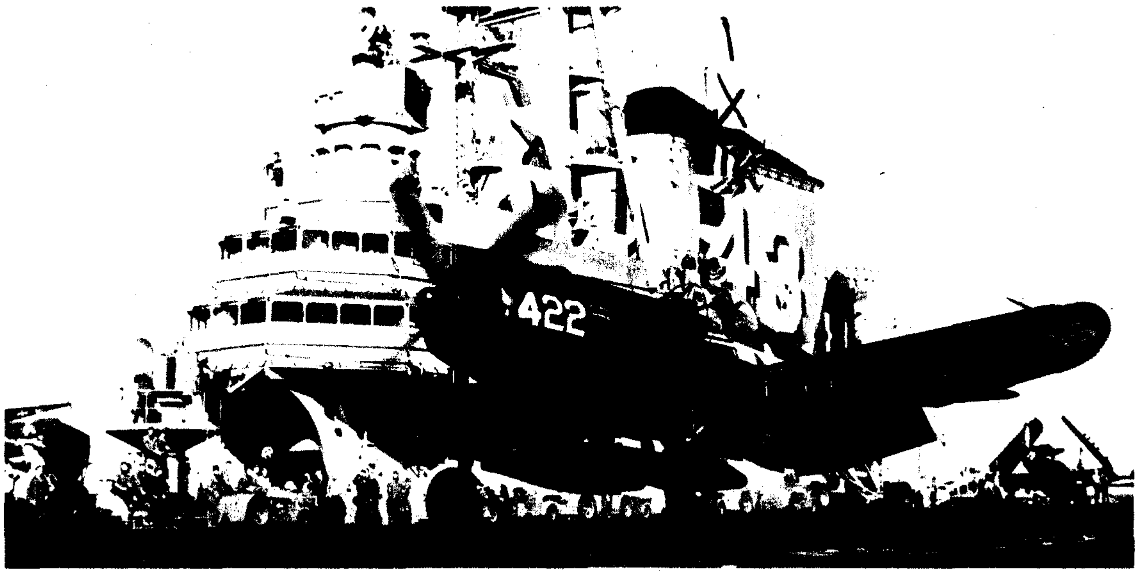
LARGE HELICOPTERS, like the big Sikorsky in the rescue scene above, enable Marines to by-pass rugged terrain and save days in moving troops and supplies to front lines and evacuating wounded. They will supplement landing craft, in amphibious invasions, to achieve "vertical envelopment" of enemy's fixed defenses. Manufacturers are expanding production of present types and are designing larger and faster versions.



IN AMPHIBIOUS LANDINGS Marine aviation helps soften up beach defenses, protect invasion fleet and provide cover for landing craft. When troops are ashore, planes like Grumman Panther jets (above) take over close air support. The moment inland airfields are secure, staff men, aircraft, radar, and ground crews move in. Constant rehearsals are needed to achieve efficient coordination with other units.



GROUND CREWS must know today's complex aircraft inside and out. (Above they study a Vought Corsair's hydraulic system.) Once ashore, away from well-equipped repair shops, only their skill and ingenuity keep aircraft flying.



PILOT TRAINING is a long process. Combat pilots must learn to fly both piston-engine planes (like the Vought Corsair above) and jets. After learning to fly and operate from carriers at Navy training centers in Pensacola, Fla., and Corpus Christi, Texas, they must spend additional months at a Marine air base, such as Cherry Point, N. C., or El Toro, Cal. There they learn to coordinate flying skill with ground-force tactics.

U. S. MARINE CORPS TRANSPORT AIRCRAFT (above: Fairchild R4Q Packet) are used primarily to supply combat logistic support to units of Marine air and ground forces. In emergencies, to assist other branches of the armed forces, they serve with the Military Air Transport Service and the Combat Cargo Command. Transport, like other Marine air functions, requires a variety of aircraft—as well as pilots, navigators, traffic controllers and ground crews. Aircraft currently in use include Douglas R4Ds and R5Ds, Fairchild R4Qs, Curtiss R5Cs and Sikorsky HRS helicopters.

ENGINES TO POWER varied types of planes are basic to success in Marine Aviation, as well as with every member of the Air Power Team. It takes years to develop engines like the Pratt & Whitney Turbo-Wasps above, and more years to put them into full-scale production. Only a sound Air Power Policy—and elimination of "stop and go" planning—can assure America of the air strength to meet all emergencies.

UNITED AIRCRAFT CORPORATION • EAST HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT

Makers of Pratt & Whitney engines, Hamilton Standard propellers, Chance Vought airplanes and Sikorsky helicopters for the United States' armed forces and the finest airlines in the world.

Stop! Look! And smack your lips!

There's a Borden's Cream Cheese for every taste... every use! So much better-tasting, they beat all others by a mile!

Borden's
CREAM CHEESE
PASTEURIZED

Snazzy for snacks!

And no wonder! **Borden's Cream Cheese** is not only fresher-tasting, it has smoother texture, too! Spread on crackers, salted rye or bagels, you're set for the very best cream cheese eatin'! Get it in the 3-oz. or thrifty 8-oz. size.

A tightly sealed wrapper protects the original goodness and purity of the cheese until you open the package. No loose flaps allow air to reach the cheese.

Borden's
CREAM CHEESE WITH CHIVE
PASTEURIZED

Delightful for cheese dips!

Dip right in—the flavor's *chive!* Here's the *newest* **Borden's Cream Cheese** . . . and it's a "dilly"! Filled with tangy, tender, chopped chives—fresh from Borden's own chive gardens! Just whip with a little milk for the finest *Chip-Dip* of 'em all!

PINEAPPLE · PINEAPPLE
Borden's
CREAM CHEESE
PINEAPPLE
Wej-Cut

Swell for sandwiches!

What's more convenient than **Borden's Wej-Cuts** to give you a surprising variety of sandwiches. Take your pick of these handy 6-oz. Wej-Cuts in Plain, Chive, Relish, Pineapple, or Pimento cream cheese! They're blessings for school lunch-boxes . . . perfect for picnics!

Borden's
PIMENTO
CREAM CHEESE
PASTEURIZED

Super for salads!

Shimmering tomato aspic dressed up with a lace of **Borden's Pimento Cream Cheese!** Here's a delightfully different combination — and a tasty one, too! And you'll be pleased to see how the new-formula Borden's Cream Cheese whips and mixes so easily!

Fine for frosting!

A "plain-jane" cake becomes a dazzling beauty with a Borden's Cream Cheese frosting! For a luscious chocolate frosting for 2 eight-inch layers, blend one 3-oz. package of Borden's Cream Cheese and 1 tblsp. milk. Gradually add 1 box sifted confectioner's sugar; 1 square unsweetened chocolate, melted; 1 tsp. vanilla and dash of salt.

Tightly sealed wrapper guarantees its goodness!

BORDEN'S FINE CHEESES

Folks who know cheese say "Borden's, please!"

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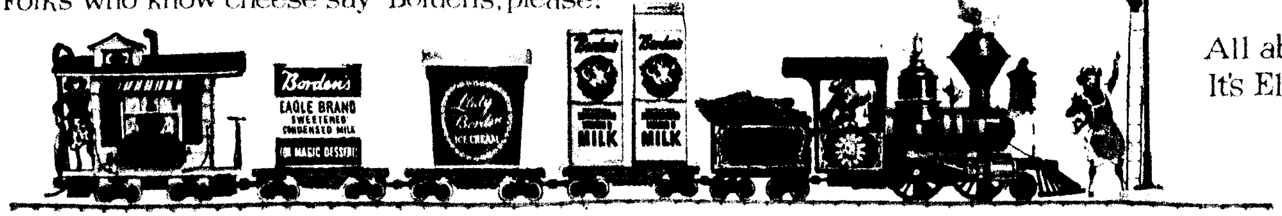
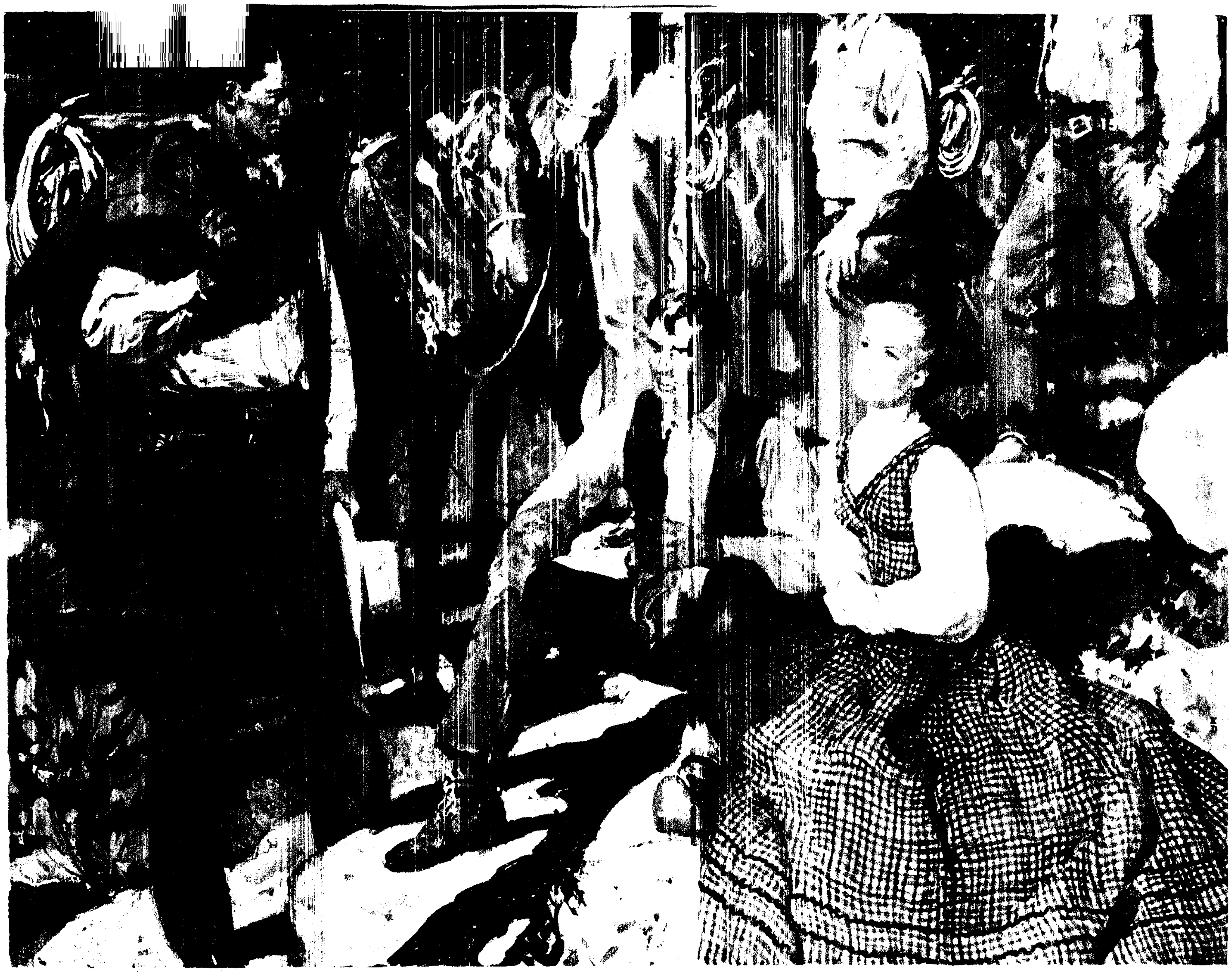

Borden's
EAGLE BRAND
SWEETENED CONDENSED MILK
FOR MAGIC DESSERTS
Lady Borden
ICE CREAM
Borden's
MILK
Borden's
MILK

All aboard! All a-Borden's!
It's Elsie's Good Food Line!

Borden's foods must be good—folks buy more food packages carrying Borden's brand name than any other in the world!



Julia eyed the men around her with brief, unfriendly glances, but there was no fear in her eyes, and Sam waited for the tongue-lashing

SADDLE BY STARLIGHT

The North Basin ranchers had bought their ranges with blood and gold. And they were determined to protect them from Ganley and his land-hungry homesteaders

Beginning a new Western serial

By LUKE SHORT

INSTEAD of riding on to Relief's main four corners and beyond them to the Revenue Bar, his destination, Sam Holley turned his horse into the dark side alley by Poague's Emporium and tied him at its barred side door.

Tramping back to the boardwalk, he paused and took a brief look at Grant Street. He was a tall man with a quiet wariness about him. Then he moved on toward the four corners. He saw that the watcher was still beside the door of Dundalk's saloon, and he swerved deeper into the shadows, thinking: They feel it, but they're not sure.

At the four corners, dark except for the lamplit lobby of the Conover House ahead of him, he crossed the side street, angling toward the alley behind the hotel, and finally stopped among a stack of barrels on the Revenue's loading platform.

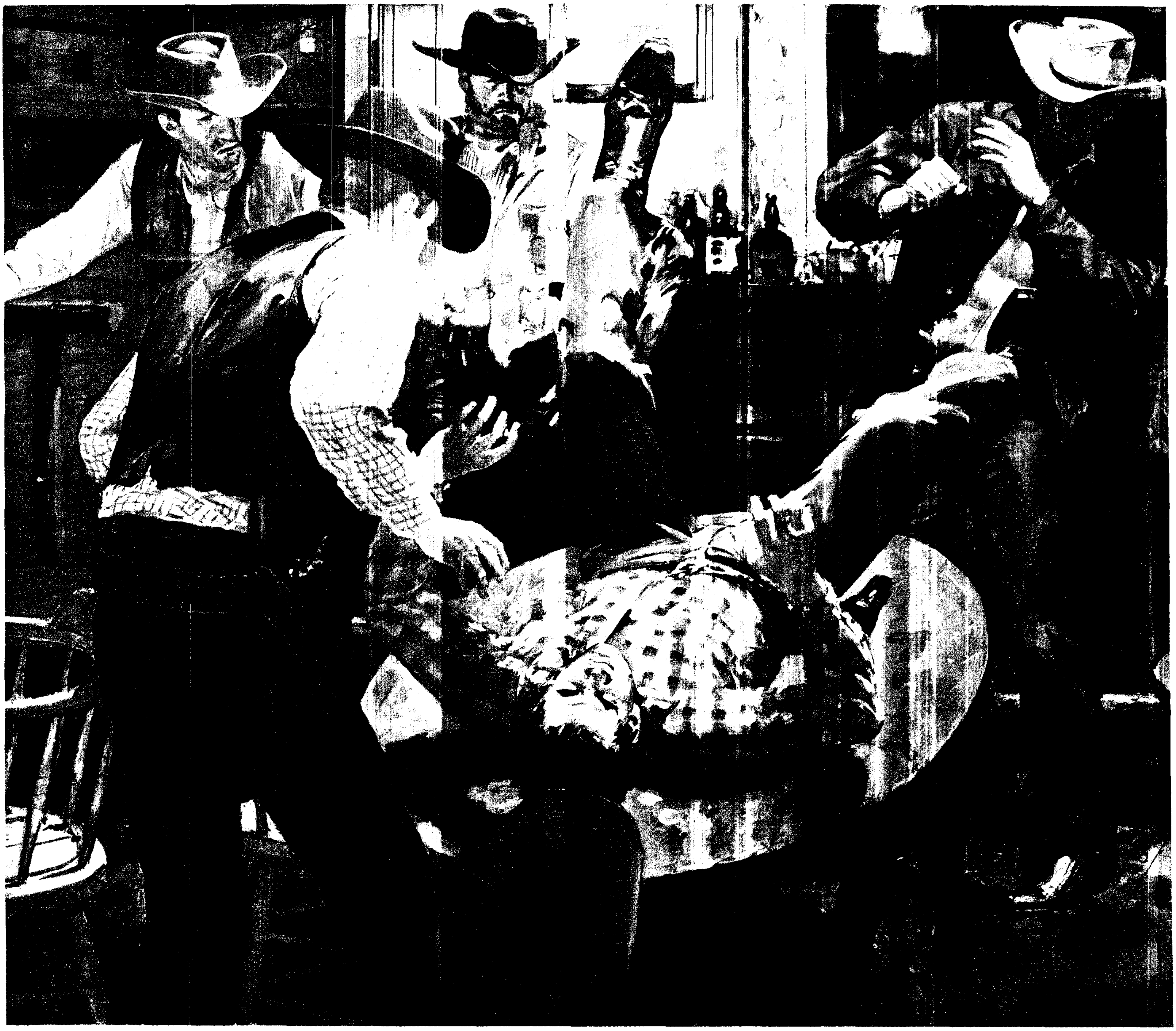
He had already spent seconds fumbling in the utter blackness for the latch of the saloon's rear door, when a soft voice to his right said, "Sam?"

He started, and then peered into the blackness. "Emmet? What are you doing here?"

"Same thing you are. Keeping out of sight." The voice was edgy, with an undertone of resentment that Sam didn't miss. "Hurry it up, will you?"

Sam grunted, opened the Revenue's rear door and stepped into the dark corridor between its cardrooms. At the head of the corridor was the bright lamplight of the saloon, and he moved toward it only a few feet, stopped, and opened the door on his left into the rearmost room.

Standing in the doorway, he scowled against the sudden light from the overhead lamp. The two men seated at the big card table watched his face smooth out into a kind of friendly soberness. It was a long, clean-shaven face, with deep creases at the corners of the mouth, and it was burned to a darkness that his black-browed gray eyes accentuated. His big-boned height was board-straight; his



Knowing the end of this must be sudden, Sam drove his big fist into Tench's face. The blow

concession to the chill of the mountain night was a frayed duck jacket over his calico shirt.

He nodded his head in greeting and said, "Nobody showed up besides us?"

Anson Heth answered as he straightened his heavy legs and scratched one knee. He was a round-bodied man, thick at the waist and thicker at the chest, and of the same age as Holley, who was thirty. His brown hair, short and unparted, stood up above a face that was both bold and impatient. "Will's up front," Anson said. "Emmet's hiding out back in the beer barrels." His slow smile held a contempt that was not good-natured. "Sam, Emmet doesn't like it."

Holley moved into the room, saying, "Neither do I, Anse."

The third man snickered, and Sam eyed him mildly. Bill Tench was Heth's foreman, a moody, taciturn man of forty, given to overdrinking, reckless talk and foolish laughter. A wild temper showed in his sharp, dark eyes. He was almost frail, dirtier than was necessary, and now, under Sam's mild gaze, he was faintly uneasy.

"You like it, Bill?" Sam asked.

"Sure. I like a fight. Always."

"There'll be no fight tonight unless it's mine," Sam said gently. He watched Bill, seeing the temper stir in his eyes and the caution veil it, and presently he asked, "Why don't we start?"

Tench got up and moved out into the barroom to call Will Ferrin, and then went to the landing platform to summon Emmet Hackbarth. Sam picked up the bottle of whisky from the table, held it speculatively in his big fist, and put it down.

"Help yourself," Heth said dryly. "Sometimes it makes a dirty job taste cleaner."

SAM shook his head and looked closely at Heth. "Anse, we can do this two ways—Bill's way or mine. We're doing it mine."

"I never said we weren't."

"This Rainey is all mouth. Let me handle him—me alone."

Heth scowled. "All right. But why are we along, then?"

"Just to show him the vote, that's all." He put the bottle back on the table, just as a pair of men stepped from the corridor into the room. They were both older than the others, but that was the only likeness they shared. Emmet Hackbarth was under middle height, and blocky, with a scrubbed, stubborn look about him. His Stetson rode his big head levelly, without a flourish of brim or crease. He nodded to Sam, and then looked at Heth, saying flatly, "Anse, I'd suggest you tell Tench to put the cork in the bottle or stay here."

"You can't smell him clear out in the alley, can you?" Heth asked derisively.

"Yes."

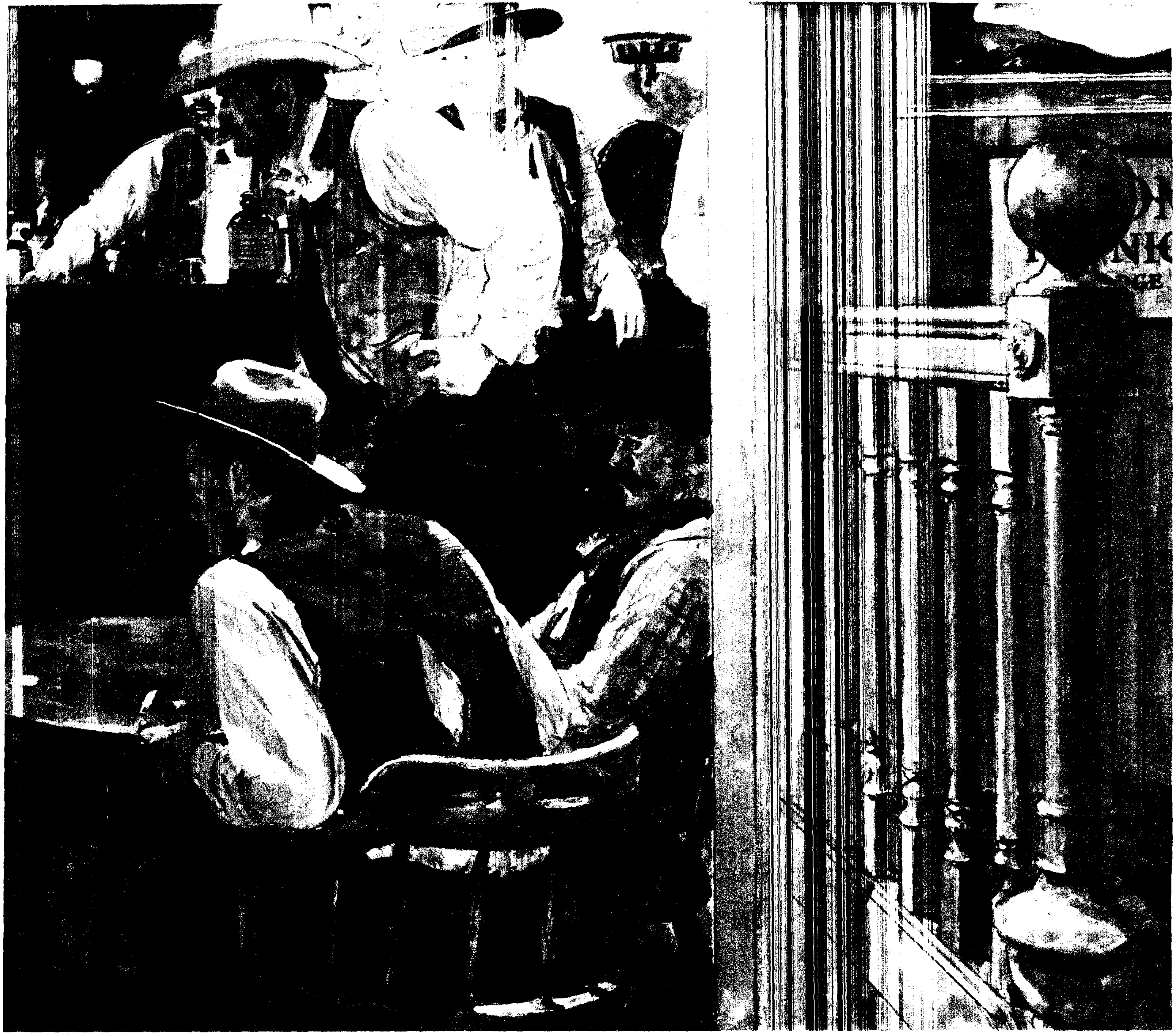
"Then tell him yourself."

"I have."

At that moment Tench shouldered between Emmet and the lean, lounging figure of Will Ferrin, whose dark eyes held a kind of sardonic amusement. Tench walked directly to the table, took the bottle of whisky, poured three fingers into a glass, and tossed off his drink. Then he looked at Hackbarth, a thin, derisive smile lifting one corner of his wide mouth.

"Good boy, Bill," Ferrin murmured. "Not that you need the alcohol, though."

Holley watched all this with a serene patience, as if he were passing no judgment. Presently he said, "If we're ready, let's go. Better ride singly. We'll gather at the sawmill."



ripped Tench's wrist from his grasp, and Tench went kiting into a table and took it down with him

Will Ferrin stepped aside and let the others go out; then he said to Sam, "What's doing at Dundalk's?"

"It's quiet."

"They could be at Rainey's."

"They could be," Sam said flatly.

Ferrin grinned, and a faint smile touched Sam's sober face. "When do you bump our heads together, Sam?"

"Not tonight."

Ferrin said, "Maybe you're right," clapped his Stetson on his smooth, dead-white hair, and moved toward the door.

Following him, Sam was touched with a quiet affection for the older man. Of the four men with him tonight, only Will Ferrin understood the importance of what they were doing. And, besides himself, only Ferrin seemed willing to forget his dislikes for the moment.

Outside, Sam heard Heth swearing at his horse in the blackness of the alley. Sam turned and went back to his own horse the way he had come. The same ponies were racked in front of Dundalk's Saloon, and this time Sam could not see the watcher, although he knew he was there.

He mounted and pulled out of the alley and turned his horse down dark Grant Street. Unless Heth, prodded by the whisky courage of Tench, rode defiantly down the street for the watcher to pick up, this should go smoothly.

THE third one to arrive at the abandoned sawmill on the edge of town was Sam. Heth and Tench sat their horses in the deep shadow of the shed, and Sam, reining in, smelled the old resin of the sawdust pile. Somewhere out by the mill stables, a couple of horses started to fight, squealing shrilly. Afterward, only the thudding of their feet as they circled the corral could be heard.

Ferrin came next, and no greeting was given. Finally, Hackbarth moved cautiously up to them out of the night.

Heath called sharply, "Boo!" and then laughed, and Sam felt a faint anger. When Hackbarth was beside him, Sam said, "All right, Emmet. There's *nothing* you need to know except that I'll do the talking, because it's Six-Up land." To all of them, he said, "Any questions?"

"Yes," Will Ferrin said. "There's a girl there."

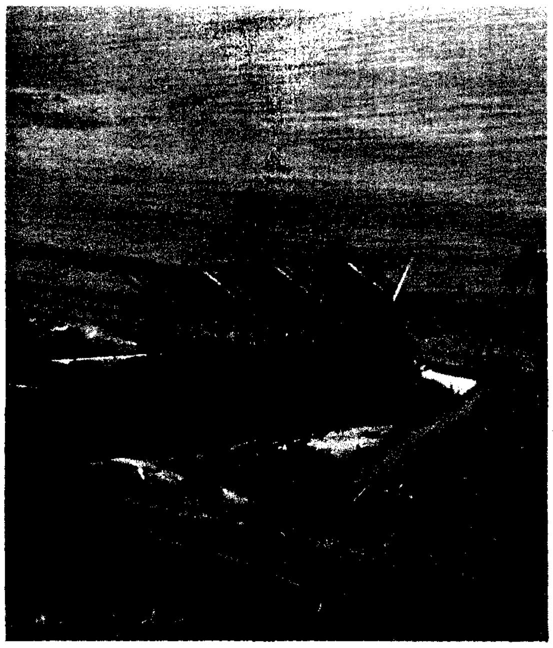
Holley said quietly, "We'll move her out." He waited, and heard whispering between Heth and Tench. Then Heth called impatiently, "All right, Sam. Let's get to it."

They headed down the valley, presently picking up the creek, which ran quietly here in the flats. Before them stretched the Basin, which this stream, the Beale Fork, roughly bisected. As he crossed the stream, Sam tried to remember who was riding beside him in the darkness. It would be Emmet Hackbarth, he thought—silent, cautious, alternately taciturn and complaining.

With the exception of Will Ferrin, it was a sorry bunch, Sam knew, and not even their common interest would hold them together for long. They quarreled among themselves, and in the fashion of back-country individualists, despised one another. Sam recalled Will's earlier question about when heads would be bumped together, and he wondered if it would be tonight.

Presently, they were on Six-Up range, and now Sam cut east, paralleling the stream. He found himself urging his horse, and he reined him down, thinking angrily: The trouble with me is I want this over. Some minutes later he reined in on the height of a grassy hogback and *(Continued on page 32)*

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWIN DAWES



Starkly modern in design, Wayfarer's Chapel stands on hillock overlooking Pacific Ocean

Modern

MOTORISTS traveling the coastal highway of southern California's picturesque Palos Verdes Peninsula sometimes find it difficult to concentrate on their driving when they reach a place known as Portuguese Point. There, rising in stark, dramatic simplicity from a knoll overlooking the Pacific is one of America's most unusual places of worship, the Wayfarer's Chapel.

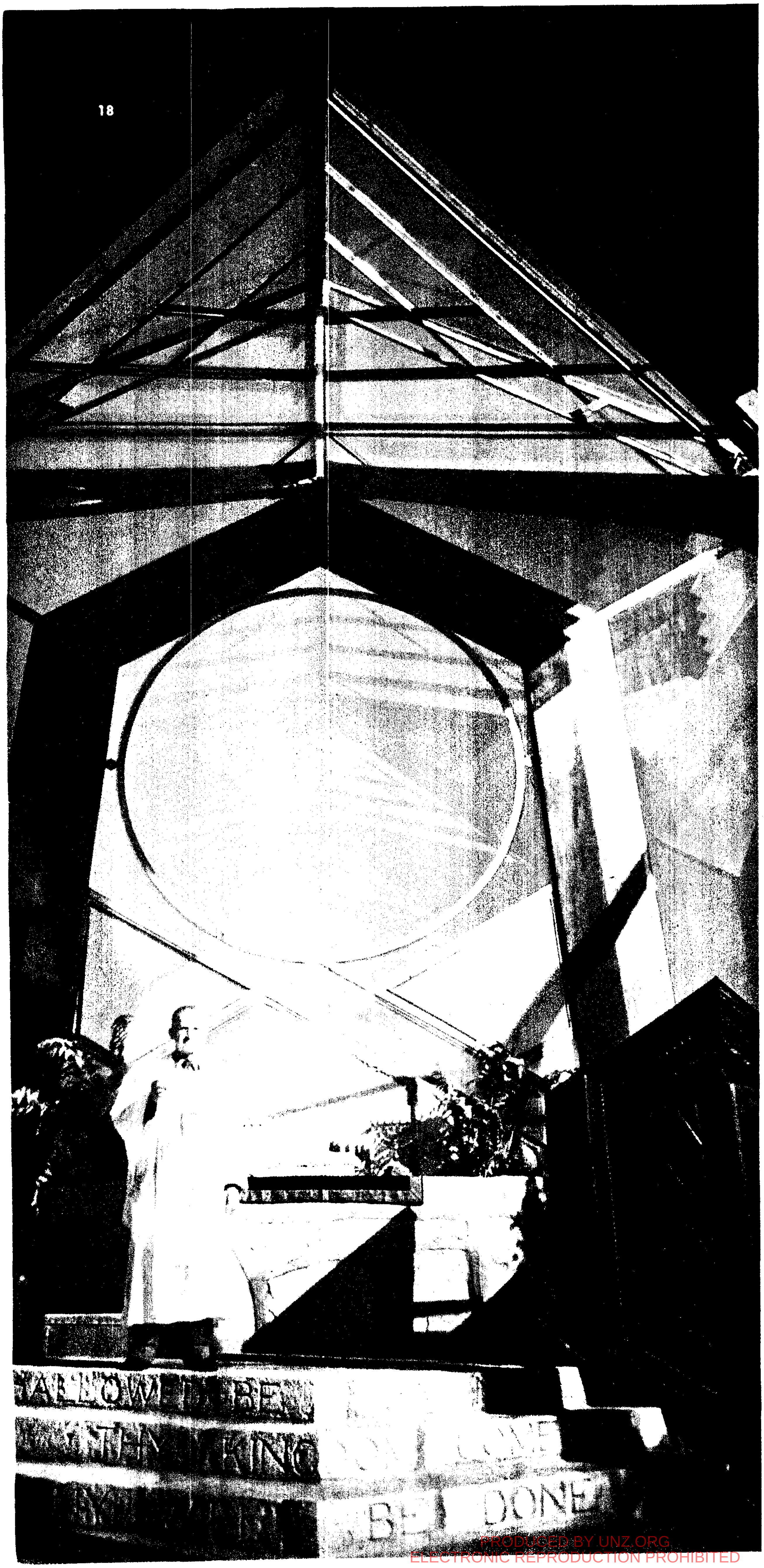
Conceived by Lloyd Wright, son of the famed individualist of architecture, Frank Lloyd Wright, the chapel represents a complete and radical departure from traditional church design. It is made of tall, tapering redwood beams bearing the walls and roof of glass.

The chapel was built by the New Jerusalem Church, a Protestant faith, as a monument to its founder, the eighteenth-century scientist-theologian Emanuel Swedenborg. Members of the sect base their faith on the visions of Swedenborg, who claimed that "heaven was opened" to him. Strikingly symbolic of the faith's philosophy is Lloyd Wright's airy, transparent chapel.

"The openness of our church," says its founding pastor, the Reverend Clyde Broomell, "suggests that man is free and not shut in by walls of stone—free to investigate and discover those things which are of permanent and eternal value to his life."

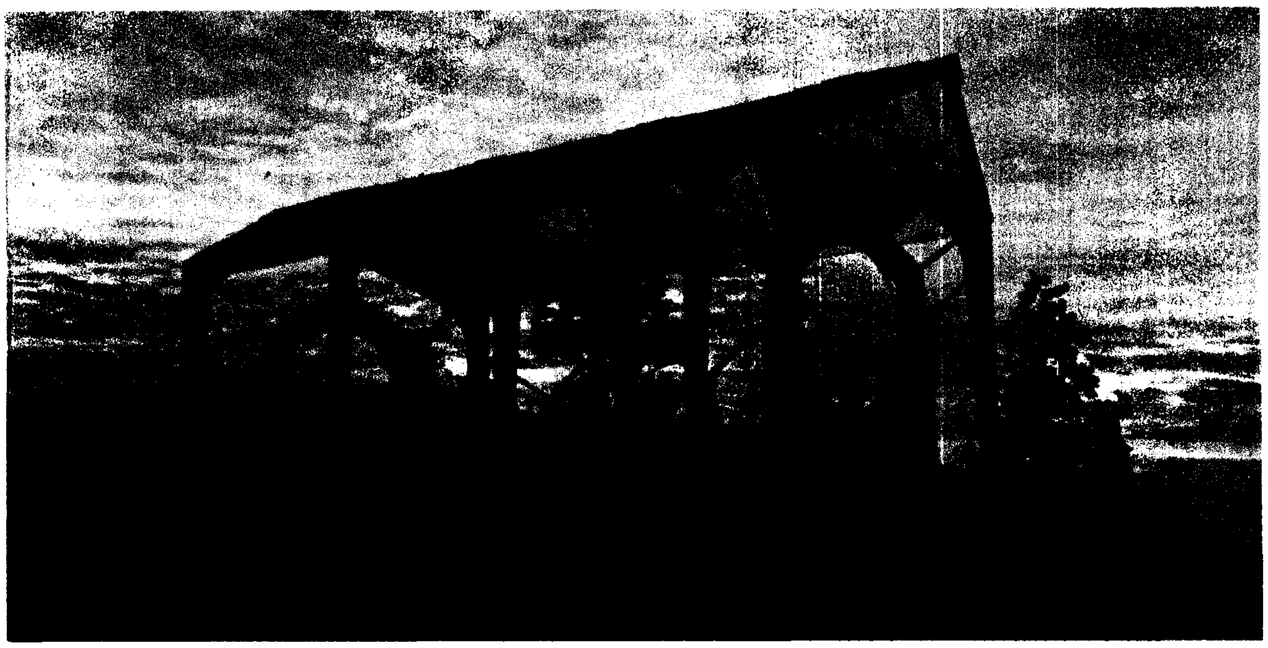
Revolutionary design, not religious dogma, often attracts 10,000 visitors per week, sometimes 5,000 on Sundays alone. The congregation of the New Jerusalem Church, however, feels that it is worth while to get the public into the house of worship, even if originally drawn by curiosity. Tourists often arrive in shorts and brightly patterned sport shirts. But as they walk about the chapel or sit in the pews listening to music played softly through loud-speakers, they are moved by its impressive peacefulness. "The setting is so beautiful," says pastor Broomell, "that the skies, trees and ocean deliver their own sermon."

The depth of feeling evoked by this most unusual chapel is best summed up, perhaps, in the words of one young wayfarer. "It's wonderful," she said as she was leaving, "a church that offers a good, clear look at the heavens." JACK BEARDWOOD

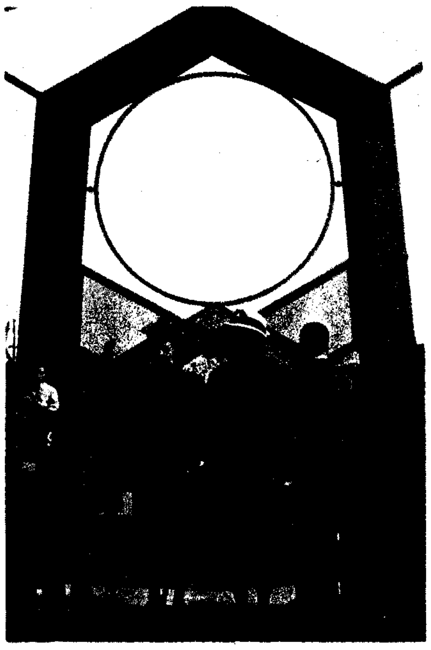


Reverend Clyde Broomell delivers his sermon from the altar of the church. Beginning of the Lord's Prayer is carved into stone steps

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY JOHN FLOREA



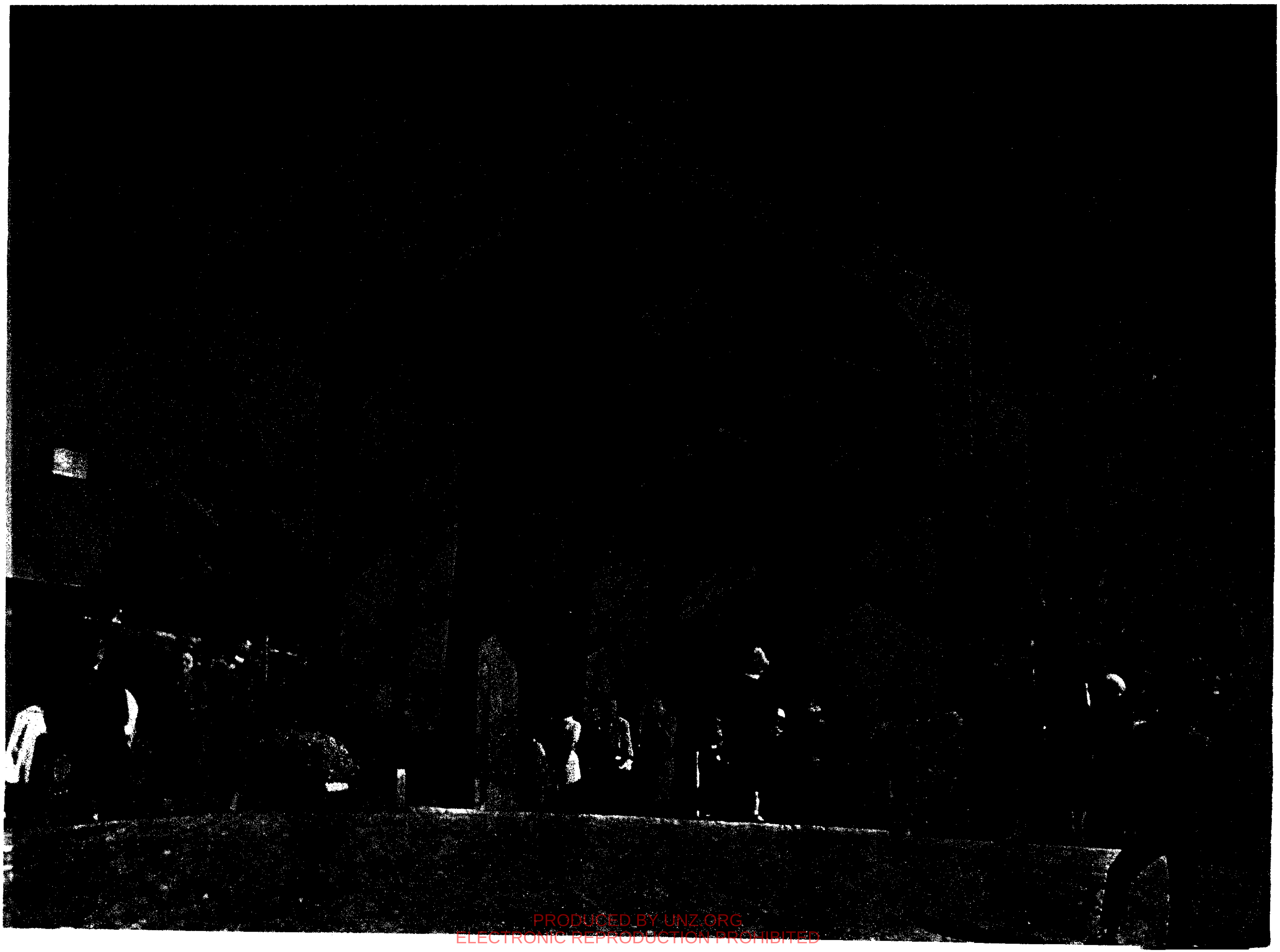
Redwood trees and cypress planted around glass walls will one day completely enclose church and arch over roof. Tall bell tower, reception room and library will be added

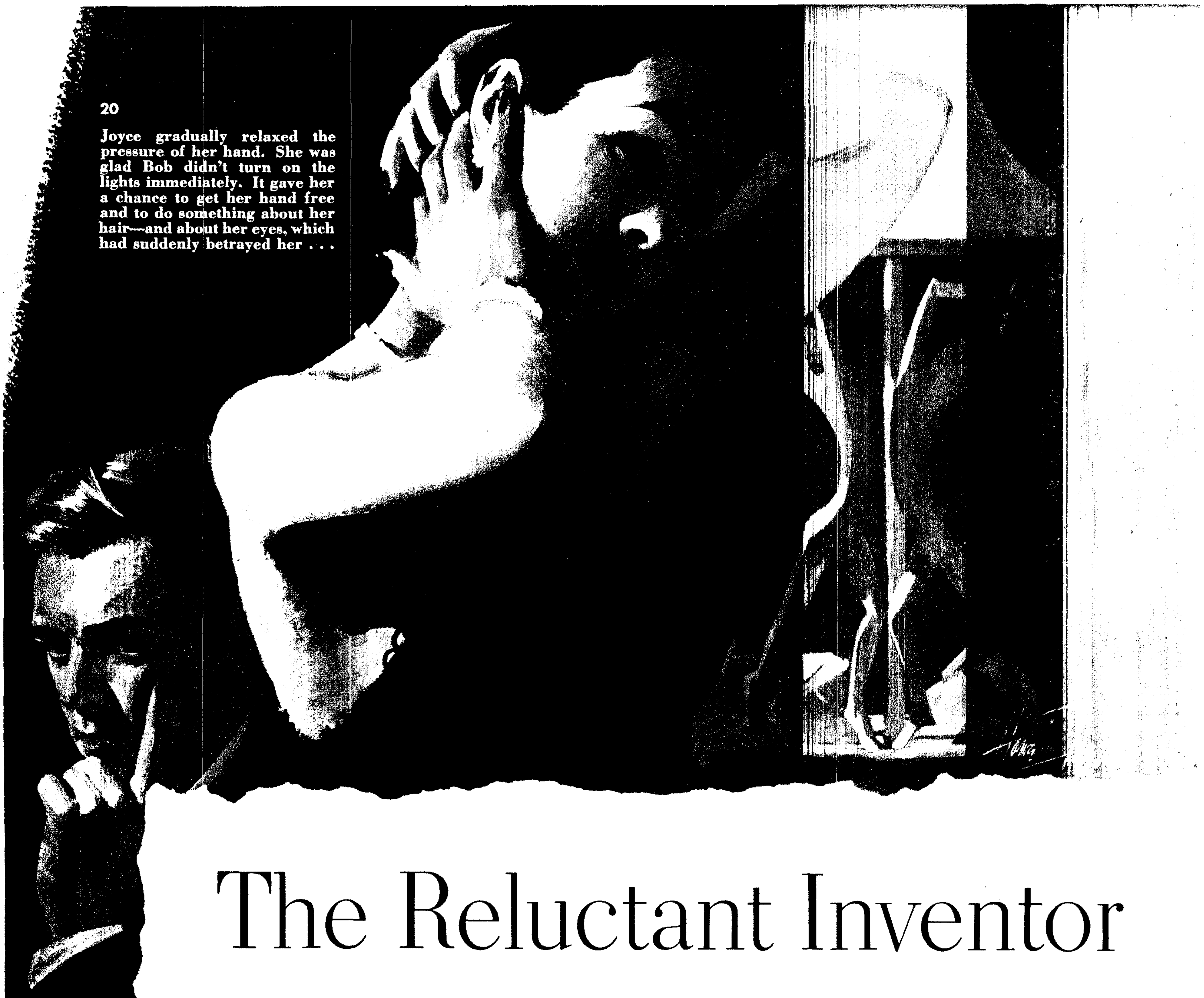


Wayfarer attendance often reaches 10,000 per week, 5,000 on Sundays

Chapel for Wayfarers

Though radical architecture startles some visitors at first, most find unique California place of worship a pleasant, peaceful haven





Joyce gradually relaxed the pressure of her hand. She was glad Bob didn't turn on the lights immediately. It gave her a chance to get her hand free and to do something about her hair—and about her eyes, which had suddenly betrayed her . . .

The Reluctant Inventor

By SCOTT YOUNG

Joyce had batted down Pete's first pass, and now he seemed to have lost heart for another try. What was a girl to do?

IT WAS late on a snowy Friday afternoon, and Joyce Page was pacing the limits of her kitchen, which was forty feet long and twenty feet wide. Her frock was a simple little jersey thing worth about five dollars per square foot. It was her very newest. The neckline was lower than was usual for her, and this, in a subconscious way, may have been deliberate.

As she trekked from one refrigerator to another, leaned her hips against the home freezer, and stared unseeingly into the surrounding expanse of stoves and sink units and built-in cupboards, she looked like a woman in some difficulty, or perhaps like a woman with something on her conscience. She was both. She had fallen for a man whose initial advances, a month ago, she had considered to be too initial, repulsing them in such terms that he had acted like a brother to her since. And she had picked this week end to madden him at least back to his early form, and her conscience wasn't really comfortable in this reversal of the age-old chase. Eventually, she left the freezer to stand by a window, one of four in the room, each over a sink.

He wasn't due here for half an hour. Even so, she looked down on the embattled pedestrians below, hoping to see him rushing through the storm to be by her side.

In short, she had it bad.

A month ago she wouldn't have been wasting time like this. A month ago she'd have been spending the last half hour of the day working out a new gimmick for pecan pie, or trying to figure out what Escoffier meant, exactly, when he said, "Take a pat of butter the size of a plover's egg," or pursuing some other line of cookery research. In fact, a month ago, on just such a morose winter afternoon as this, she had been staring at two llama steaks, waiting for inspiration to come, but nothing had come, immediately, except a buzz on her telephone, which was pastel green and sat on a desk near a glass-brick wall through which the sun, in season, cast a soft light.

She had picked up the telephone and said, "Kitchen Institute, National Woman Magazine."

"You don't say." It was Bob Hamilton, the editor, husband of Joyce's closest friend, and a friend himself.

"What's up, editor?" she asked.

"Got a friend down here. He's dreamed up a kitchen gadget. He'd like an expert to have a look at it to make sure he hasn't forgotten anything vital."

"Send him up," she said. "Or bring him up."

A couple of minutes later, Bob Hamilton appeared in the doorway. He was in his late thirties, dark and balding, and usually hid his large natural charm under a quiet and businesslike manner. Now he was talking in a way he used only when he liked someone a good deal.

The man with him was younger, freckled, red-haired, with a big nose and a bony, pleasant face. He carried something that looked like a cross between a windmill and a tire iron. His name, Bob said, was Pete Douglas.

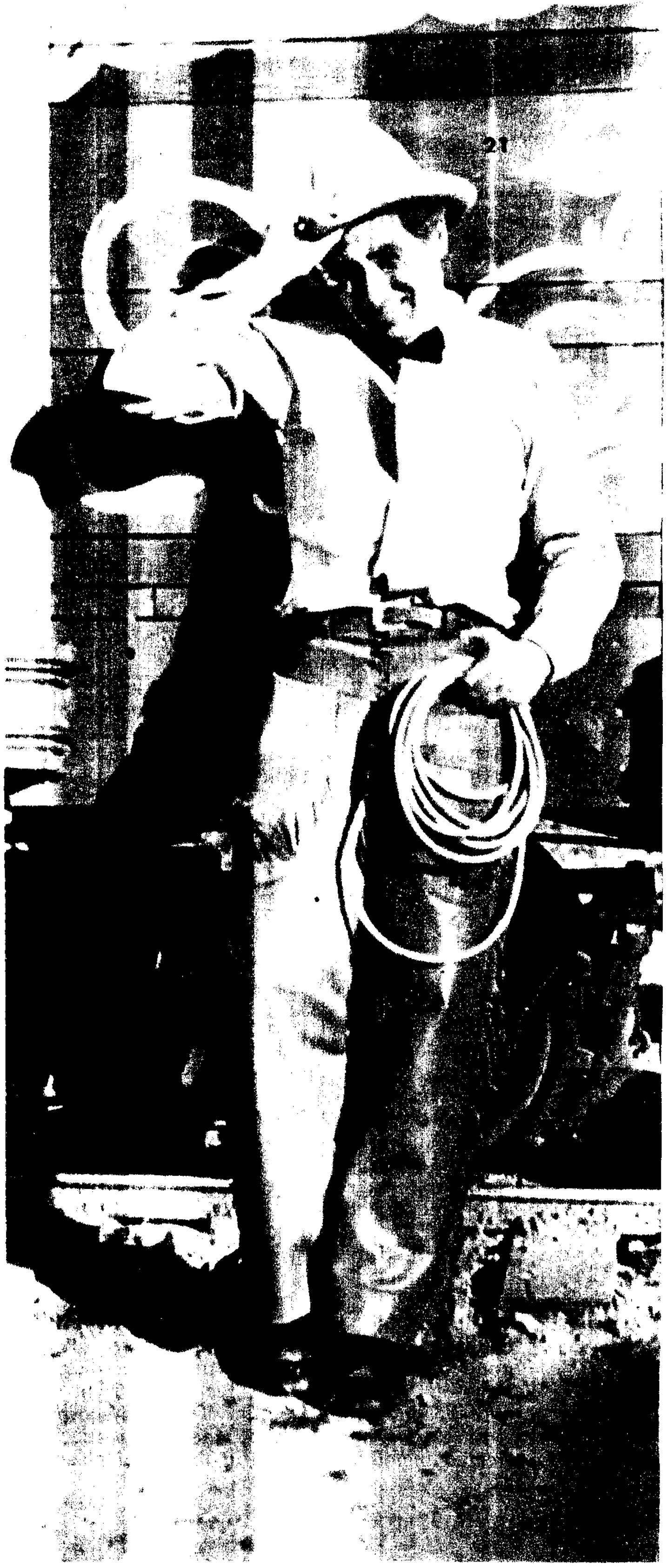
"Pete and I shared K rations once," *(Continued on page 66)*

ILLUSTRATED BY HOWARD FORSBERG

WILL ROGERS, JR.
Double for Dad

By THOMAS WOOD

Young Will's resemblance to his humorist father is so striking that film makers delayed the Will Rogers movie biography until the son agreed to act in it. He's a fine hand with a rope, too



His face creased in a familiar smile, young Will stands by movie railroad car representing period when his dad worked in Mulhall's Wild West Show

VISITORS to Warner Brothers studios in late weeks have walked off the set of the recently completed film, The Story of Will Rogers, with the uneasy feeling of having seen a ghost. To be sure, a good make-up department can mold an actor's face into a reasonable likeness of almost anyone—but no human endeavor could account for the astonishing resemblance between the man playing the title role and the well-remembered figure he represented. The twisted smile, the sheepish look, the high-pitched, twangy voice and the nervous, awkward gestures were too authentic and genuine. This was no miracle of grease paint. It couldn't be acting. It could only be the real thing, the performance of a man who was being himself.

The visitors' analysis was largely correct. The man portraying Will Rogers was not acting, for he wasn't an actor. He was a thirty-nine-year-old newspaperman and erstwhile politician—Will Rogers, Jr., the late humorist's eldest son. He was playing the role because the studio was convinced that he, more than any professional actor, could best recapture the homespun personality of his famous father. From a production point of view, it was a courageous, long-shot casting gamble. But if the visitors' initial reaction is any criterion, it is sure to pay off when the picture is released this summer.

To director Mike Curtiz, who used to play polo with old Will and is the man most responsible for both the picture and the unique casting, there is a greater merit to the son's portrayal than his amazing facial resemblance to his father. That is the fact that Will, Jr., naturally embodies the mannerisms that were so characteristic of the great cowboy philosopher.

"An actor in the role would be acting," Curtiz says. "Immediately the natural, down-to-earth quality would be lost. But with Will, Jr., there was no such problem. The awkwardness and the shyness were already there."

The idea of casting Will, Jr., in the role occurred to Curtiz as far back as 1941, when Warners was negotiating with Betty Blake Rogers, Will's widow, for the purchase of the screen rights to her book, Uncle Clem's Boy. Mrs. Rogers was accompanied at the first discussion by Will, Jr., and Curtiz, spotting the striking likeness, suggested that he play the part. A test was made, but the more the son thought about it the sillier it sounded and he dismissed the idea entirely.

Curtiz, however, didn't give up so easily. Although Pearl Harbor caused a postponement in the production and Will, Jr., turned to other pursuits, such as getting elected to Congress and later enlisting in the Army, Curtiz remained convinced that when the picture was made, the son was the only sensible choice for the title role. Whenever their paths crossed, he reminded Will, Jr., that no matter who else might be considered for the part he would always be the logical selection.

But the son showed no interest whatsoever. Years before, he had made it a rule not to trade on his father's name—during the war, for example, he went under the name "Bill" Rogers—and he saw no reason why he should now trade on his face for a one-shot movie performance. So far as he was concerned, any one of a dozen Hollywood stars would have been excellent in the part. He suggested several likely candidates himself, including Bing Crosby, James Stewart, Gary Cooper and Spencer Tracy. But though the studio made tests of some of them, none had just the quality that Curtiz wanted. Finally, last summer, Will, Jr., gave in and agreed to tackle the role.

"It wasn't that I had a change of heart or that I felt I could do the job well," he recalled. "But they just weren't going to settle for anyone else."

When he signed for the role, Will, Jr., held out the condition that he would not be asked to copy his father. For a time, he refused to allow the studio to brush his hair over his forehead in a manner reminiscent of Will, Sr. But under Curtiz' gentle persuasion he allowed his personality to become submerged in his role. He began to waggle his jaw more, and to look out of the corners of his eyes, and to increase the range of his vocal inflections. Yet, to the bitter end he denied that he was attempting to act the part.

"This is an impression, *(Continued on page 45)*

Son has so many of father's mannerisms, film role is less acting than just being natural

Will, Jr., shows skill with ropes to co-star Jane Wyman. In real life he runs newspaper

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY JOHN FLOREA

Up Front in Korea This Is the Navy

"Nearly all of us are reserves that flew in the last war," this carrier

Dear Willie:

Back in Tokyo I came down with a cold in the head and a whopping earache, and located an Army dispensary in an elegant building with an awning over the sidewalk, which gives you an idea of garrison conditions in some parts of Japan. The doctor put a stick down my gullet, made me say "Ah," gave me two aspirins, and told me to be on my way.

This put me in mind of the old days when I went on sick call with a wisdom tooth and they gave me a typhoid shot for it. As you may have figured from my other letters I've been getting more or less used to special treatment as a war correspondent over here and it kind of hurt my feelings that this pill-roller didn't bother looking at the sore ear.

"You haven't even got a bedside manner," I told him.

"This has become a democratic Army since you got out of it," he said. "We treat all patients—officers, civilians, or what not—just like we treat an enlisted man."

Well, the ear didn't get any better, in fact it got worse, and I thought I'd just take my business someplace else, so I went out to the Navy base at Yokosuka and told the doctors there what the Army medic had said.

"Aha," they told me, "that's the difference between us and them. We treat our enlisted men as good as officers."

This may or may not have been propaganda, Willie, but they looked in my ear, diagnosed it in triplicate, and gently held me down while they punched a hole in my eardrum to let the steam blow off, which made me feel better right away, and shot me with penicillin. The Navy corpsmen even gave a painless shot, that's how nice they treated me. They give it in the usual place, but slap you on one side and stick you on the other and you never feel the needle.

They kept me at Yokosuka for a few days, bunking me in a nice room with a view near the hospital so I could check in for my daily ear stabbing and needle jabbing until I was cured, and that's how I got acquainted with the Navy.

I ought to say a certain part of the Navy, because as a civilian they put me in the officers' quarters and about all I saw around there was commanders and captains and sometimes I even ran into an admiral in a hallway. Once, when my ear was getting better and I felt like wandering around, I thought maybe I'd mix with some sailors just for the record and so you wouldn't think I'd gone high-hat. A Navy public information officer was real helpful about this. In fact, he kind of overdid it.

"I'll fix it for you to eat in the enlisted men's mess on my ship," he said, and then a regular little party went along with me, made up of the information officer, the ship's executive officer, the mess officer, and two or three other officers that went for the ride. We hit that galley like a bombshell. Hundreds of men were eating in there, clattering and jabbering away, and when we walked in it got so quiet you could hear the coffee bubbling in a big percolator at the far end of the galley.

* * *

I got on the tail end of the chow line and picked up a tray, thinking this was the way we were supposed to do it, but the executive officer pulled me out and sat us down at a reserved table with silverware and a white cloth, and just for a homey touch he grabbed a couple of unlucky sailors and brought them over to eat with us and chat with me while the ship's photographer took flash-bulb pictures. Somehow, those two sailors acted a little bashful and I didn't get much out of them. I think they were glad to see me go, Willie.

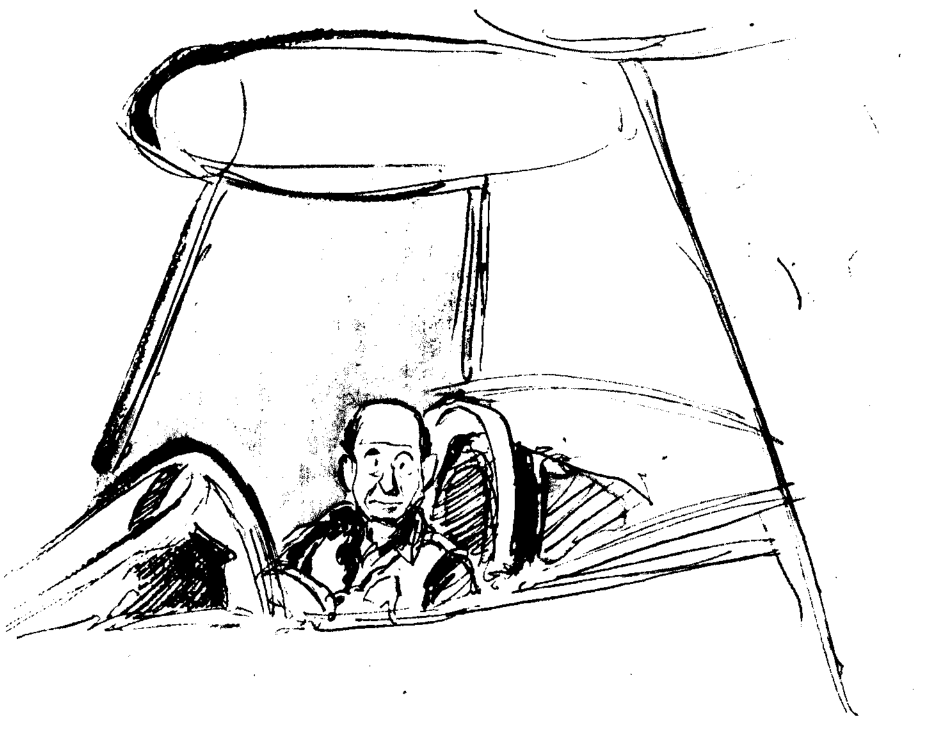
The last day I was getting my ear treated, they moved a roommate in with me, a big husky fellow from Honolulu named Charles Chillingworth, Jr., who was so young and cheerful acting that you had to look twice at his sleeve to believe he was a four-stripe captain. He said he had just been sent out to take command of the USS Rochester, a heavy cruiser that was working off the Korea coast, throwing shells at shore targets and escorting the aircraft carriers that launch fighter and bomber strikes behind the enemy lines.

Captain Chillingworth hadn't even seen his new ship yet but he knew all about her and the Rochester was all he could talk about. It's nice to see a professional man like that get all worked up and happy about his job, and I couldn't get over the surprise of seeing the skipper of a big fighting ship sit around in his sock feet and act human. Not that you expect them to be like Captain Bligh exactly, but you think about all the years it takes to work up to a job like that and you sort of expect a man's blood to be turned into ice water or something.

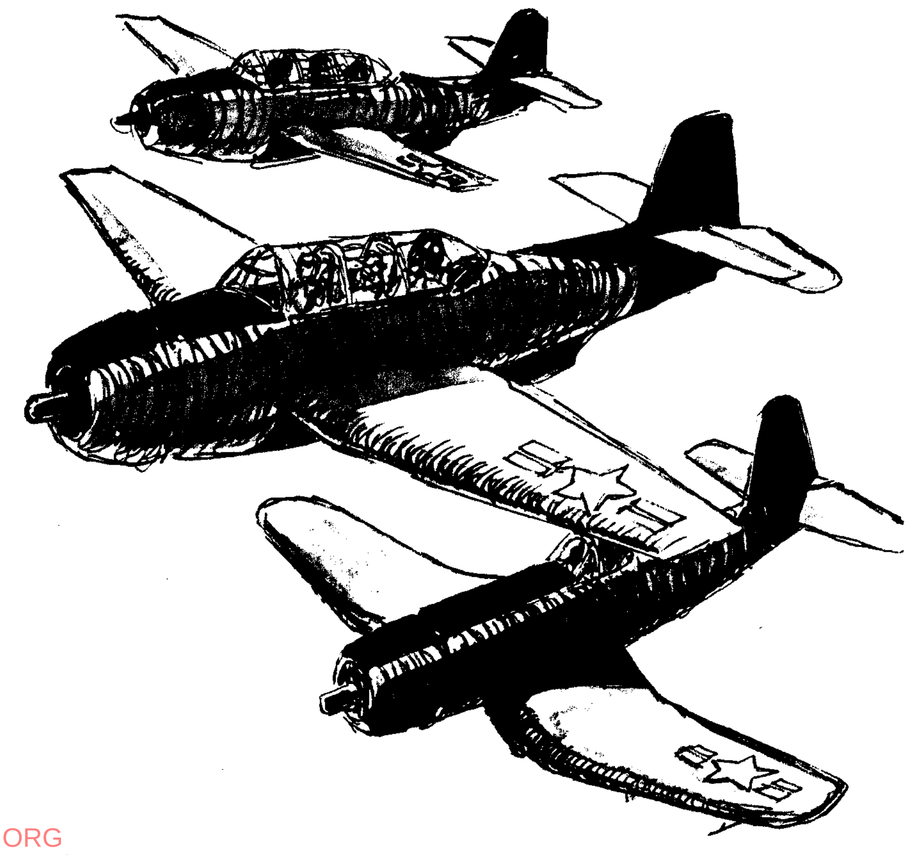
When I told Chillingworth I was headed back for Korea he said he'd heard it was a pretty messy place, full of dirt, and he said if I was working near the coast any time and felt like coming out to the fleet he'd be glad to offer me the use of his hot shower bath. It was plain this was not one of those public relations type invitations like the one where I'd wound up in the enlisted men's galley with all the officers. Chillingworth was not the publicity type. It was a simple, hospitable offer, the kind any friendly gentleman that travels with his own hot shower would make to a man that travels without one.

During the next two or three weeks in Korea I kind of had my mind on other things, but one morning near the coast I was airing out my sleeping sack and fingering a couple of grass blades sprouting out of the dust on the back of my neck and I

Willie, when they started pulling off their crash helmets it was a real shock to see the sun bouncing off so many bald heads



Those Navy boys snuggled their planes up so close I could see the brand of cigarette the other torpedo bomber pilot was smoking



and This Is War

By BILL MAULDIN

pilot told me. "A bachelor under thirty is a real curiosity around here"

thought about getting cleaned up. The only shower I knew of for 30 miles around was at a division headquarters and it turned out their pump was busted, so I remembered the good ship Rochester.

Since they don't run a ferry service to the fleet for social calls like this, I caught a ride on a torpedo bomber going out to the aircraft carrier Antietam, which was working near the Rochester. While the pilot helped me get in a parachute harness and one of those rubber suits Navy fliers wear in case they land in the ocean, he told me I could probably hitch a helicopter ride to the cruiser after we landed on the carrier.

"They'll be glad to see you," he said. "Not many newspaper people write about the Navy in Korea these days." I decided I better not tell him I was just making the trip to get a bath.

* * *

There were two torpedo bombers and one of those World War II Corsair fighter planes in the flight and it was a fine ride while it lasted, even though it takes a while to get used to the way those Navy boys like to snuggle their airplanes up so close that they rub the paint off each other's wing tips. The pilots don't need radios to talk, they can just read lips. I could see the brand of cigarette the other torpedo bomber pilot was smoking every time he pulled the package out of his pocket. But when you look down at all that water you could get lost in if you were by yourself you're glad to have a friend flying alongside and the closer he sticks to you the better you like it.

I had a pair of earphones and the pilot got some music on the Tokyo radio and then there was a radio serial story, and I lit a smoke and sat there with the spring sun coming through the canopy, watching the clouds go by and listening to Widow Somebody-or-other worrying about the mortgage over the hum of the engine, and that Corsair with the gull wings flew on one side and then the other, looking real graceful with an old-fashioned classiness that the new jets don't seem to have, and Willie, I swear for a while on that ride I almost turned into a fly boy. This taxpayer was sure getting his money's worth. Of course the fact that we had the air to ourselves made things that much nicer. If we'd met any strangers up there I'd have probably lost my enthusiasm.

Just when the widow got the mortgage straightened out and was getting in a new mess of trouble, the radio switched to business and the Antietam told us to make an identification turn so they could track us on radar. I looked all around and couldn't see any sign of the fleet.

"There's thousands of men and millions of dollars' worth of ships out there," the pilot told me on the intercom while we all banked in formation and started making a big circle, "and they're not letting any planes in sight without making sure who it is. Every one of those ships is tracking us on their screens and if there's any doubt in their minds about us they're ready and willing to throw everything including the kitchen sink at us."

"That was a great maneuver, and executed very nicely," the Antietam said to us when we were on course again. "The only trouble is, you turned the wrong way. Don't come any closer." They sounded kind of snappish, like they had that old kitchen sink all cocked and ready to let fly, and they made us circle some more until everybody in our flight had identified themselves by name, rank, and serial number.

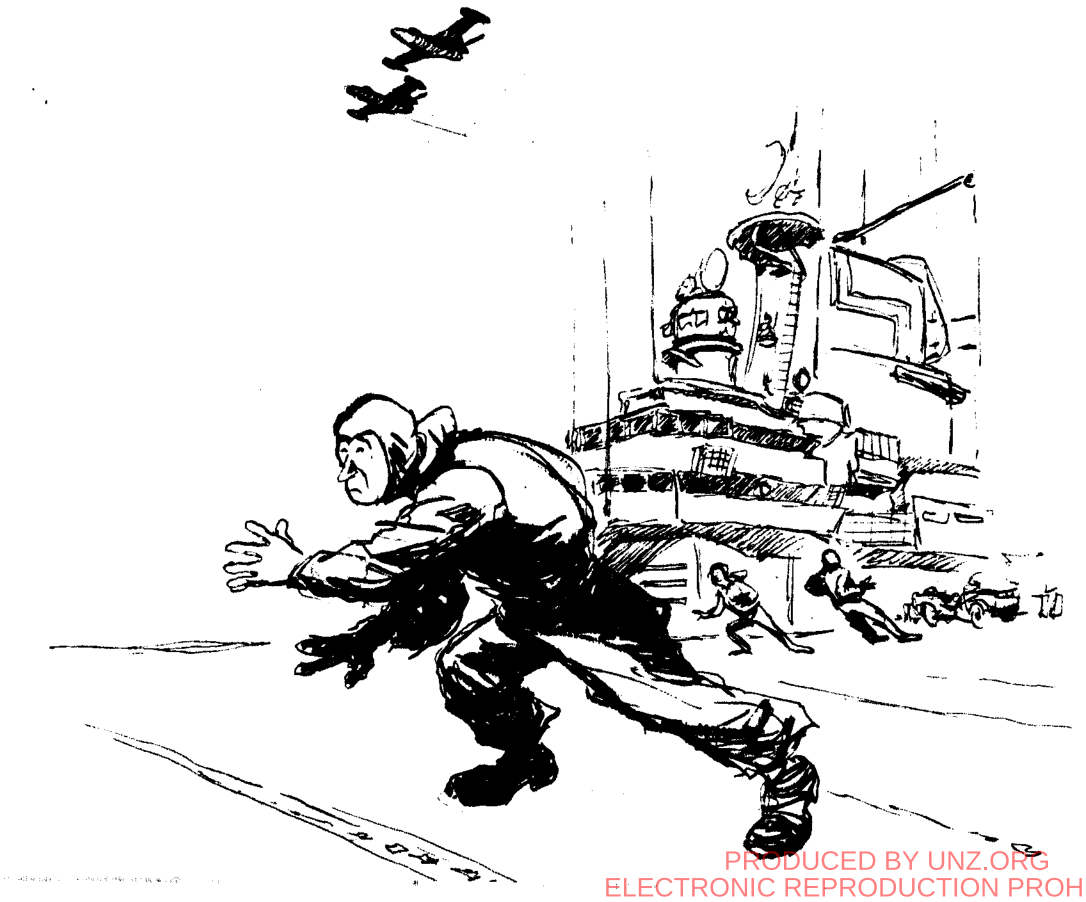
"I'm bringing a war correspondent," my pilot said, kind of hopeful like that would make up for everything.

"Fine, fine," said the carrier, "come on in."

"Now they'll fix you up good," the pilot said on the intercom. "You ought to stay on the Antietam. They'll give you everything you need."

"I know, but Chillingworth promised I could have a Turkish towel," I told him.

The carrier was plowing into a stiff breeze; when it all added up we were bucking 50 miles an hour of head wind. Nobody on a carrier ever walks standing straight up



"I beg pardon?" he said, and then the fleet was under us and the Antietam told us to make our approach.

On the left corner of the carrier's stern is the landing signal officer who guides you in with two little flags made of shiny cloth. The LSO is probably the world's best back-seat driver. He lets you know if you're too fast or slow or if one wing is low, and if he thinks your approach is really bad, or "hairy," as these Navy guys say, he waves you off and makes you try again until you're good, or "fat." We must have been fat because he signaled us to cut the engine as we sailed in over the stern, but when we hit the deck with a mighty thump and snagged one of those arresting cables that brought us to a stop about as gentle as smacking a car in a brick wall, I didn't feel so fat. If it wasn't for all the shoulder harness they had buckled on me I sure would have got a face full of windshield.

While we taxied up the deck toward the bow there came a whining noise and Willie, so help me, the airplane started coming apart. Both wings broke in half and folded right up against the cockpit.

"Sure is lucky this didn't happen in the air," I hollered at the pilot, but he just grinned and pointed at the rest of the airplanes on the deck with folded wings and I caught on that they're built this way to save parking space. That will give you an idea how much I had to learn.

* * *

While I was unbuckling all the harness and fighting my way out of that rubber suit that looked like an oversize inner tube, a young lieutenant named Douglas Ponschil that turned out to be sort of the Grover Whalen of the Antietam came up to make sure I was the reporter mentioned when we identified ourselves over the radio a while back.

"What would you like to see first?" he asked me. "An aircraft carrier is a very complicated piece of machinery with hundreds of departments, so you just tell me what you want to write about and I'm here as public information officer to help you. I tell you, this job gets frustrating at sea. There's a real shortage of public to inform."

I figured I better be honest with him and tell him where I was going and why, but somebody whooped at us to clear the deck and there was a screech overhead like ten thousand kids scraping their fingernails over a blackboard.

"Jets coming in from a mission," said Ponschil, and he hurried me back to the LSO's platform on the stern so I could get a close-up look at the landings. He wouldn't give me a chance to tell him I just wanted a bath.

"We fly an average of a hundred sorties a day from this ship," the lieutenant told me on the run. "Every carrier out here flies more missions and drops more tons of bombs in two months than any carrier did in all of the last war."

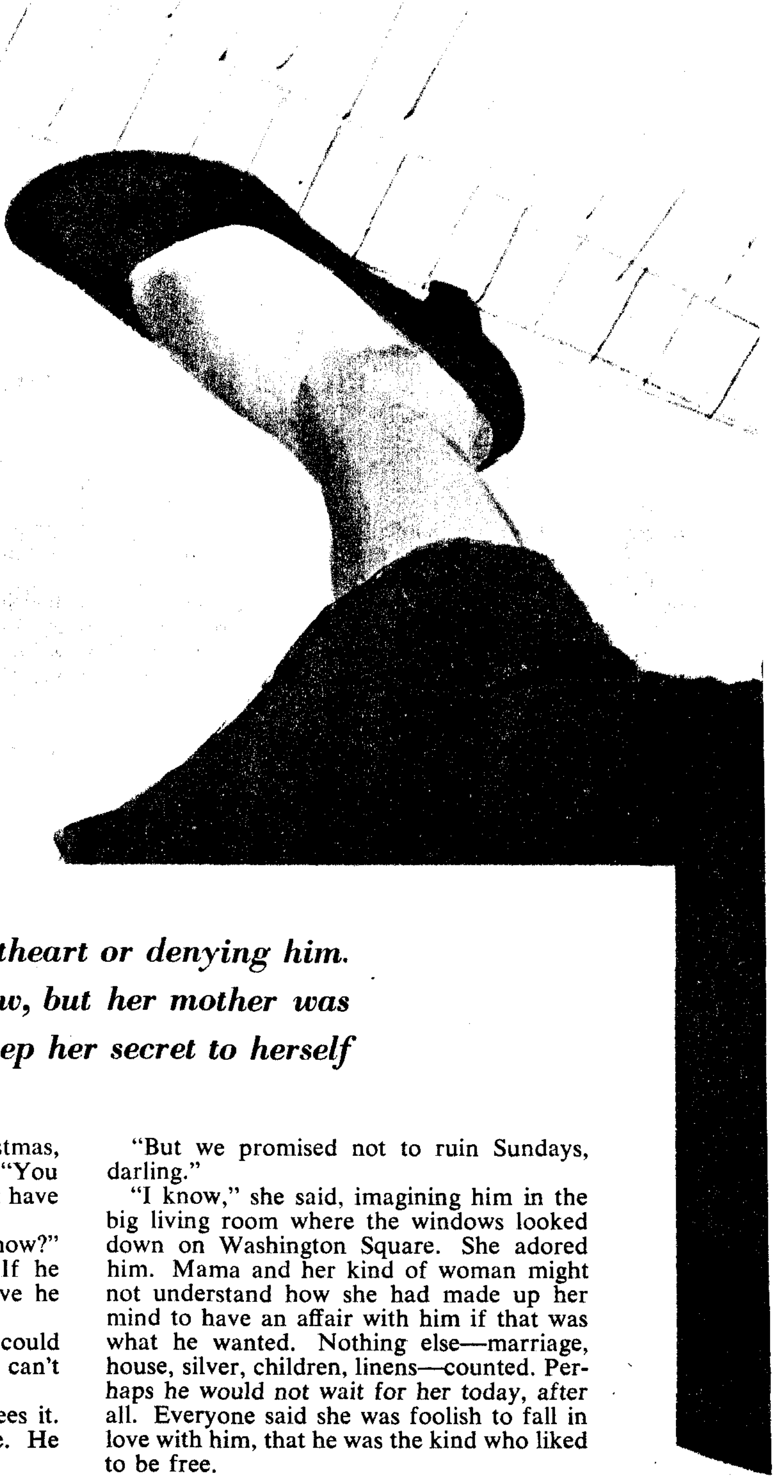
We pulled up alongside of Lieutenant Jack Dunn, the same LSO that had signaled my plane in, and as he started waving in the jets and those babies hit the deck they made our landing in the old torpedo bomber look pretty tame. Even with the ship running fast into the wind to give the planes a lower landing speed, they still came on like bullets. As each one got a "cut" from Dunn's flags the jet would drop like a rock, snag the cable, bounce and claw at the air like a wildcat somebody had caught by the tail, and stop with its tail pointing up and all the tires smoking.

By this time you'd figure the pilot would either be out cold in a puddle of sweat or down on his knees in the cockpit making his peace, but no, he still has to fold his wings and taxi forward in a hurry, his engine making

(Continued on page 51)

ILLUSTRATED BY THE AUTHOR

WOMEN and LOVE



By ANN CHIDESTER

Midge was torn between showing off her sweetheart or denying him. In her heart, she wanted all the world to know, but her mother was coming to town, and Midge had decided to keep her secret to herself

THE Birmingham Arms was a small hotel off Sixth Avenue. Its lobby, though tiny, was a dazzling spectacle of scarlet and white, with shiny black furniture.

The hotel's rooms seemed unrelated to the sparkling lobby. Though they were not totally drab, no amount of ingenuity quite succeeded in making them seem like home. That Sunday, while the rest of the hotel lingered in sleep, Midge Malloy sat at the mirror, putting on make-up and studying it with alarm and then scrubbing it off again. She had one of the best rooms, off a small court. It was shaped like an L, so that it seemed like two rooms. In the smaller part stood a huge mahogany dressing table, a sun lamp and a hair dryer. Jenny Turner, a model for beer ads, who lived across the hall, sprawled on the bed. She shook her head in despair as she listened.

"Why *does* Mama have to come now?" Midge said. "Last night she calls from Auntie Mae's over in Weehawken. She's come all the way from Wisconsin. I tell you, she knows—she's got some idea!" Midge was a healthy-looking girl with a few freckles across her nose. She had dark hair, bright blue eyes, good teeth, and incredible skin. She worked as a designer of junior dresses and had done well in three years. "Does it look orange—or something, Jenny?" she asked, turning from the mirror.

"You imagine things."

"It looks orange to me." She threw the box of rouge into the wastebasket, scrubbing her face with cold cream for the fourth time. "Mama always makes me feel six years old—and naughty. I remember when she used to come into my room at night in her pink nightie. She seemed as tall as a tree. All those women back home, when I was growing up—they made everything fall into a proper place, like gravity pulled it there. They were wonderful. But here we are, grown women, and we're not wonderful. Take Mama. She'd make a dollar go so far, raised three daughters—we'd do anything to please her, and what she wanted was right for us then."

"I'll bet if you'd gone home for Christmas, she wouldn't be here now," Jenny said. "You could have left Dick Hardwick—might have been smart to."

Midge looked at her soberly. "Smart how?"

"What could happen in a week? If he found another girl, it would only prove he wasn't for you."

"But he is," Midge said softly. "How could I leave him? Everyone adores him. I can't see why he ever looked at me."

"He knows a good thing when he sees it. People say he's not the marrying type. He certainly has been careful."

"I know," she said softly. "I don't care. Whatever he wants is what I want. If only Mama doesn't start asking questions. It's just as though she knew about Dick and doesn't want me to—to be rash." She stared at her reflection in the mirror. "It's the words you *don't* say that Mama hears. I always wanted her to be proud of me, even though no one else noticed what I did. But now all of that seems long ago."

"I wish someone would come to save *my* soul!"

"I never said that, Jenny! Just because Dick gave me a few presents. That's only his way—"

"Sure, he's a good guy. But he's exactly what Mama is going to rescue you from."

Midge ignored that, brushing her hair violently. She stopped short when the telephone rang, her hand darting toward it and then hesitating as though the telephone were hot. When it rang for a third time, she answered it. "Yes?" she said.

"Honey?" he said.

"Oh, yes."

"I just got your message at the desk. What's that mean—you won't be here today?"

"I can't, Dick." If she said she expected Mama, a man like this one might think she was too childish for him—a girl with her mother standing over her like a mother hen.

"Why not?" He was surprised.

"I'll explain when I see you. It's nothing, really."

"But we promised not to ruin Sundays, darling."

"I know," she said, imagining him in the big living room where the windows looked down on Washington Square. She adored him. Mama and her kind of woman might not understand how she had made up her mind to have an affair with him if that was what he wanted. Nothing else—marriage, house, silver, children, linens—counted. Perhaps he would not wait for her today, after all. Everyone said she was foolish to fall in love with him, that he was the kind who liked to be free.

When people warned her about him, saying he was a real bachelor, she lied boldly and said this was all in fun, for laughs.

"Is it business?" he asked.

"No."

He hesitated. "Will you come if you can—no matter how late it is, Midge?"

"Yes. Oh, I don't know! Yes, I'll come, even if it's terribly late, darling."

"Okay, then," he said lightly.

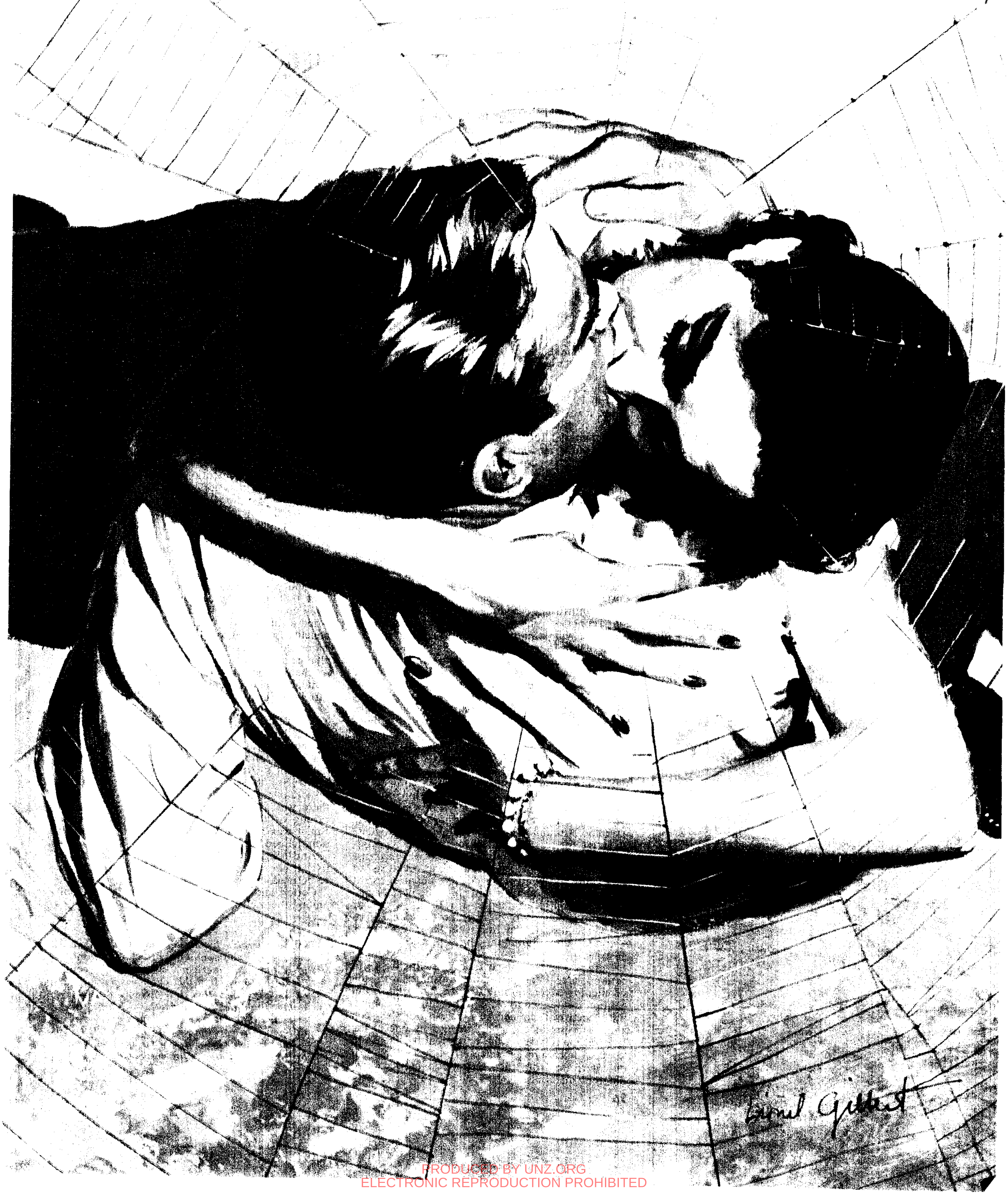
SHE hung up, amazed that he had taken it like this, as though, if she did not come, no one else would do. No one could take *her* place with him. There were times when she thought she did not know him, when he did not seem like a worldly, elusive kind of man but much like the men back home. And now he had as much as told her that no one would take her place with him. "I thought he might not wait for me. He hates waiting, you know."

"I always liked him," Jenny said. "You know, Midge, they *all*, good guys like Dick, think they want to be free until you make them see how dull that can be."

"But he told me he doesn't want anything permanent, Jenny, and I'd die—just die—if I lost him."

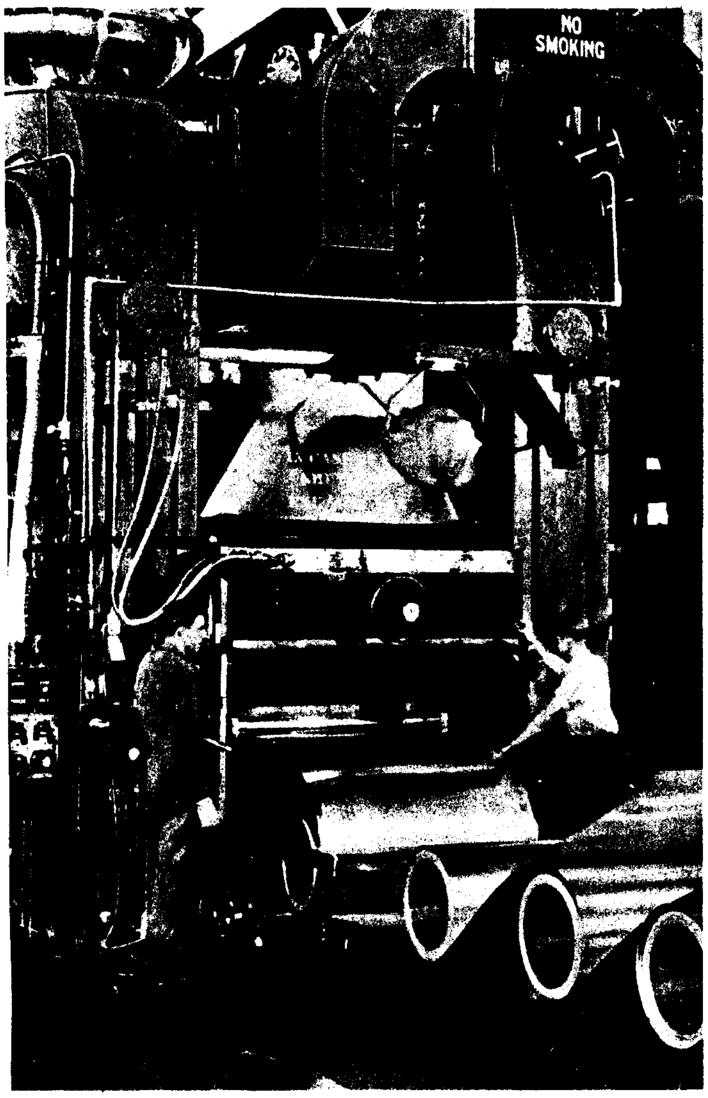
"I hope your mama doesn't read your mind. 'Mama, dear, you are a country girl, but I hope you'll understand I'm about to have an affair with Dick Hardwick, and we want your blessing.' " *(Continued on page* 80*)*

His eyes were so kind, so warm. He lay down beside her and held her tightly against him. "My father," he said after he had kissed her, "was my idea of a man. He never looked at another woman"



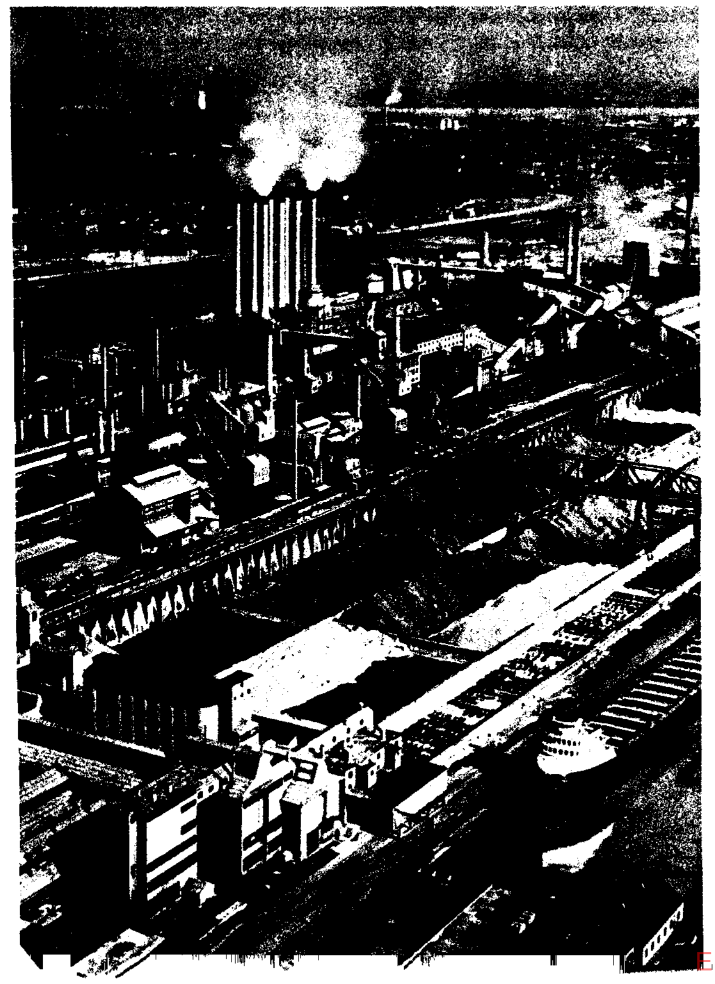
Continuing Big Business for a Big Country

THE NEW COMPETITION



With copper too costly for transmission lines, TVA used aluminum. Alcoa's plant in Tennessee

By setting up own supply sources, Ford guarded against unfair competition. River Rouge plant



By DAVID E. LILIENTHAL

II

COMPETITION is the mainspring of the American economy and of the dynamics of American life today. But to understand the essence of our present-day American economic life, we must understand more clearly than we do that the nature of competition has changed radically in the past generation or so. The older form of competition of the trust-busting days still exists, and is still essential—competition among the members of the same business or industry, between papermakers, between steelmakers, between glassmakers. But there is a New Competition. Only when this is understood can the significance and the function of Bigness be judged. For, in my view, it is Bigness that is the driving force in the New Competition.

The heart of the New Competition is competition between different and alternative ways of meeting the same or a similar need or demand for goods or services. An incident out of my experience in running a public business, the TVA, illustrates this thesis.

In order to interconnect the existing dam at Muscle Shoals with the whole series of new dams that, in 1933, we began to build on the Tennessee River, it was necessary to build thousands of miles of new high-tension electric lines. Copper was the usual material for such transmission lines. TVA needed huge amounts for this new network. At this time—the early thirties—the copper mining and fabricating industry was in the doldrums. Mines were closed, smelters and refineries were running only part time, stocks of unsold copper were piled high.

But when TVA went into the market to buy copper transmission lines, prices were very high. And prices were identical, or nearly identical, no matter what producer we turned to. If there was collusion between copper producers and fabricators to keep prices high, rather than competition within the industry, to request the Department of Justice to institute antitrust proceedings was no answer. What the Tennessee Valley needed were transmission lines, not winning an antitrust suit after five or 10 years of litigation.

Was there any real choice open to us? How about building these transmission lines of aluminum? There would be enormous dollar savings. There would also, it developed, be significant operating advantages in aluminum conductors over those made of copper. Accordingly, we decided to build the transmission lines of the Tennessee Valley of aluminum.

The huge Aluminum Company of America, at that time the only producer of virgin aluminum in the country, was the means by which competition was made a reality for the transmission of electricity. Equally important, this competition between two different ways of transmitting electricity gave the Aluminum Company an added financial incentive for research to improve further its product so it could capture more and more of this transmission line market, as it has done. And as an interesting and significant side light, the most recent company to announce it will enter the field of primary aluminum production—in 1952—is one of the great producers of copper, the Anaconda Copper Company. Competition between alternatives —copper and aluminum—has spurred both industries.

Here was a case of genuine and effective competition, a real choice for the consumer, with the stimulating effects on industry that bona fide competition is intended to bring. There was no competition between copper producers, nor between aluminum producers (there being only one of the latter at the time), yet there was real protection to the consumer and genuine activation of the spirit of enterprise from the competition between two different materials.

I am not saying that lack of competition *within an industry* is of no consequence. Of course it is. My point is that under present-day conditions it is often no longer the most significant form of competition. Similarly, the easy assumption of some experts and publicists that *price competition* between suppliers of the same product is the most vital measure of whether competition exists or monopoly conditions prevail seems to me quite unrealistic under present-day conditions. The competition between alternative materials, or ways of satisfying human needs and desires, has become a new dimension of competition. Here is the real battleground in the fight to keep competitive conditions that will yield the greatest benefits to society and to the individual.

To the extent that we increase man's opportunity for selection and choice, to that extent we have nourished and strengthened real competition under 1952 conditions. This is the core of the New Competition. One of the greatest differences between economic conditions of today and those that prevailed when our ideas about Bigness and Monopoly were in formation (roughly the 30 years between 1885 and 1915) lies in this widening of free choice for the individual or business enterprise.

Take another familiar illustration: fuel. There was a time not too long ago when coal was our only basic fuel. Competition in fuel was virtually synonymous with competition among coal producers. If a few companies got control of coal production or eliminated competition by agreement, such chief coal users as the power companies had no alternative but to pay the prices demanded; and the householder either paid or shivered. Today coal is still a vital fuel, but it is no longer the only fuel. Oil has taken the place of coal on many railroads. Coal has left the kitchen in favor of gas and electricity. Oil and gas, and to some degree electricity, now heat millions of homes once dependent entirely upon coal. This new kind of competition has provided a spur for the coal industry. It has brought benefits for its customers. It has been largely responsible for bigger companies; with this emerging change has come improved management, increased mechanization of coal mining, and the highest standards of productivity, safety and human welfare in the history of this ancient industry.

COTTON once was "king," and for wool there really was no substitute. If you wanted fabrics and textiles you made them of cotton or wool, or you went without. (Silk and linen were not really important.) Almost all clothing and textiles and fabrics for the home came from one or both of these staples. Within the cotton and wool industries there was a highly competitive field, both in the raising of the raw material and its fabrication. But it was not a progressive or healthy competition, judged by the effects.

And for the consumer there was little alternative: if he wanted a shirt on his back it would have to be made of cotton or of wool.

Cotton and wool today must compete not only among themselves but with a whole series of new

In next week's installment, Mr. Lilienthal raises the fundamental question: What kind of country do Americans want? He believes we desire a vital, fluid, enterprising kind of society; one that is efficient, diverse, stable, humane, fair and ethical. He cites evidence that Bigness could further "those things we as a people want and need." In a later article, he will discuss the hazards of Bigness and means for preventing abuses

The driving force today is between makers of different materials for the same purpose, not merely the old fight between manufacturers of the same product. The writer says this is healthy for the U.S.

synthetic materials: rayon, made from wood pulp and the like; nylon, made from petroleum or natural gas; orlon, Acrilan and so on. Today a "conspiracy" to fix the price or limit the output of cotton or wool would be contrary to the Sherman Antitrust laws, but its effect on consumers would be largely irrelevant. A new kind of competition unknown to Senator Sherman and Teddy Roosevelt and the trust busters has come into being, and has given a new vitality and broader meaning to competition and thereby to the health of the American economy.

Another vital area of our economic life—transportation—provides an illustration of the competition of alternatives. Much of the antagonism to Big Business had its origin in the days when railroads were the only means of mass transport. The building of the transcontinental railroads was a feat of imagination and daring, without which the country could not have been developed as it was in the post-Civil War period. But, in keeping with the standards of the day, there were many abuses. The farmer could either use the railroads on the railroad's own terms or he could let his grain rot in his barn.

Some of the greatest lawsuits under the Sherman Act in the earliest days were directed against railroads. Railroad regulation, by the Interstate Commerce Commission and state commissions, was the direct result of public resentment against abuse of power by the railroads.

How well railroad and utility regulation has worked out in practice is a matter on which people disagree. Certainly it is clear that the new form of competition—that of a choice between alternative means—has completely changed the picture of mass transport.

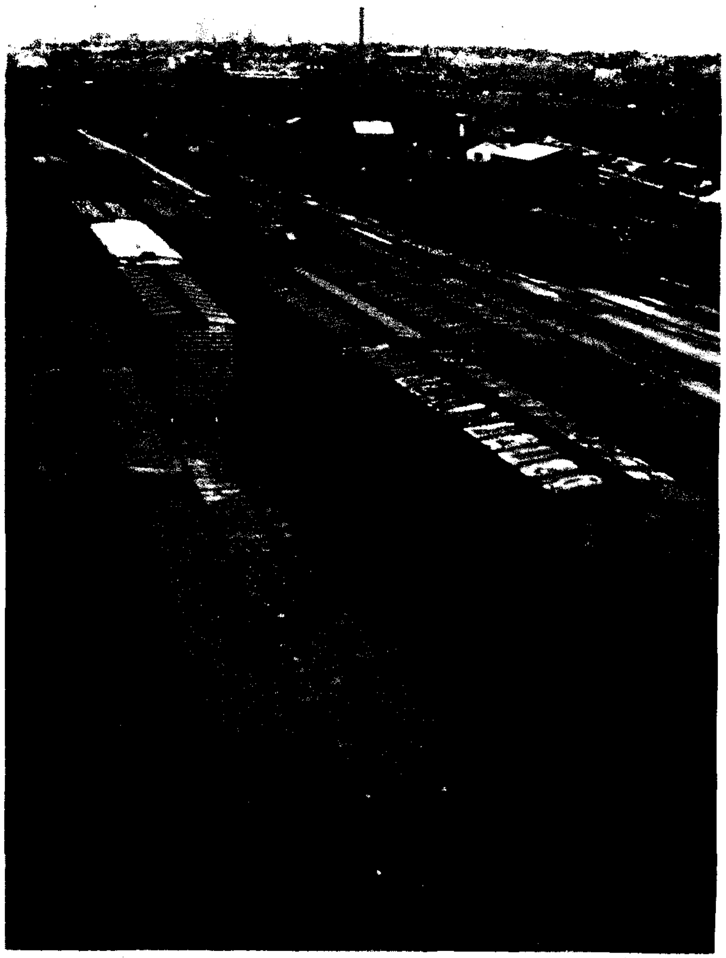
The truck, the automobile and the bus, the airplane and the re-emergence of river freight traffic, all combine to provide very active competition in transportation service. We have become the most mobile people on earth. Could regulation of the railroads alone have done for American transport what this multiplication of the means of transport has accomplished? Whatever the answer to this question, certainly the issue in railroad regulation these days no longer centers (as it used to) about the legal or constitutional right of the railroad to a certain rate. The issue now, in most cases, is what rate will meet the competition of some other available form of transportation.

In almost every aspect of our life the New Competition, *sparked by Big Research,* is providing us with a kind of "competition . . . between the objects of desire" undreamed of in the days of the trust busters.

GLASS—one of the most ancient of industrial products—is no longer "just glass." Because of extensive research and development, glass now competes actively as a fabric, with cotton and wool and nylon, for many uses; it competes with concrete and brick and asbestos for building and insulation materials. Glass, in its turn, faces new competition in its most familiar role, as a bottle: the coated-paper milk "bottle" and the "tin" beer can, for examples. But paper as a packaging material now must compete with chemicals drawn from coal, for phenolic resin, made into an almost weightless foam, is edging into the field of featherweight shipping materials.

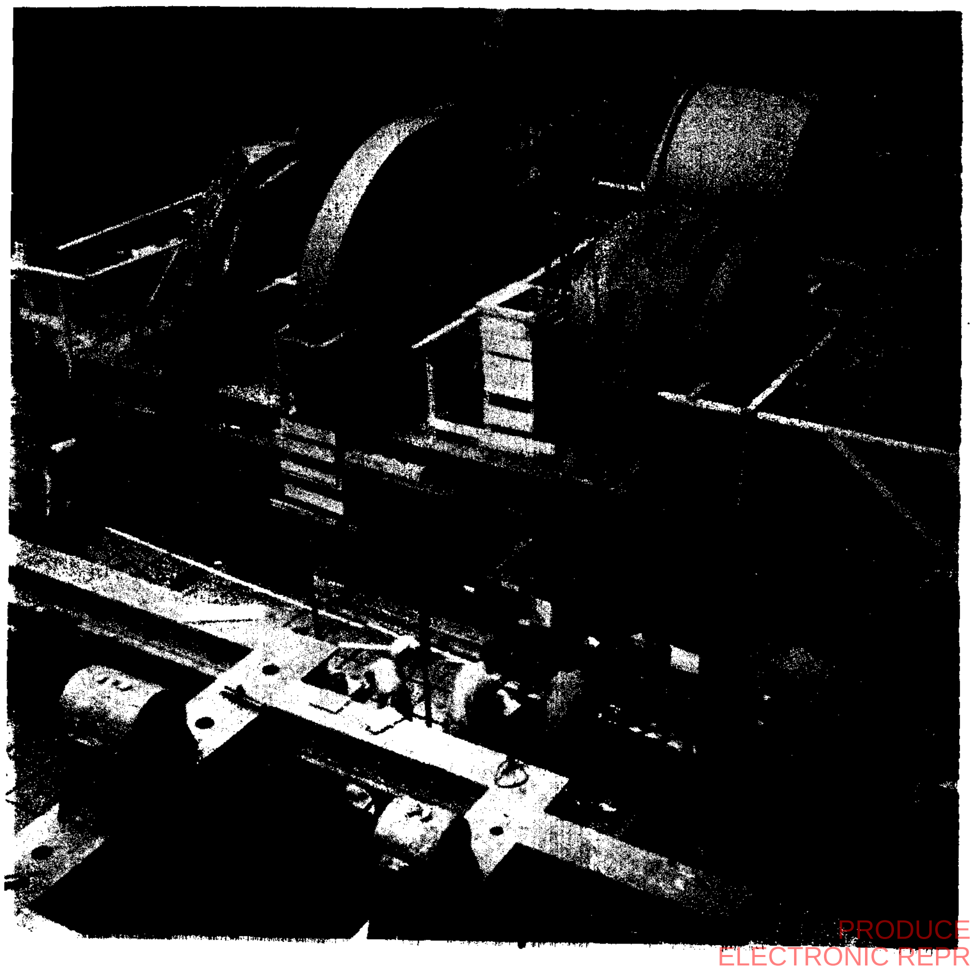
Radio competes with the transatlantic cable; the microwave relay competes with the telephone and telegraph. Sawdust, the soybean, the cornstalk and cob compete with petroleum and steel and wood and copper as industrial raw materials for plastics, textiles, chemicals.

The technical achievement of television contends for public favor with motion pictures, providing more honest-to-goodness competition in the entertainment industry than all the numerous antitrust proceedings involving the movies all put together. The process goes on steadily, each week bringing some new technical advance that in turn widens the spectrum of choice. This competition, more lively and creative than has ever before been seen, is the result not of antitrust policing activities of government, but of technology *(Continued on page 62)*


R. A. HOTIN

Railroads, facing hot competition, are bigger than ever. Here are the huge Kansas City yards

General Electric, like other big firms, buys from thousands of small producers. A generator is inspected at the company's Schenectady works



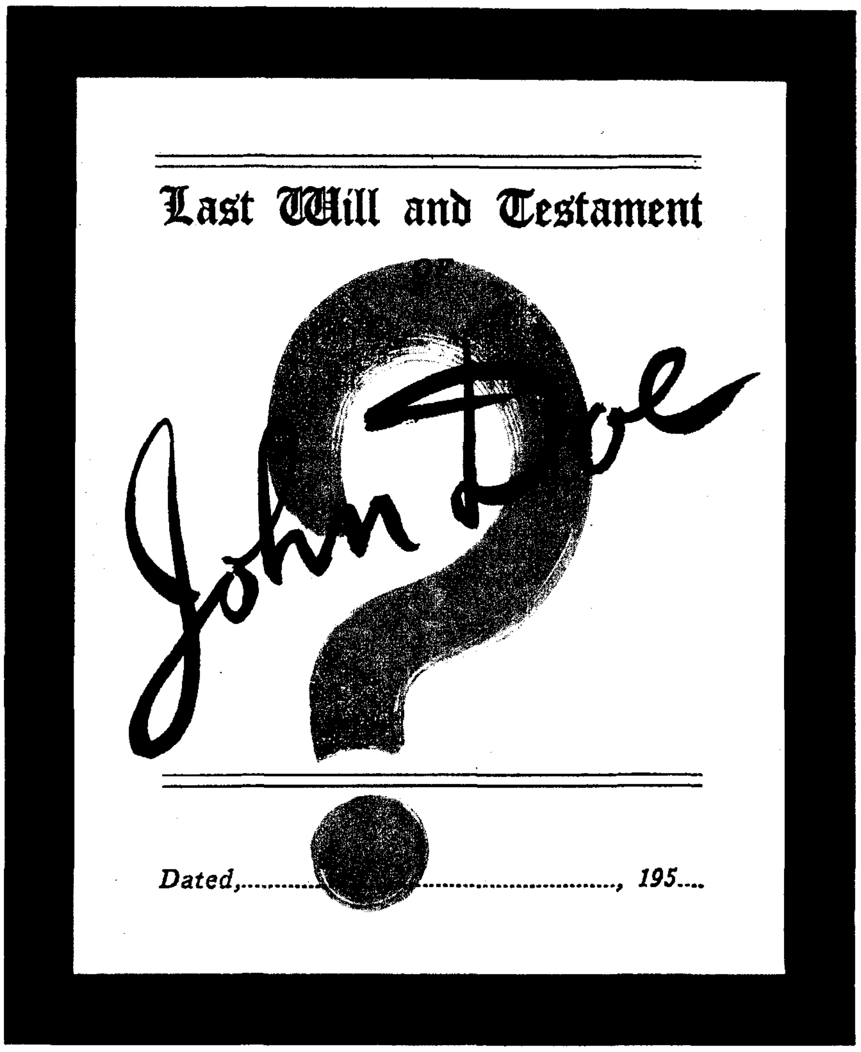
Diversification is widespread in U.S. industry. Celanese, at first a textile firm, also makes chemicals. Company's Bishop, Tex., plant

C. WEIKAL

TEACH YOUR WIFE TO BE A WIDOW

By DONALD I. ROGERS

Ignoring the inevitability of death, doting husbands shield their mates from business matters. Then, when tragedy strikes home, the best wives often make the poorest widows


Last Will and Testament
John Doe
Dated,.., 195....

THE American husband is a curious alloy of sentiment and ambition. In general, he works harder than husbands in any other part of the world to "provide for the wife and kids," and then—in seven cases out of 10—passes to his reward leaving only an insurance policy and a mortgaged home. Seldom is this enough to provide even the skimpiest existence for his survivors.

Americans hate to think of the inevitability of death. This attitude leads to only the most casual consideration of what will become of the precious wife and kids once the family genius has killed himself in the race against taxes and living costs.

It isn't enough to leave insurance money or other cash, no matter how much.

The fact is, the best wives often make the poorest widows. And doting husbands fail to realize it.

The vast bulk of all lump-sum life insurance money paid to widows is spent before a year has passed, most experts on the subject believe. The problem has bothered insurance companies for years. That's why they usually recommend staggered payments of insurance benefits to widows. Statisticians have tried to pin down the dissipation of insurance money in the hands of widows, but the best they can do is guess, and they put it somewhere in the vicinity of 80 per cent. In other words, eight out of 10 widows squander within a single year the dollars that were saved so carefully and at such great sacrifice. Widowhood brings horrifying responsibilities. Morbid though it seems, a husband should spend years teaching his wife to be a widow.

It's rare, indeed, when a wife knows all that can be known about her husband's business life, his income, his investments (if any), his debts and the way he handles his budget. Yet she may have the whole problem dumped on her lap without an hour's notice.

A man of thirty should be more concerned about the possibility of his wife's widowhood than a man of sixty. But it's always the other way around; many husbands never begin to think of death and the security of their wives until they reach sixty and the joints begin to crack.

The man of thirty should realize that if he dies suddenly, his wife faces perhaps 40 years of widowhood, providing she, too, is thirty at the time of his death. If the sixty-year-old man dies leaving a wife his own age, she may need to support herself only about 10 years, and perhaps has grown children to help.

It's a national characteristic for Americans to be dissatisfied with the progress of their careers and incomes. It leads, generally, to a feeling that one is not as well off as he really is.

Yet, by anyone else's standards, almost all Americans are rich. Do you own a car, perhaps some equity in your home, some kitchen appliances, a vacuum cleaner, more than one change of clothing? Small though the value of these items may be, they have some worth; they comprise an estate. If your wife is to obtain any benefit from them, they must be probated—along with any other assets you may leave, including all your cash except insurance money payable directly to your widow.

In the absence of a will, the court will have to appoint an administrator—who could conceivably turn out to be the last person in the world the husband would have wanted to handle his affairs (which have now become the affairs of his wife and children).

Even though all he has to leave his survivors is a safety pin or a few worn neckties, it's a man's legal right to specify who will get them. It's his duty to his wife, moreover, to name an executor of his estate who will help carry out the husband's last wishes to the wife's best advantage. Only in a will can this be accomplished. A man can want his wife to be executor of his estate; but there's no certainty the surrogate or judge of probate will appoint her unless specifically directed to do so in a will.

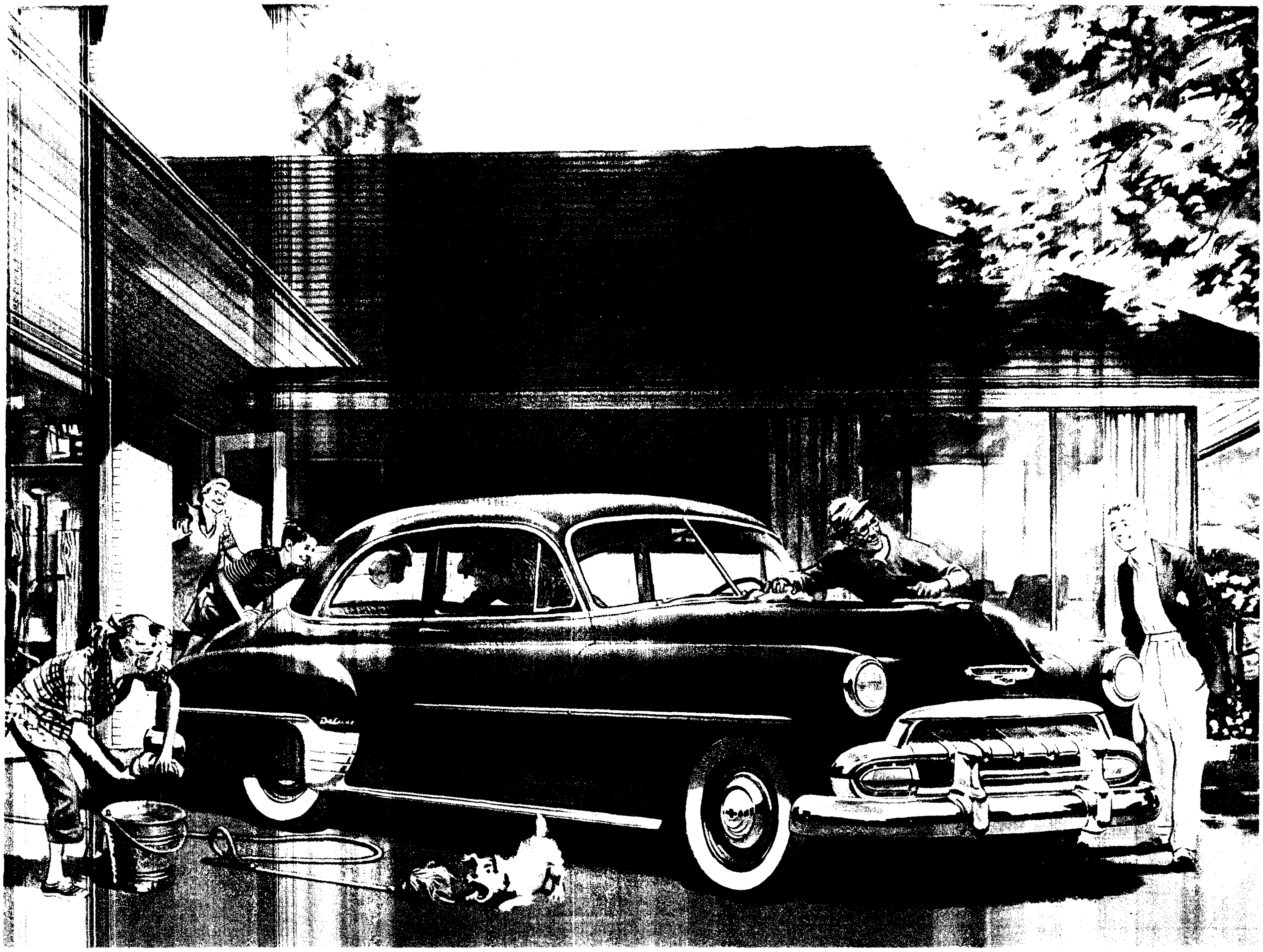
The vast majority of American husbands who die each year do not leave wills, yet a simple one costs as little as $10. The practice of drawing wills seems to be confined to the rich or near rich—the people who usually need a will the least. It's the widow of moderate or little means, whose husband leaves an estate of minor proportions, who most needs the clear, red-tape-cutting help of a will.

Only with a will can a man with children leave his widow all of his property. Without a will, she will usually get one third of the estate (depending on the state where they live), and the children will get two thirds. While an estate is being cleared through probate court, the widow and her youngsters might be desperate for the money tied up in the two thirds belonging to the children. The time required to probate an estate varies in different states, ranging from three months to a year. But even three months would be a long time for some widows and their children to survive on one third of an estate.

Only a lawyer is qualified to draw a proper will, even a simple one. Many crude wills, prepared by laymen and witnessed by relatives or friends, have been accepted and approved for probate. But for the small cost involved, the amateur will is not worth the risk.

The best will is the simplest, but not necessarily the shortest. In preparing it, a man should consider first of all his bequests. Does he want all of his estate to go to his wife? Does he want any of it held in trust for the children? Does he want his wife to forfeit any of it in case she remarries? And he should specify whom he wants to be the executor of the will, whether it be his wife or someone else.

There is the question, too, often overlooked, of what he wants to do *(Continued on page 57)*



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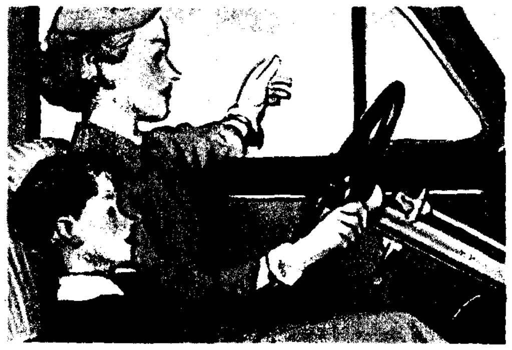

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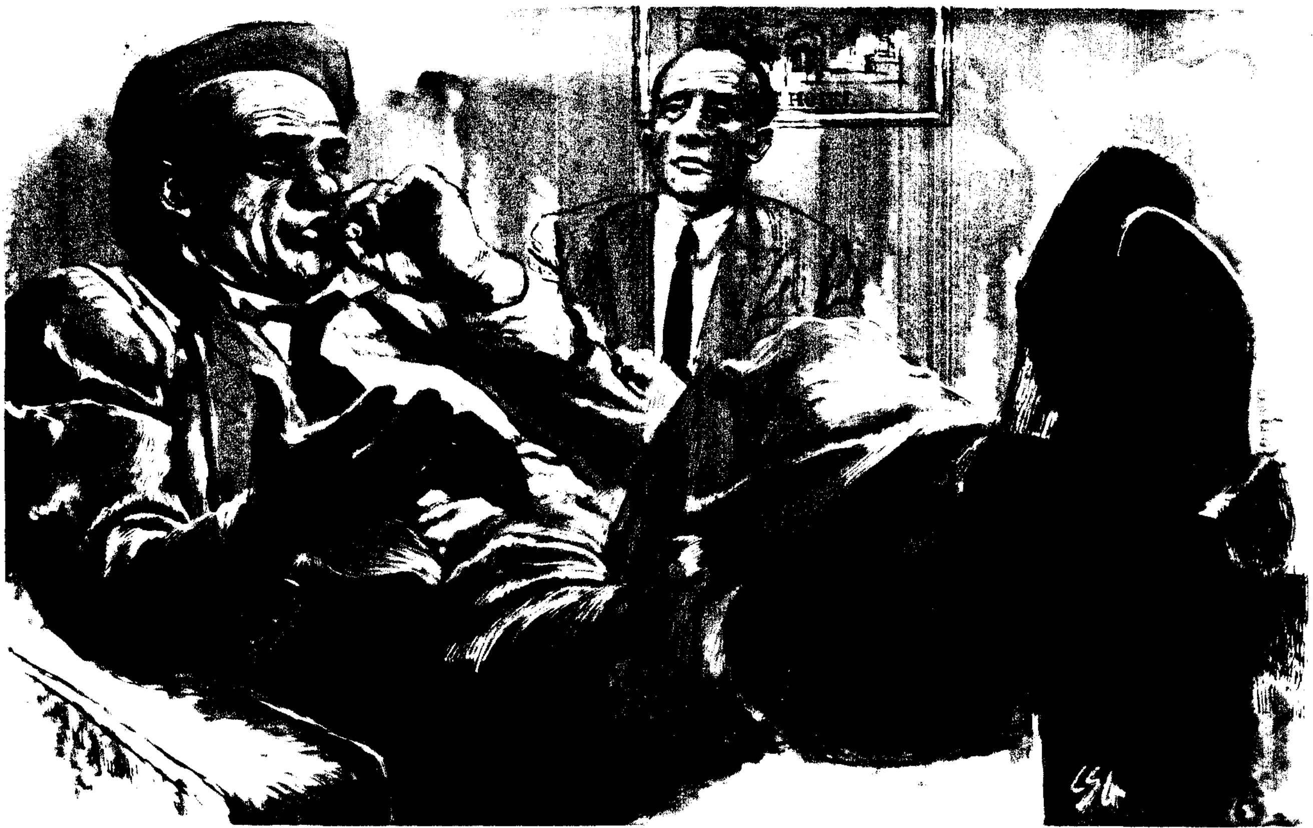

LOUIS S. GLANZMAN

"That's it," Fenny said, "the deal's too suspicious—the take is only a brace of ten spots"

Two Can Play

By STEVE APRIL

THE jeweler and the house dick, being exact opposites, found each other's company amusing. Mr. Alberts, the jeweler, was soft-spoken, slender, and impeccably groomed. Everything about him was expensive and polished—like his swank jewelry shop in the hotel lobby.

Mr. Fenny, the house dick, looked like a slob. His short fat body shuffled along on its big feet like a toy doll; his suit was so wrinkled he might have slept in it; and there was always about him the faint aroma of stale, cheap cigars. And because Fenny's eyes were so deeply sunk in his potato face, it was difficult to realize that they were thoughtful and alert. All he needed was a derby to look like a caricature of a house detective.

Fenny and Alberts played a little game. The dick would lumber into the shop, ask, "That three-hundred-buck watch in the window, what would it cost *me*, Mr. Alberts?" His voice was too high—strictly for laughs.

"Oh, for you it would be wholesale—two hundred and ten dollars."

A sly look would creep across Fenny's fat face. "Wholesale? You guys must get a five hundred per cent markup. I'll give you a hundred bucks."

"The watch cost me exactly two hundred and ten dollars, Mr. Fenny. And that doesn't include the rent and electricity, so I can display it before your eyes," Alberts would say with gentle sarcasm.

"Two hundred and ten dollars?" Fenny would repeat, as though Alberts were joking. "I'll think it over." And he would shuffle out. A few days later they would go through the same routine—over a lighter or cuff links. Fenny never bought anything, but it was a pleasant way of passing time.

Now, his great body overflowing one of the hotel manager's leather chairs, Fenny pushed his hat back on his bald head and said, "I'd go slow on arresting the guy. Looks too perfect to me. I sure liked that watch too; sorry you sold it."

Alberts said, "That's the point: Did I *sell* it, or have I been robbed of three hundred dollars?"

"Only two hundred and ten. That's what it cost you—you claim," Fenny said.

The manager, who appreciated Fenny's knack for keeping the hotel's name out of the wrong kind of headlines, said, "Now, Fenny, we don't want Mr. Alberts to lose anything. It does look suspicious, reselling the watch to a bellhop for only twenty dollars and—"

Fenny sighed. "Boss, that's it, the deal's *too* suspicious—the take is only a brace of ten spots. And why was this Rogers staying in our best room for the past eleven days on a day-to-day basis? Why wasn't he paying by the week? Okay, I'll admit he could have been waiting for a business deal to break any day. But it also gave him a chance to pay, and promptly, every day, including a couple times by check. Then this afternoon he suddenly decides to buy the watch—offers a check. Mr. Alberts calls the desk clerk, learns Rogers pays his bills promptly, tips well, and so he decides to take the check. Remember the time?"

"Exactly four fifteen. I recall setting the watch."

Fenny nodded. "That's what I mean—too many coincidences. Four fifteen on a Friday, no chance to call the bank till Monday, proving—"

"—That perhaps Rogers is pulling a fast one?" Alberts cut in.

"Or that we're dealing with a smart con operator," Fenny said. "Look at the case he's building against himself: half hour ago he gets loaded at the bar and sells the watch to the bellhop for twenty bucks, knowing the bellhop would show it off to the desk clerk, who'd call Alberts. And here we are. Even the drunk act is too good. If you arrest him and the check's good, he can sue you for—"

"Nevertheless, at this moment Rogers is checking out of the hotel!" Alberts said. "You don't expect me just to stand around, do you?"

"You're insured. Why not wait till—?"

"Till the bird has flown the coop?" Alberts asked grimly. "No, much as I dislike the fuss, I'm going directly to the police."

"Now, Mr. Alberts," the hotel manager said, "Mr. Fenny has a—"

"Okay, okay, I'll handle it," Fenny said, getting to his feet with a great effort. "But I'm still against it. Come along, both of you."

MR. ROGERS was a large man whose graying hair and handsome face gave him an air of distinction. But on his face at the moment was the loose, silly grin of a drunk. He poured a drink from the bottle on his dresser and watched a bellboy pack his bag. When the three men entered, Rogers blinked at them and asked, "Are we holding a conference here, gentlemen?"

"I understand you sold my watch for twenty dollars," Alberts began. "I—"

Trying to focus his eyes, Rogers said, "I did? Funny, thought it was *my* watch, sell it for what I please. Nobody's business but—"

Fenny pushed the jeweler aside and said, in a mild squeak, "Merely wanted to talk to you, Mr. Rogers."

Rogers waved his arm. "Busy, busy. Some other time," he said thickly.

His hand barely touched Fenny's face; but, in trying to duck, the rolypoly detective lost his balance and fell heavily to the floor. Glancing up at the manager and Alberts, both of whom were annoyed at Fenny's clumsiness, the dick said, "Help me up." Then he growled at Rogers, "Watch them hands, mister."

"Sorry," Rogers said. He tried to bow and reached out to steady himself.

Fenny took Rogers' arm. "Better come with me, chum."

As he was being steered toward the door, Rogers asked, "Where are we going? Can I take my pal along?" He motioned toward the bottle.

Fenny told him, "It's your pal, take all of it."

"Sir, you're a gentleman," Rogers mumbled and tilted the bottle.

They had reached the rear elevators when Rogers passed out. Alberts said, "Shouldn't have let him drink so much. Look at him, stupid drunk."

"Come on," Fenny said, "we'll have to carry him to the police station."

SATURDAY morning Fenny called the desk sergeant and asked, "Jack, how's that Rogers joker taking jail?"

"Sleeps a lot—like a guy who's been here before."

"Beefing much?"

"Naw," the sergeant said. "Usual pitch—the food stinks, going to hire the best lawyer in town Monday—you know the routine."

"Yeah," Fenny said. "Thanks." He hung up and stuck a horrible-smelling cigar butt in his mouth.

At nine o'clock Monday morning, Fenny stood outside the jewelry shop, watching Alberts make a telephone call. Two minutes later the jeweler put down the telephone, and his face turned a sickly greenish white. Fenny opened the door as Alberts groaned, "Lord, the check is good! Have to rush down to the jail; might be time to smooth this out before—"

Alberts slapped his hat on, dodged around Fenny, sprinted through the lobby and out into the first cab waiting at the curb. Trotting behind him and blowing like a whale, Fenny managed to jump into the same cab.

Rogers was talking to a lawyer in his cell when Alberts rushed in, saying, "Mr. Rogers, I've come to apologize for a terrible mistake."

"Do your talking in court, sir," the lawyer said. "My client has suffered the indignity of false arrest, plus the discomfort of two days in jail. We shall sue for damages and—"

"Jail's as good a place as any to sleep off a drunk," Fenny said, disregarding Alberts, who was tugging at his sleeve. "And your client is a crummy con man."

"We don't have to listen to your insulting language. When we sue for false arrest, you will be—"

"What false arrest?" Fenny asked softly. "Rogers must have been so sure of his act he never asked to see the blotter when he came to this morning. Evidently you haven't either—yet. When you do, you'll see the charge was made by me: assault. Rogers knocked me down when he was drunk. Got witnesses to prove it."

The lawyer turned to Alberts. "Didn't you sign an affidavit that my client had defrauded you?"

"I thought—" Alberts began. "I was confused; I left things up to Fenny. He knows all about police stations."

Rogers began to curse, and Fenny, who was herding Alberts out, turned and asked, "That a way to talk, chum? Especially when I'm dropping the charge? You're free to scram. Just don't ever try anything at *my* hotel again."

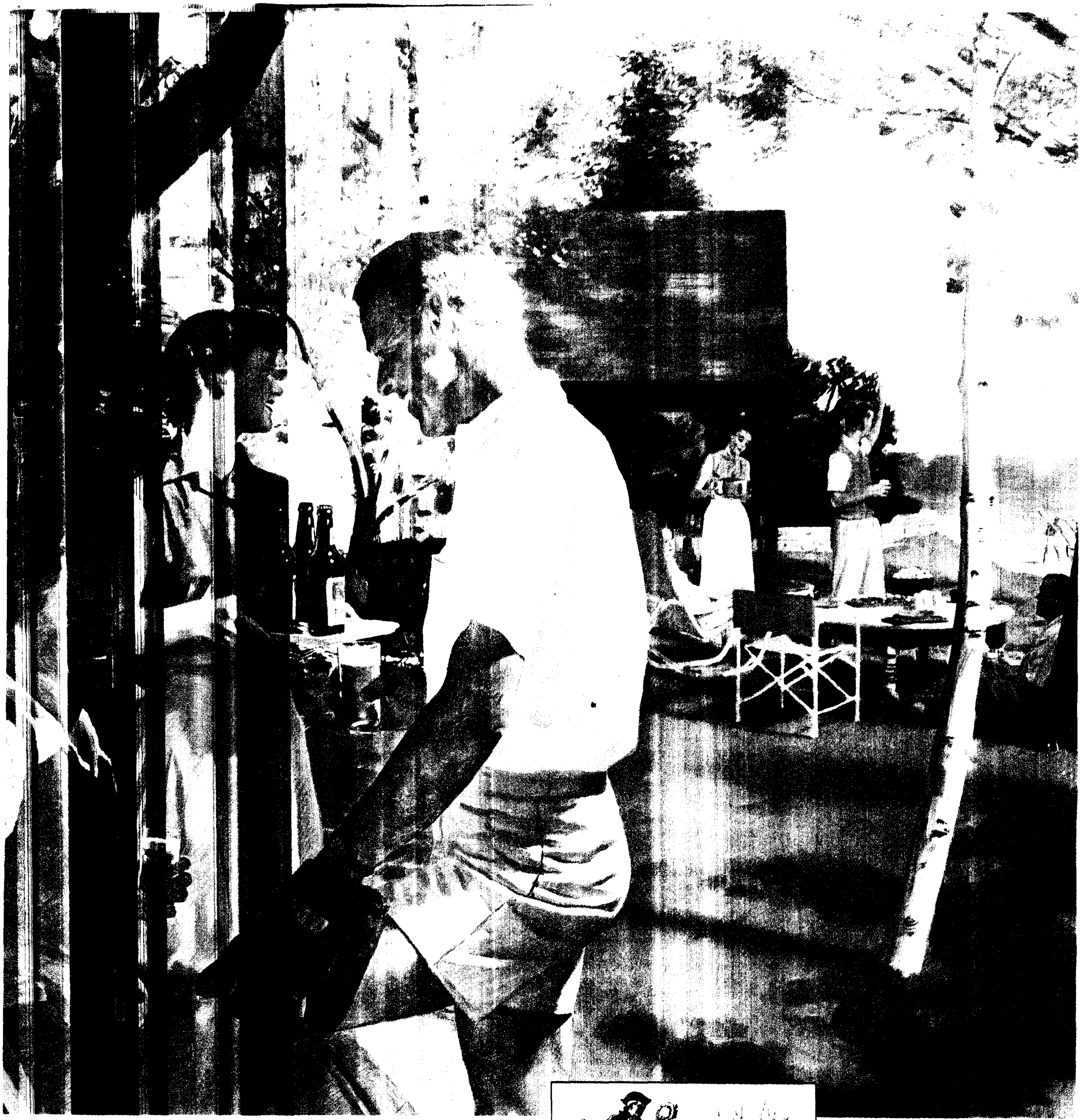
In the cab on the way back to the hotel, Alberts stared at the house dick with open admiration.

Fenny said wearily, "Going to be a long day. Not ten yet." He looked at the slim watch on his thick wrist.

"Why, that's the watch!"

Fenny nodded. "Gave the bellhop forty for it," he said. "But no kidding, Alberts, did I really get a bargain?" ▲▲▲

Collier's SHORT SHORT



"SATURDAY AFTERNOON ON THE LAKE FRONT," by Douglass Crockwell.
Number 69 in the series "Home Life in America."

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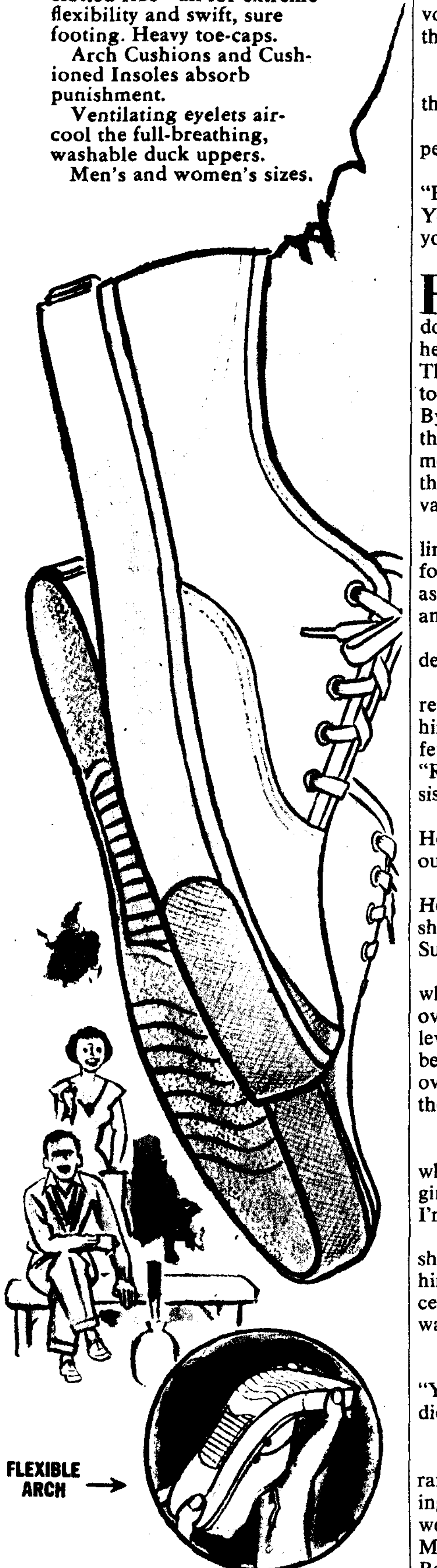
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Saddle by Starlight

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17

waited for the others to pull in beside him. "The cabin's down there," he said. "I'll say it again. I'll do the talking."

"Sam." It was Emmet Hackbarth's voice. "Does Mrs. Beale know about this?"

For a stunned five seconds, Sam sat motionless, looking in the direction of Hackbarth. Then he dismounted, ducked under the head of Will Ferrin's horse and stopped beside Hackbarth. His anger made his voice rough when he said, "Who do you think owns Six-Up, Emmet?"

"She does, of course."

"And I work for her. Would I be doing this against her wishes or behind her back?"

"It doesn't seem right for a woman to permit it," Hackbarth said.

Sam heard Heth's snort, and he said flatly, "Emmet, the door behind you is closed. You're going down there if I have to pack you on my back."

HE DIDN'T wait for an answer, but went back to his horse, mounted and started down the slope. He felt a cold anger, and he thought: Don't do it while you're mad. Then his anger was forgotten as he looked toward the shack on the floor of the valley. By starlight, it was only a deeper black than the night around him, but he was remembering. He had built it, the shack and the outbuildings, and its door faced up-valley, so that they must circle it.

There was the chance, he knew, that the line shack was packed with men waiting for them, but that was a risk he understood as he pulled his horse in between the shack and the outbuilding.

"That's far enough!" a man's voice ordered from the shack.

Forty yards lay between them, and Sam reined in, waiting for the others to join him. Then he dismounted, and tramped a few yards toward the shack and stopped. "Rainey, this is Sam Holley. You and your sister come out."

"I've got a rifle lined on your shirt front, Holley! Go back to your horse and clear out of here!"

Sam heard someone, and he turned to see Heth's dark bulk beside him. Sam said sharply, "Go back and scatter them, Anse. Surround the place."

Heth went obediently, and Sam waited while the others spread out. Somewhere over by the corral, he heard a shell being levered into a rifle, and he thought: That'll be Tench. Then he called, "I'm coming over," and he began to walk slowly toward the shack.

"Stop right there!" Rainey called angrily.

Sam didn't check his pace, and he heard whispering inside the shack. Suddenly, a girl's voice called, "Stop there, Mr. Holley! I'm coming out."

Sam halted. From the black bulk of the shack, a figure appeared and came up to him. He could see nothing of the girl except that she was slight, and that her hair was pale in the dark.

"What are you going to do?" she said.

"You're trespassing." Sam said flatly. "You've been warned to move, and you didn't. We're moving you."

"This is our homestead!"

"This is a Six-Up line shack on Six-Up range, Miss Rainey." He paused, and, knowing that his words carried to her brother, he went on: "There are five of us here tonight, Miss Rainey. Every ranch north of the Beale Fork is represented. There's no place for you here, no place to move except back across the creek. Are you dressed?"

"Yes."

"Then go on to the corral and get your horse."

Rainey's voice from the shack called angrily, "Don't do it, Julia!"

The girl turned and started back for the cabin. Quickly, Sam moved up behind her, wrapped his hands around her waist and lifted her. A small cry escaped her, but she did not struggle.

"Dick, don't shoot! Don't shoot!" she cried.

Sam called, "She's going to the corral, Rainey."

He turned and carried her several yards toward the outbuilding, then let her slide to the ground. "I'm sorry I had to do that," he said quietly. "Now, go on."

Without a word, she vanished into the night toward the corral. Sam turned and started back for the shack. He was perhaps thirty yards from it when he called, "I'm coming in, Rainey."

"Damn you, I'll shoot you!" Rainey called wildly.

A figure loomed out of the night beside Sam, and he stopped. It was Heth again, and Sam felt a rising irritation at the man's persistent interference.

"He means it, Sam," Heth said quietly. "Let's open up on him."

Sam said in a flat voice, "Go help the girl, Anse. I'll take care of this."

Heth swore sullenly under his breath, hesitated a minute, then vanished into the darkness. Still standing motionless, Sam reached in his shirt for his sack of tobacco dust. He rolled a cigarette, put it up to his lips, and reached for a match.

Then he called quietly, "Here's your chance, Rainey, if you're going to shoot."

He lighted the match, held it in front of him until the flare died, then lighted his cigarette and flipped the match away. Then he said, "Now I'm coming," and headed slowly for the shack.

There was a sound inside, as if furniture had been bumped, and then he was at the open door, where he halted.

"Coming?" he asked.

"Step over that log and you're dead," Rainey said quietly. Something new, some quiet desperation had crept into the man's voice, and Sam considered for a second. From here, there was retreat for only one of them, and Sam knew it would not be his. He lifted his hand to throw away his cigarette, remembering the placing of the crude furniture, knowing Rainey was in the far corner of the room, by the double bunk.

Then he lunged into the room, bending low, and he hit the floor just as the room exploded into sound with the crash of the rifle. By its flare, Sam saw two things: Rainey was where he had guessed he would be, and his gun was pointed at the ceiling. He'd been bluffing.

Sam put his hands flat on the dirt floor, pushed himself half erect, and lunged at Rainey.

The rifle came down across his shoulders with a savage, short swipe, and then his body crashed into Rainey. The impact drove the breath from the other man, and now Sam brought up his fist and elbow in a raking drive at Rainey's face. His fist skidded off Rainey's cheek, but his raised elbow drove roughly into his face. Sam felt Rainey's head rap back against the bunk timbers and heard his low cry of pain. With his other hand, Sam wrenched the rifle out of Rainey's hands.

Then Sam wrapped his arms around the man, lifted him, moved three steps, and literally threw him out the door.

He heard a wild yell from outside: "Sam, Sam, sing out!" It was Will Ferrin's voice.

Sam called, "There he is, Will!"

There was a scuffle outside, and then it subsided until he could hear Tench's wild cursing and Will's voice, saying sternly, "Cut it, Bill! Cut it out!"

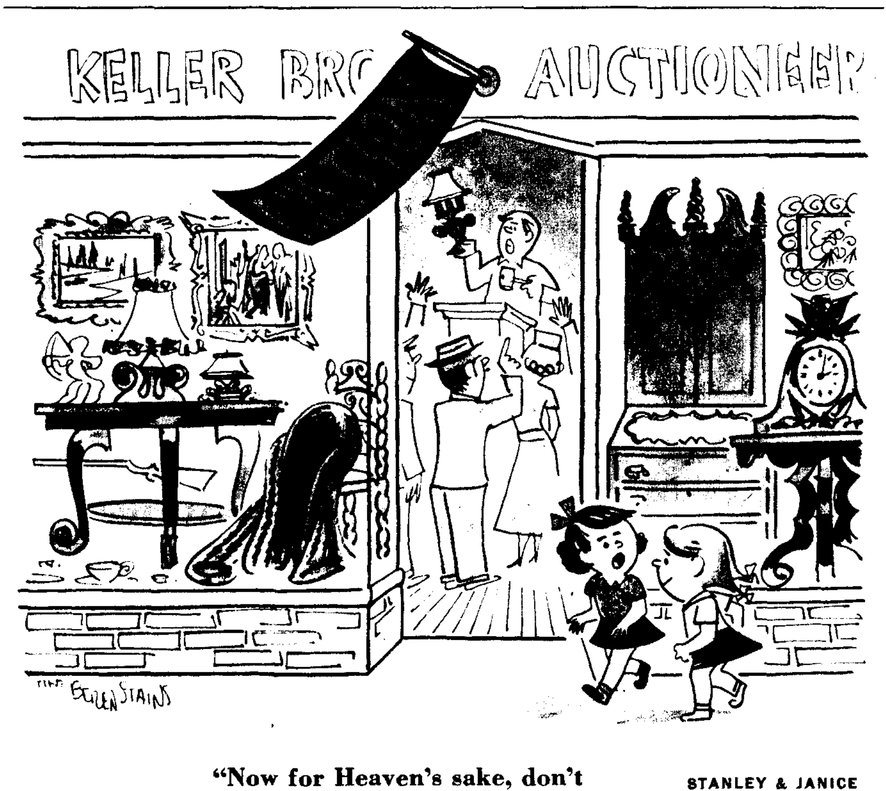
BREATHING heavily, Sam reached in his pocket for a match and wiped it alight. He saw what he was looking for—a kerosene lamp on the slab table under the window.

He picked it up, turned, saw the stack of wood by the stove, and smashed the lamp on it. He tossed another match onto the kerosene-drenched wood, and, as it flared, he looked about the shabby room. Under the lower bunk, a worn, carpet-covered valise, open so that a strip of petticoat lace showed, caught his eye. Lifting it, he moved toward the door where Anse Heth was standing.

Heth backed out, and, by the light from the fire in the shack, Sam saw Rainey dragging himself to his knees. The others were moving in, and Sam saw Rainey's sister hurrying toward her brother.

Throwing the valise aside, Sam watched Rainey lift himself slowly to his feet. There was a cut across his cheek, and Sam tried to remember hitting him that hard. His sister was stanching the blood with a neckerchief

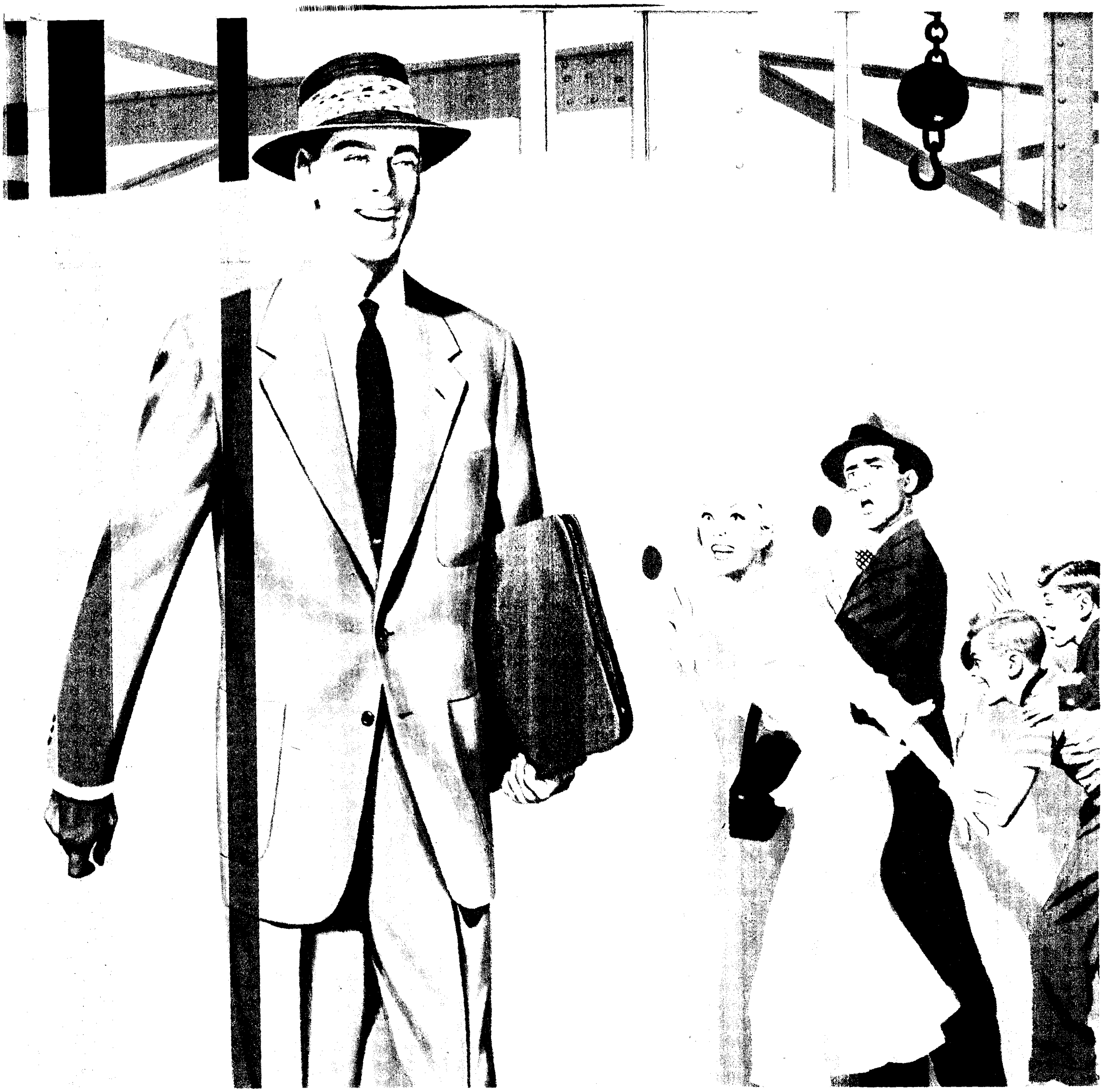
SISTER



COLLIER'S

"Now for Heaven's sake, don't scratch your ear or anything"

STANLEY & JANICE BERENSTAIN



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Will Ferrin had handed her, and in the light of the fire Sam watched them curiously.

Rainey was a dark young man with a rough, wild face that was full of rage and hatred now. His sister was not so tall as he, with the palest hair Sam had ever seen. It was combed out, and gathered loosely on her neck with a ribbon, as if, Sam thought guiltily, she had been ready for bed. Her dress was cotton, clean and much washed and poor. Her face was almost grave, and would normally be serene, Sam thought; now there was concern in it, oddly mixed with relief. She eyed the men around her with brief, unfriendly glances, but there was no fear in her dark eyes.

When she looked at Sam, her gaze held his, and Sam waited for the tongue-lashing.

She said quietly, "Everything we own is in that fire, Mr. Holley."

"Not everything," Sam said, and nodded toward the valise. "I shouldn't have brought it out, though. If you gamble, there ought to be a stake."

His voice quivering with hatred, Rainey said, "I'm not done, Holley! Next time, I'll shoot."

Sam looked at him. "No you won't. Not unless you want to shoot every man here and all the men working for them." He gestured to the men grouped around him and raised his voice a little against the crackling of the fire. "Take a look at these men; then go back and tell the riffraff across the creek who they are."

"I'll tell them!" Rainey said hotly.

Anse Heth laughed. "Tell Ganley, too. See if he can law you back here."

AT THAT moment, Emmet Hackbarth, leading two saddled horses, approached the circle of firelight. They were the Raineys' horses, and Sam knew that Emmet, rather than take his full share of responsibility for this night's violence, had chosen to putter in the background.

Bill Tench saw him, too, and said to Rainey, "Take a look at the horse holder, too, Rainey. He's the leader." There was a deep malice in his voice.

Rainey did as he was bid, looking at each man and carefully identifying him. Then he said, "I'll remember you. So will the U.S. marshal."

That didn't seem worth comment.

Sam shifted his feet, glanced at the fire, and then turned his attention to Rainey. "My crew will push your cattle across the creek tomorrow. They'll bring over whatever gear you have around here, too. Don't come back."

Emmet came forward with the horses, and Sam looked at the girl. Then he shucked out of his jacket and held it up, saying, "You'll need this, Miss Rainey."

"We want nothing from you!" Rainey said bitterly.

"Let her speak," Sam said, watching her.

"I *will* need it. Thank you," she said quietly. Sam held the jacket for her, and she slipped into it. He touched her shoulder as he settled the coat, and now, for the first time, remembered his earlier manhandling of her. The memory was briefly disturbing, and he thought: She asked for that, too.

Rainey helped her up in the saddle, then picked up the valise and lifted it across the saddle horn of his own mount. The cabin itself had caught fire now, and great streamers of smoke blew out of the door and lifted into the night sky.

WITHOUT a word, then, the girl started away. Sam was sure that Rainey would say something more, but, holding the neckerchief against his cheek, he silently mounted his horse and rode out behind his sister.

Now the men all looked at one another. Emmet Hackbarth stared moodily at the fire a moment, then said, "Well, that'll probably start it."

Nobody answered, and they slowly went back to their horses.

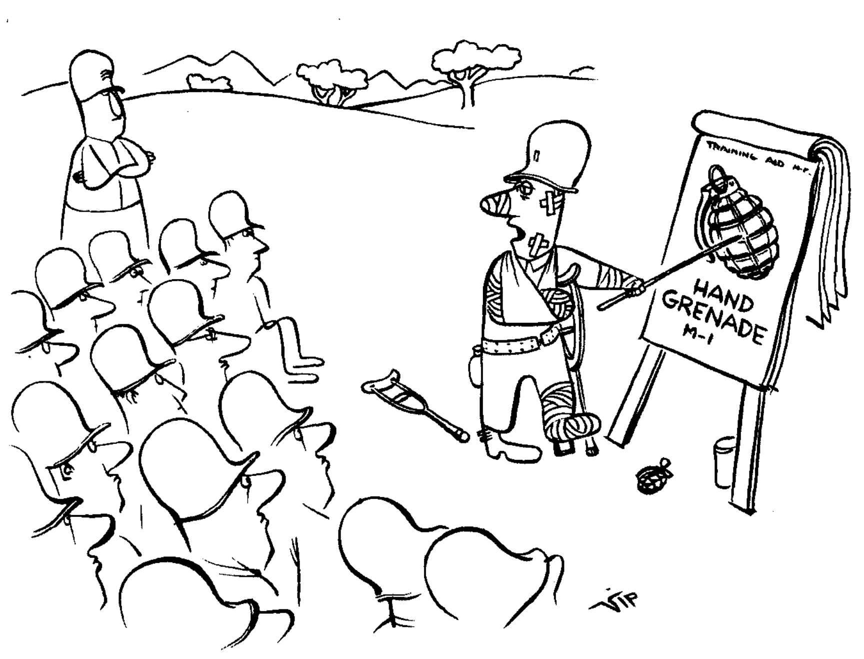
Because Will Ferrin's way was Sam's too, he put his horse alongside Sam's and they rode north across Six-Up range. Small bunches of cattle spooked away from them in the night.

Neither man spoke for a while. Sam had a feeling of guilt, and he knew it was against all reason. Rainey had invited this roughing up; Sam had only told him the simple truth: he was trespassing.

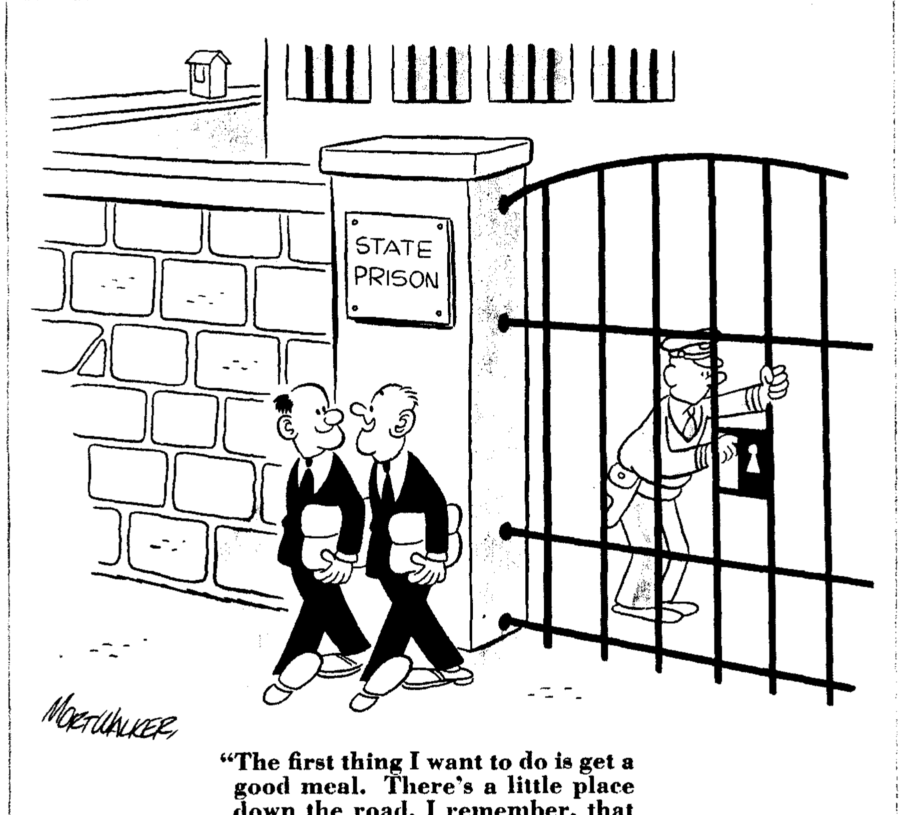
There had been trespassers before, too, when Dan Beale was living, Sam remembered. The Homestead Act had brought land-hungry men into this high basin, and they had taken a look at the clay dunes and sand hills that lay south of the Beale Fork, and then looked north to the rolling grasslands that stretched to the very base of the Elk Mountains. That was for them, they thought, but Dan Beale thought differently. He had fought too many Indians for this graze over too many years for him to give the trespassers more than passage through. They had gone back across the creek, to quarrel among themselves, to covet the northern grass, and to watch for weakness. Rainey was only the last of them, land-hungry, cocky and pushing, but not tough enough to stake his homestead or defend it.

Thinking of Rainey, then, Sam said,

VIP'S WAR



COLLIER'S "Now, as I was saying last month before the interruption, care should be taken . . ." VIRGIL PARTCH



"The first thing I want to do is get a good meal. There's a little place down the road, I remember, that serves all you can eat for 35 cents"

COLLIER'S MORT WALKER

"Will, I don't remember hitting Rainey that hard."

"You didn't," Ferrin said dryly. "That was Tench. He was pistol-whipping him when I pulled him off."

A slow anger stirred in Sam, and then died. Tench was a sign, a symbol of their sickness. In the eight years since Dan Beale had died, the Basin had changed. Anson Heth had bought the Chainlink, and had married Mrs. Beale's young sister, Eleanor. Ordinarily, in the fashion of frontier families, that would have welded the two families together, but it had not. Heth's surly, willful ways were not for Mrs. Beale, and she and Heth disliked each other. Hackbarth, with his countinghouse philosophy, had bought Swallowfork and ran it with the penny-pinching greediness of a small storekeeper. Only Mrs. Beale, Will Ferrin and Sam were left from an earlier, more openhanded day. While the others bickered and traded and intrigued, they were the watchful ones. When Sam recalled his speech to Rainey tonight, remembering how he had emphasized their solidarity, he smiled wryly in the darkness. Only Sam's insistent driving had united them tonight; tomorrow, Heth's rashness would breed a new trouble, or Hackbarth's mulishness would prevail.

WHEN, an hour later, they picked up a wagon road and traveled it another mile, they saw a light ahead. It was home for Sam, the Six-Up, and he knew Mrs. Beale would be waiting for the news. He reined up at the fork of the road and said, "Coming in, Will?"

"No. Young Lydia will hear me and want to get up, and then her mother will raise hell with me. I'd better get on home."

They said good night, and Sam rode toward the house. Will Ferrin, a man who had no liking for violence, was troubled tonight, Sam knew. Ferrin, their nearest and oldest neighbor, liked to bring only serenity and humor to this house he loved, and he had neither to offer tonight. No more than Sam did he want to describe to Mrs. Beale and her twelve-year-old daughter what had happened at the line shack.

The tangle of the many Six-Up buildings bulked darkly against the starlit sky. The great cottonwoods around the house stirred a little in the night breeze, their branches making a soft and whispering clatter. It was the sound Sam always unconsciously listened for, and when he heard it he was home. A ranch dog barked at him, and Sam called his name, and the dog subsided. Sam rode past the wagon sheds to the stables, unsaddled his horse, and turned him out to pasture, and then moved past the long log bunkhouse toward the big frame house. It was a black night, but he moved with certainty to avoid the grindstone by the slab pile, and when he put out his hand to touch the gate, it was there. He knew this land and these things as a man knows his own face. No upstairs lamps were lighted, but there was a light in the kitchen.

SAM made his way around to the side of the big frame house and let himself into the office. This was Dan Beale's room, which Sam had inherited along with the responsibility for Six-Up's big herds and vast acres.

He struck a match and lighted the desk lamp, then took off his hat and sailed it onto the torn, leather-covered sofa across the room. Sinking into a chair by the desk, he found himself listening, as a man will, for movement of his womenfolk in the far part of the house. He smiled at the thought and shook his head. Yes, he supposed they were his womenfolk; or at least he felt the same protective interest in them as he would in his own.

He heard footsteps beyond the door that led into the main hall of the house; the door opened, and he swiveled his chair away from the roll-top desk to face it.

A gangling girl, her feet bare below the hem of her nightgown and oversize wrapper, stood in the doorway, her toes curled up against the chill of the floor. She stood, grave-faced, a kind of searching interest in her large, dark eyes. Her hair, hanging in twin braids over her shoulders, was thick and black, and oddly gave a hint, in the way it curled on her temples, of the beauty that was to come.

"What happened, Sam?" she asked.

"Nothing. They left."

"Any trouble?"

Sam shook his head, keeping his face expressionless, except for a kind of teasing affection that unconsciously crept in.

"If there wasn't any trouble, why have you got that cut on your cheek?"

Sam's hand started for his cheek, and then he stopped it.

Lydia's grin was swift and delightful. "You see, there *was* trouble! You as good as admitted it."

Sam smiled faintly. "How long did you plot that one, sport?"

Mrs. Beale appeared then behind her daughter, who turned to her. "Please, can't I hear what Sam has to say, Mother?"

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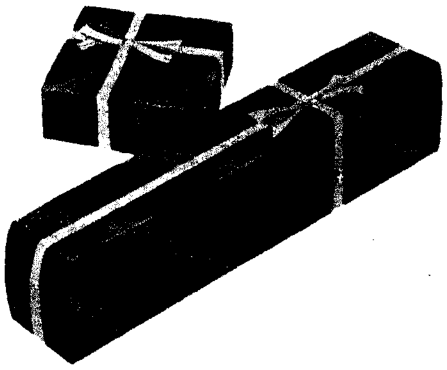

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Smoke-Grey Dress Set, $5.00. Black Satin Suspenders, $2.50. Black Imported Morocco Wallet, $5.00.*

Molded Cowhide Belt in Brown, Black, Mahogany, $2.50. Twin Profile Initial Buckle, $2.00. Set, $4.50.

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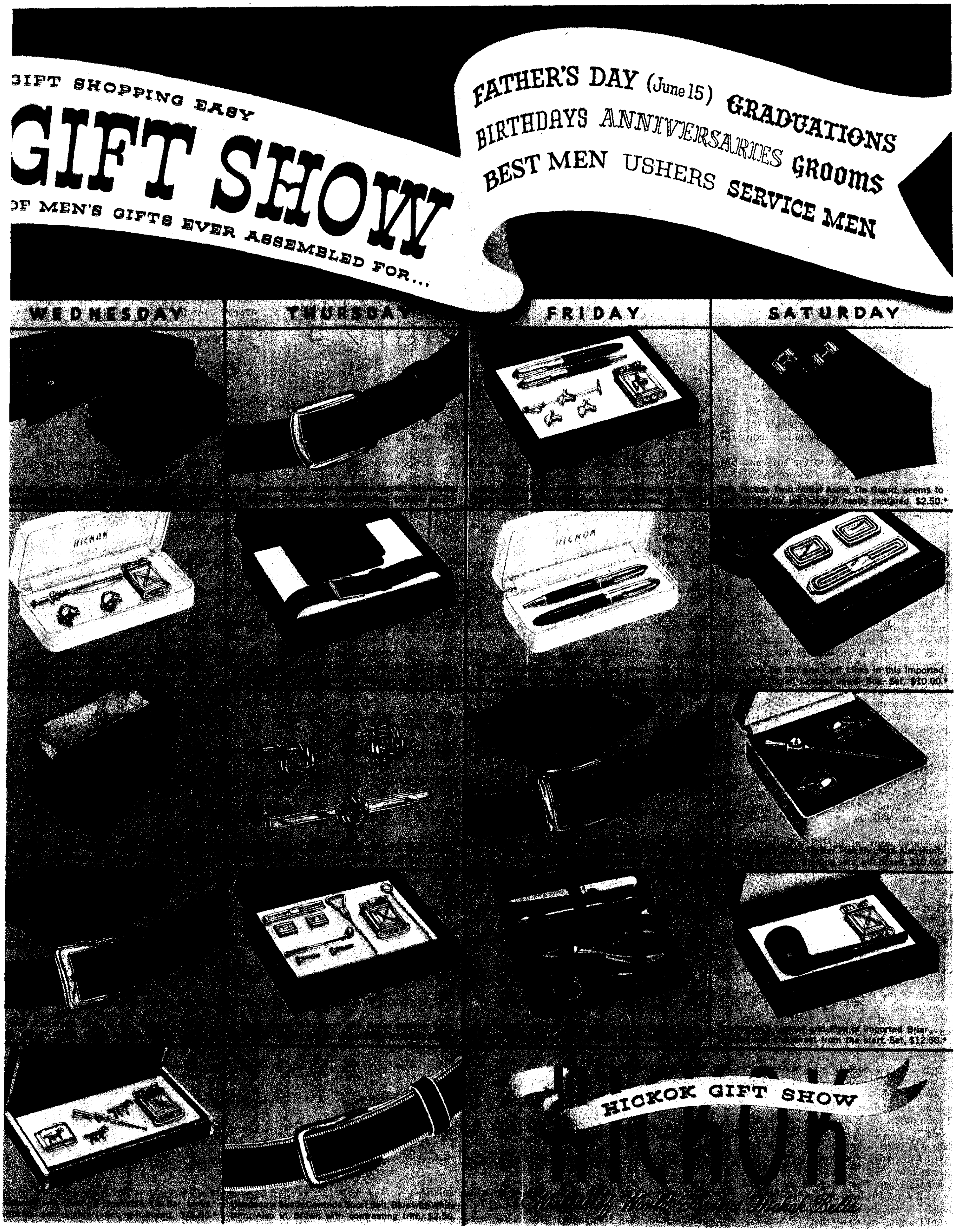
Babygator Cowhide Wallet with Secret Pocket, $5.00. Babygator Belt, with Two-tone Initial Buckle, $3.50.*

Aged, imported Briar Pipe with Patented Filter, that cools the smoke, eliminates tongue bite, $3.50.

Handsome Tie Bar, with Ruby-colored Stones, $2.50. Matching Cuff Links, $2.50. Set, $5.00.*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Mrs. Beale glanced briefly at Sam, who almost imperceptibly shook his head. She was a handsome woman in her late forties, whose black hair was generously shot with gray. She was wearing a frilly gray wrapper and slippers.

She was deferring to him, Sam knew, as she put her hand on Lydia's shoulder. "Up you go, Lydia. When you learn to chew tobacco, you can listen in on what Sam has to tell me."

"I'll find out," Lydia said gravely. "I'll find out if I have to burn his eggs for a week." She turned and went down the corridor, and Mrs. Beale, closing the door behind her, sighed.

Sam waited until she had sat down on the sofa, then settled back in the chair.

"How did it go?" Mrs. Beale asked.

SAM told her, sparing none of the details. As he talked, he was aware of her close attentiveness. At times like this, she might have been a man, although no more feminine woman ever lived. Her beauty was put aside; she clasped her hands on her knees, leaned forward, and scowled gently as he went on with his story.

When he had finished, she was silent a moment. "I'm glad you took her things from the shack, Sam. I hope they were little things like family pictures, or a locket." Sam understood this declaration of femininity; it was like Mrs. Beale to single this out for comment among the graver considerations.

Mrs. Beale leaned back on the sofa and looked steadily at Sam. "You're sure you've told me everything, Sam? It's not like my brother-in-law to pass up a chance to hit or kick a man when he's down."

"Tench did it for him."

Mrs. Beale nodded in understanding. "Was Ganley mentioned?"

"Only by us."

"You think he sent them, Sam?"

Sam nodded. "He'll keep on sending them, too."

"It's a tiresome business, but we'll keep moving them off."

"Maybe," Sam said, a deep pessimism in his voice that Mrs. Beale did not miss.

"Why 'maybe,' Sam?"

"This was a scared kid and his sister," Sam said. "They're new to the Basin, and Rainey's pretty small bore. The South Basin knew he couldn't stick, and Rainey proved it tonight. But long before the courts decide for us, Ganley'll send others. One of them might stick. Once that happens, we're in trouble, Mrs. Beale."

Mrs. Beale nodded, her expression thoughtful as she watched Sam. She didn't speak for a moment, and then she asked softly, "Sam, will this put your marriage further away?"

Sam didn't look at her. He only said woodenly, "I don't know, Mrs. Beale. I reckon I know what Virginia will say when she hears it."

Mrs. Beale rose and came over to him then and stood above him, and presently he lifted his head and they looked at each other. Mrs. Beale said, "I don't mean to pry, Sam, but does Virginia hate us?"

"Not us, but what we stand for, Mrs. Beale," Sam said slowly. "I think she'd like to see the whole North Basin planted to pumpkins and wheat." He looked up at her and smiled.

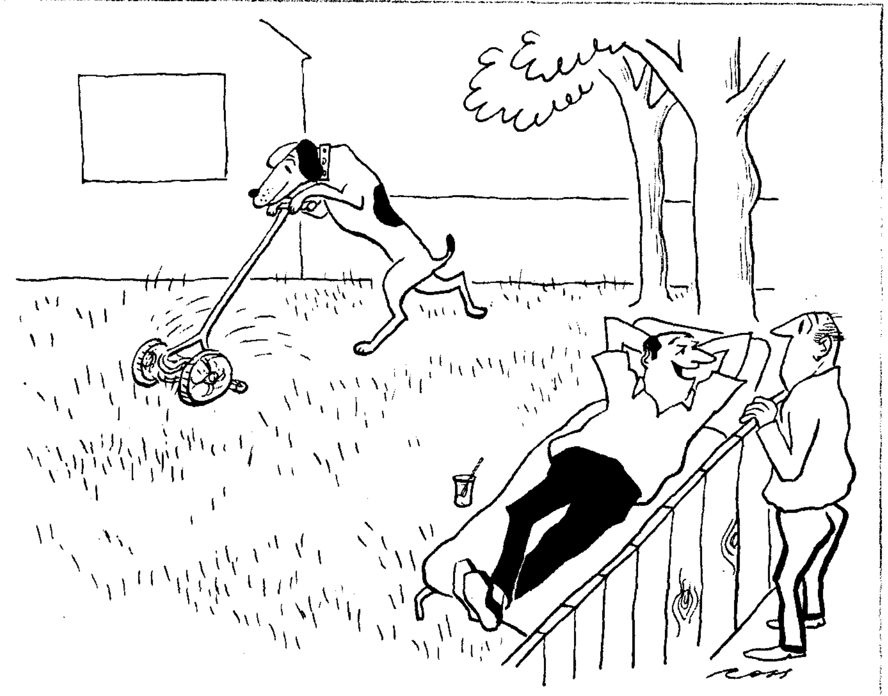
Mrs. Beale did not smile in return. She asked soberly, "Do you love her very much, Sam?"

Sam nodded.

"Then you're a fool to stick with us. I don't want to hold you, and Dan wouldn't want me to. You know you'll always be one of us, one of our family. Go to her. If you love each other, that's where you belong, by her side."

Sam was quiet a long moment, thinking of what she'd said, and when he spoke, it was in a low voice. "Do I take my mind and wipe it clean, like a school kid's slate? Do I lock what I believe in a closet and try to believe what she does?" He looked up. "Would Dan tell me to do that?"

"Men have done it, Sam." Then she shook her head. "No, Dan wouldn't tell you to do that. But Dan is my ghost, not yours."



COLLIER'S "Two things I used to hate to do—exercise the dog, and mow the lawn" AL ROSS

"The things he stood for are my ghosts, Mrs. Beale. I can't help it."

Mrs. Beale nodded and put her hand on his shoulder in affection. She stood for a moment and, with her hand still on his shoulder, she said, "Weigh it carefully, Sam, but leave Lydia and me out of it. Will is close, and our men are loyal. For once, think of yourself—and yourself only."

"Like you're doing now?"

Mrs. Beale said, "Ah, Sam," softly, and went to the door. There she paused and said, "Good night, Sam. And thanks again."

Sam said good night, and then stared woodenly at the cluttered desk. Presently, he got up, blew out the lamp, and went outside to his bed in the bunkhouse.

NEXT morning, when Sam was assigning work, he counted off Reeves Trainor and two other hands to round up Rainey's few cattle and push them across the creek. Then he ordered a spring wagon harnessed up to gather the rest of Rainey's belongings, and afterward he set out alone for Relief.

Mrs. Beale's words of last night still lingered in his mind. She had known intuitively that Sam's part in the eviction of the Raineys would bring a crisis with Virginia Talcott. That crisis was yet to come, but Sam knew it was certain as death, and he dreaded it. All of Relief would know about the Raineys by now, Virginia among them. If he stayed at Six-Up until a normal errand sent him to town, he knew Virginia would believe he was avoiding both her and public opinion, so he was heading for town this morning.

On all sides of him, the Six-Up range was greening, coming alive with full summer. New calves had their first curious look at horse and rider, and then sought the protection of their mothers.

The road forked presently, and Sam took the right-hand one, which began to climb through scattered pine foothill timber. This cutoff presently put him on an open ridge, where he reined up to let his horse cool off. Below him, to the east, lay the wide expanse of the Basin, divided by Beale Fork. Six-Up, to the north, was hidden in the enfolding hills, but he could see Heth's Chainlink to the east and beyond it, and almost out of sight, Emmet Hackbarth's Swallowfork against the first pitch of the Elks. Seeing Heth's ranch reminded him of Tench, and of his pistol-whipping of Rainey. Virginia will blame me for that, too, he thought.

COLLIER'S "I told him that I was the home-loving type, preferably one with 18 rooms and a swimming pool" HERB WILLIAMS

He followed the ridge road through deep timber, crossed the wild rush of the Beale Fork, and four miles later took the steep, timbered descent into Relief.

The town lay in a wide wedge of the mountains, a tributary of the Beale Fork dividing it. The north side of the creek was the residential part of town, its houses orderly and its trees forming a rough pattern of squares. Across the river was the long line of false-front buildings of Grant Street, and parallel to and beyond it was the disarray of mean shacks and cabins.

Sam reined in at the stepping block before the Talcott house, a two-story frame building of past pretensions. The iron fence around it was freshly painted, but the house itself was in need of paint. The big yard was neat and well tended, because, Sam thought, that only takes work, not money. There was a small sign on a pillar of the front porch, which said: *Rooms.*

As he went up the porch steps, Sam saw that the door was open, and he knocked and stepped inside and called, "Anybody home?"

A woman's voice called from the second floor, "In a minute, Sam."

He went back to the porch and sat down on the top step in the sun, idly trying to figure out from her few words her state of mind. He could not, and he fashioned a cigarette, lighted it, and contemplated the summer morning.

AT THE sound of someone coming down the stairs, he stood up and turned, just as Virginia stepped out onto the porch. She was wearing a house dress of a green color that seemed almost to match the color of her eyes. Her auburn hair, thick and curling, was pinned carelessly up from her neck. Her skin was a creamy color, shot with tiny freckles over her nose. She was handsome, Sam thought, in anything she wore.

She came slowly out to the porch step, saying, "Hello, Sam," and sat down. Sitting down beside her, Sam knew she had heard. It was in her voice, in the pointed reserve of her greeting.

Sam took his hat off and laid it on the porch. His black hair, still tidy from the morning's combing, gleamed in the sunlight.

"Got your shopping done?" Sam asked, just to say something.

Virginia nodded and put her back against the porch post, turning sideways so that she faced him. "It's a pretty gossipy town this morning."

"I figured it would be."

He glanced up and saw she was watching him closely. She said, with undisguised sarcasm, "You ought to feel proud of yourself, Sam."

"I'm not proud of it. It just had to be done," Sam said quietly.

"Why?"

Sam sighed and looked down at his hand. "It's an old story by now, Virginia. Let's don't drag it out and chew it again."

Virginia watched him a moment, then said, "They slept in Ganley's office. You didn't even leave them money for a room."

Sam's voice was dry. "I left them ten head of cattle and at least two horses."

Virginia shook her head impatiently. "That's not the point, Sam. How could you do it? How *could* you? Hasn't Mrs. Beale got enough to spare them a shack and some grass. Haven't all of those North Basin ranches got grass to burn?"

Sam nodded. "And they figure to keep it." He looked up at her. "What's wrong with that? Dan Beale fought Indians for his. Heth paid out good money for his. Ferrin worked half his life for his. Hackbarth takes a long look at a dollar before he lets go of it. He let go of a lot of them for Swallowfork."

"The law says it's public land."

"Then the law is wrong," Sam said quietly. "It's been wrong before."

Virginia looked at him angrily. "Sam, you're only parroting them. You work for wages. You do the dirty work for rich people who won't soil their hands. You could stake out the finest homestead in the country

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on Six-Up land, and you have the right to. But instead, you defend them."

"I defend them because I believe in what they believe," Sam said slowly. "I even believe in it more than they do, if you want to know."

"That's wrong, terribly wrong!"

Sam put a hand on the porch and leaned on it to stop his trembling. He was shaking from a deep anger, and his dark eyes searched Virginia's face. "You believe that?"

"I do, Sam."

"That a man hasn't a right to defend what he's fought for and can hold? That any hungry riffraff has the right to take it away from him?"

"If the law says so, yes."

Sam leaned forward, turned and reached for his hat. "I think I'd better go," he said.

"I think so, too, Sam." Her voice was almost unfriendly. "You're lost, Sam. You don't know it, but you are. When you can beat up a man, burn his cabin, intimidate his sister, drive his cattle away—all in the name of protecting something that isn't yours—you're lost."

"I think I'd better go," Sam repeated.

"Sam, don't come back," Virginia said slowly. "We'll never be different. I think you're a good man, but I think what you're doing is contemptible. And you'll never change. I know that."

SAM stood up. "No, I won't change." He looked down at her. "I guess we both saw this coming."

"I didn't—not until Hugh pointed it out to me."

Sam scowled. "Ganley, you mean? Is that his name?"

Virginia looked up defiantly. "Yes, that's his name."

For a long moment Sam looked at her, and then he said dryly, "It's nice he's around to make up your mind for you."

"That's exactly what *I* think," Virginia said flatly. Nevertheless, she was blushing, and Sam did not take his gaze from her face. Then she said, almost gently, "Sam, that's the first unkind word you've ever said to me. Let's don't end it on that note."

"No, let's don't," Sam agreed. He picked up his hat, stood up, and looked down at her. The girl I want to marry, he thought. This was the way it ended, then, with a handshake and a smile, not even a kiss. Well, he'd better get it over, he thought, and he held out his hand. "Luck, Virginia," he said, and he even managed the smile.

Suddenly, Virginia turned her face from him and said passionately, "Oh, damn you, Sam!" She stood up and ran into the house.

Sam stood irresolute a second, then went down the steps. What did I do wrong? he wondered, and then he knew it didn't make any difference. This was ended, and a woman had a right to cry in rage or disappointment or out of sentiment.

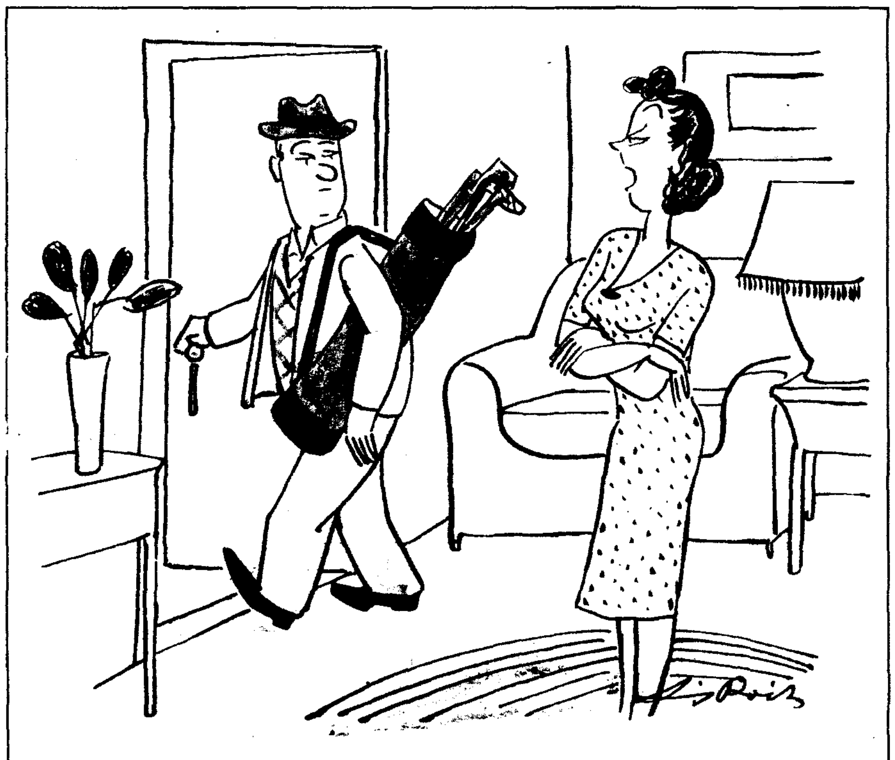
He mounted his horse and rode down the shady street toward the bridge and Grant Street. If only she hadn't mentioned Ganley, Sam thought bitterly. But why not? Ever since the man had come to Relief and opened his survey office, there had been a deep attraction between him and Virginia, Sam knew.

THAT was two years ago, after Ganley and his government crew had finished surveying the new reservation boundary. In a treaty trade with the Utes, the government had given them lands to the mountainous north in exchange for the Basin lands. The new reservation line was the watershed of the Elk Mountains, and all land south of this line, formerly reservation, was declared public land.

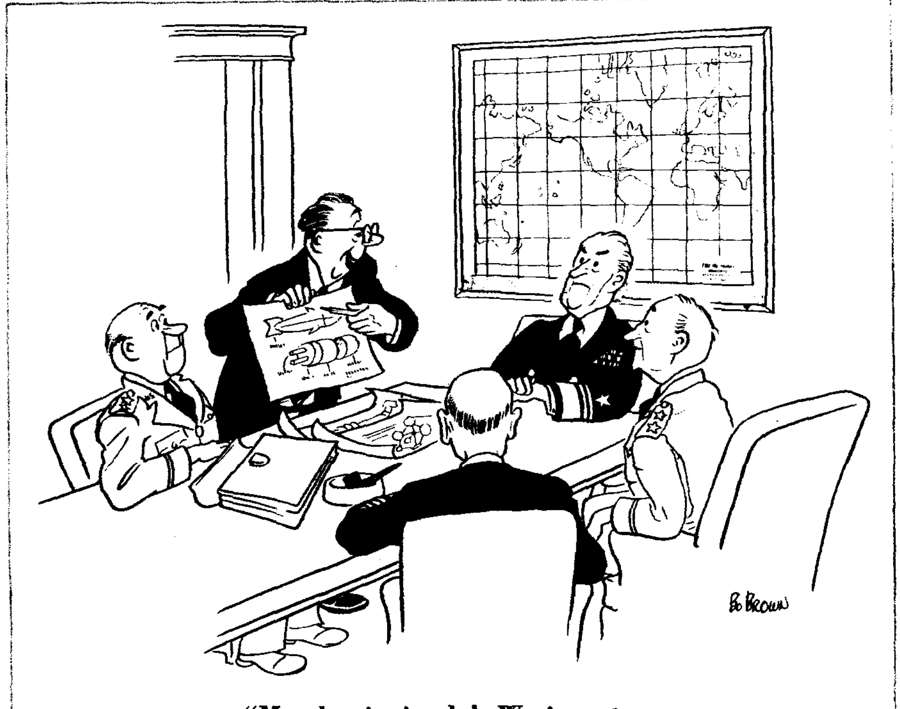
Ganley, with an eye to the future, had resigned his government job and set up his survey office in Relief. For, after all, weren't there thousands of acres in the Basin to be filed upon and divided into homestead holdings and surveyed?

But above and beyond that, Ganley saw the chance for solid wealth. The countless water holes and seeps and creeks were what made the North Basin's grass valuable as cattle range. Using the South Basin ranchers and homesteaders as entrymen, Ganley knew that he could homestead this water and shut out the North Basin ranches. Ganley knew, too, with his understanding of human frailties, that within a year or so he could buy up many of these homesteads from discontented and fainthearted entrymen. Once he had acquired them with the money that he had earned from surveying, he could run all the cattle his water would support on all the grass he could defend.

It took only a few months, however, for Ganley to know he had miscalculated. Mrs. Beale had no intention of breaking Six-Up into plowman's plots. Dan Beale had first fought the Indians, then bargained with them for this land; and it was his and therefore hers. The other North Basin ranches were owned by men like Will Ferrin, who had followed Dan Beale's lead, or by men who had bought from them. Mrs. Beale discovered she was not friendless in Washington. Even though a distant and indifferent land office held that, since the Utes were not empowered to sell their land, these purchases were invalid and the land was public, she and the other North Basin ranchers had petitioned the government for a hearing. The long process of helping faraway sena-



COLLIER'S "Try to play it in par, not *bar*" IRVING ROIR



"My plan is simple! We invent a bomb that won't explode, then let the Russians steal the blueprints!"

COLLIER'S BO BROWN

tors and lawyers to prepare their briefs protesting this injustice was already under way.

But Ganley was a patient man. Among the honest South Basin homesteaders and ranchers who recognized Mrs. Beale's moral right to her holdings, Ganley had no appeal. It was to the shiftless, the greedy and the newcomers that Ganley addressed his fiery preachments that the North Basin was public land and open to all. Time after time, he had prodded his gullible disciples into trying for a toe hold in the North Basin. For Ganley knew that once his homesteaders established themselves, the ensuing court decisions, even if they were in favor of the North Basin ranchers, would bring forth such a welter of countersuits and protests that it would be years before any clear title was established. In his own words, he had become the champion of the have-nots, the poor and the land-hungry.

His small savings dwindling, he contrived to support himself by the meager survey work given him by the county and by the small irrigation projects of the South Basin ranchers. All his hopes and ambitions, however, were centered on the breakup of the North Basin ranches. But up to now no homesteader had been allowed north of the Beale Fork long enough to file; they had been moved off, sometimes at gun point.

LATELY, Sam had sensed Ganley's growing attraction for Virginia. After her parents had died of diphtheria within a month of each other, leaving her nothing but the house in which she lived, she'd acquired an abiding dislike of anyone more fortunate. Hers was the humdrum, sometimes grim job of supporting herself with boarders, and it had bred a fierce resentment in her in the five years since her parents' death. And Ganley, because Virginia was a have-not too, had lately become Virginia's friend and guide. Sam had not known until today how close they had become, and he realized only now the abyss that separated him and Virginia. Too late, he thought miserably.

The booming of bridge planks under his horse's hoofs brought Sam out of his reverie. He needed a drink to wash this morning's business out of his mind. At Grant Street, he glanced down toward Dundalk's and saw there were a lot of ponies racked there. There would be a boil of talk there today about what had happened to the Raineys. Sam turned right, made his way through the midmorning traffic, and racked his horse at the Revenue's tie rail and dismounted.

His hand was on the Revenue's door when he heard his name called, and he turned. Coming up the plank walk toward him was Rainey's sister. She was wearing a new dress of pale blue, and her hair was shining in the bright sun. His duck jacket was over her arm.

She stopped before him, and Sam touched his hat, a kind of wariness in his face.

The girl said flatly, "Here's your jacket, and thanks."

There was a cold courtesy in her voice and in her direct look that warned Sam.

He accepted the jacket, noticing the new dress and remembering Virginia's passionate and inaccurate description of their poverty. Julia Rainey was turning away when Sam said, "I understand you're staying there," nodding in the direction of Ganley's office across the dirt street.

She nodded.

SAM rubbed his cheek, wondering how to put his next question. "I should be the last one to ask this, Miss Rainey, but what do you do now?"

"I don't know," Julia Rainey said.

"But where do you go?"

"Does that worry you? It didn't last night."

Sam said, "We've got to haul your gear somewhere."

"All that wasn't burned, you mean."

"That's right," Sam said stubbornly.

"Why don't you keep it? It's on your land."

She turned and started away, and an unreasonable feeling of guilt touched Sam, and he knew it showed on his face.

Suddenly the girl stopped and came back to him. "By the way, what gear?"

"Ten head of cattle, harness and tools."

"Where would I put them?" Julia Rainey asked angrily. "On my ranch?"

Sam blushed and said nothing.

"You might as well keep them along with the land—or do you know some ranch where I could work and be allowed to graze them?" she said. "Even if you did, why should you tell me?" she added bitterly.

"I might think of one," Sam said, beginning to get angry. "Do you want work?"

"Do I want it? I have to have it!"

"Won't your brother help you?"

"It's the other way around. Won't I help him?"

Sam said nothing, watching the hard anger in her eyes and wondering at her almost cynical dismissal of her brother's help. He realized that she was serious in her challenge, and that she was waiting for him to think of a ranch that might give her work.

Under her unrelenting gaze, Sam tried to think of a place, recalling Virginia's grim facing of this same problem of earning enough to keep her. Suddenly, a thought came to him and he looked at the girl

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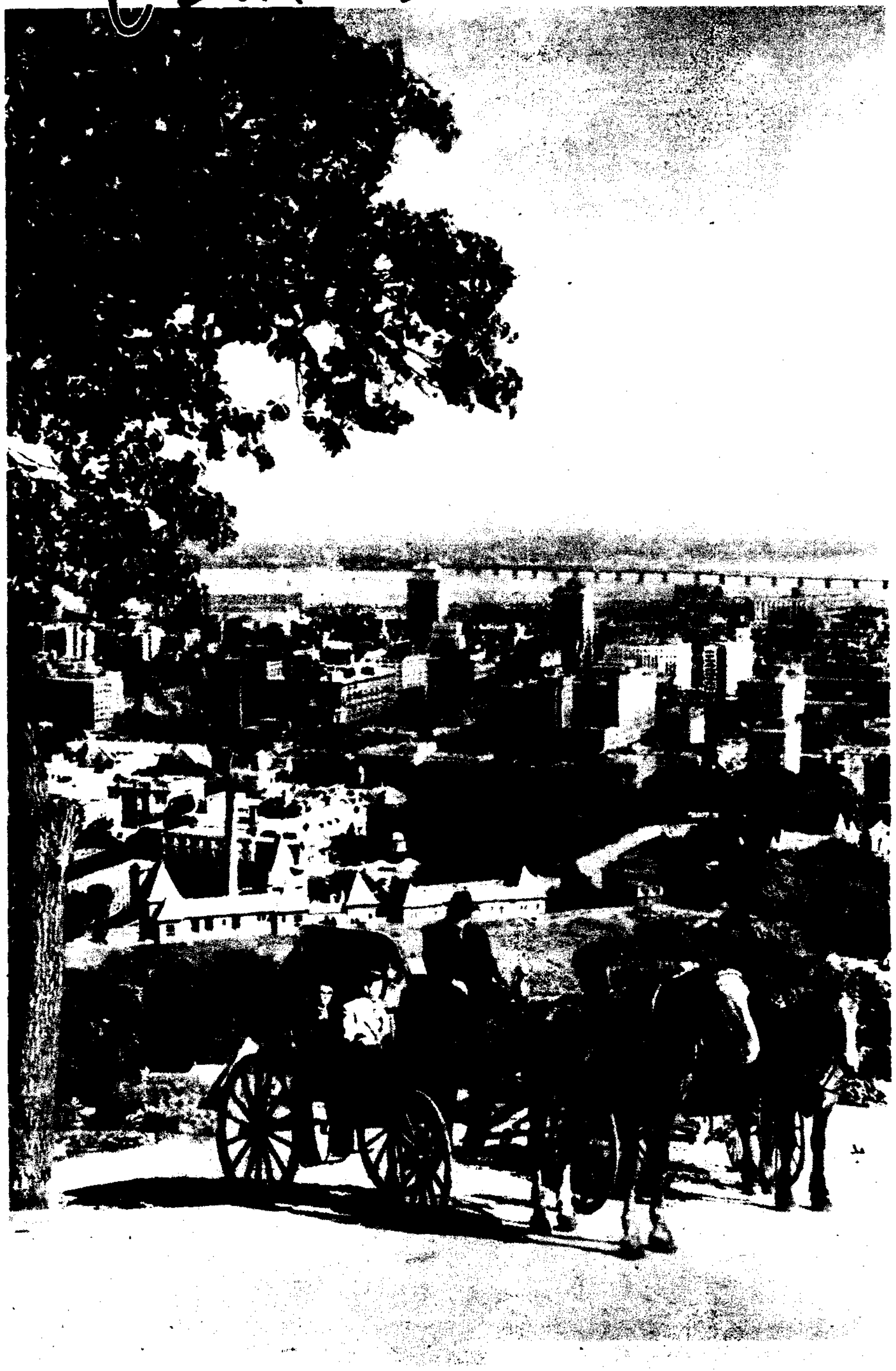

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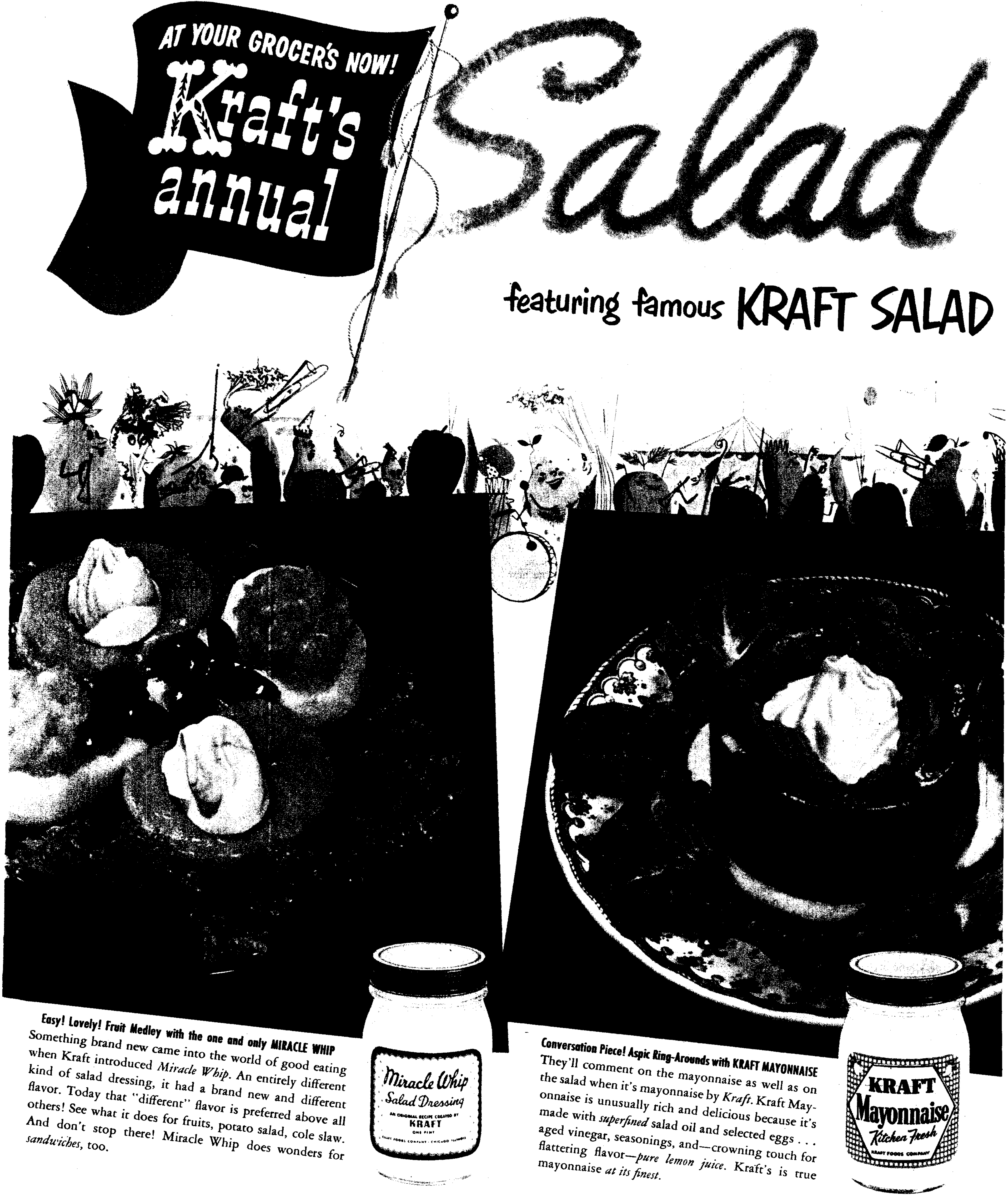
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searchingly. Maybe she might go where Virginia wouldn't, he thought.

"Will you go to a North Basin ranch?"

"I'd go anywhere."

Sam was remembering Mrs. Beale's sister, Eleanor Heth. The Chainlink, under Anson Heth, was a rough, working ranch. Heth cared nothing for comfort nor for the amenities of life and preferred the company of his crew to the company of his wife. This girl would be a companion for Eleanor Heth in that half-hostile, derisive, man's world of Chainlink—if she ever got over her resentment. He said, "All right, I'll look around. If I find anything, I'll leave a note for you at the Conover House desk."

"That's likely," she said coldly.

"Julia!" a voice called sharply from across the street.

LOOKING up, Sam saw Dick Rainey standing in front of Ganley's covered stairway, a white bandage on his face. The girl looked too, saw her brother, turned, and faced Sam again. "I'm wondering just how cruel you can be," Julia Rainey said slowly. "I'm going to find out. I'll call at the Conover House desk for ten days."

Sam watched her turn and step into the street between the two tie rails and walk toward her brother. He felt a vast relief at her going and yet he felt that this girl in other circumstances might have a pleasant, open friendliness. The thought occurred to him that her bitterness toward him and the North Basin ranchers might turn her into a sour and silent exile among the enemy, but only time would tell.

Turning, he shouldered through the batwing doors of the Revenue. There was a scattering of men at the long bar, which was at the right of the door. Sam was halfway down the room when he saw Anson Heth and Bill Tench, deep in conversation, at a back table. Beyond them, in the very corner, sat young George Dana, the sheriff, playing a game of solitaire.

A sudden wish for privacy made Sam turn toward the bar, and he signaled for whisky; when the bottle was in front of him, he did not want a drink, and he wondered why. Nevertheless, he poured himself one, thumbed his hat back on his forehead, and studied himself briefly in the bar mirror.

He had been ready to feel sorry for himself, and now, for some reason, he did not. Somewhere, between the bridge and where he was standing now, he had accepted the fact that Virginia was lost to him. It was nothing less than that.

He was aware, suddenly, that somebody had moved up beside him. At the same time, he felt the quietness of the room, and now he looked in the bar mirror again.

Facing the bar, also looking at him in the bar mirror, was a tall, big-boned man in rough range clothes. The first thing a man would notice about his face was the width and heaviness of his jawbones; his jaw hinges seemed the widest part of his head, perhaps because his small ears were flat against his skull; and there was a deep cleft in his chin. His mouth was wide, habitually mocking, and above an almost snub nose his dark eyes were alert, almost fanatic, but at the moment amused. His face was burned a deep and uniform brown, yet when he put his arms on the bar, Sam saw no calluses on his palms. This, Sam thought resentfully, was the man who had told Virginia that Sam was not for her.

Sam looked down at his glass; presently, he heard Ganley say, "You're not very sociable this morning, Holley."

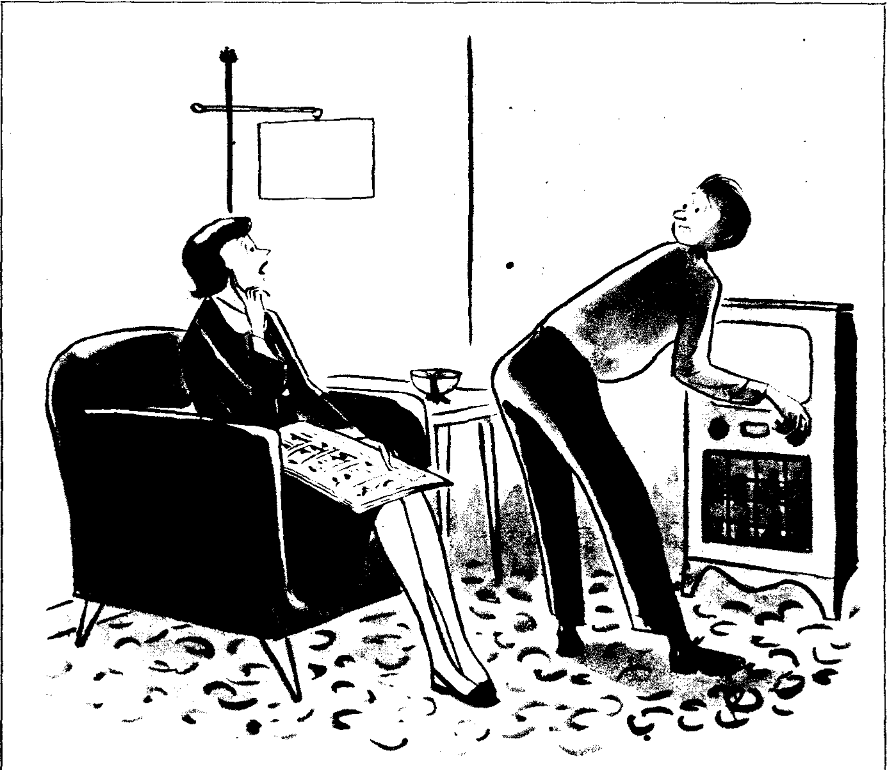
Sam turned his head and gave him a deliberate stare. "You're in Indian country, aren't you? Or is Dundalk's so crowded you can't buy a drink?"

"I'll drink in whatever company I like. That's a man's right, isn't it?"

Sam straightened up. "I always thought so—up till now."

In the bar mirror, he saw Ganley's face flush. He put a coin on the bar and was turning away when Ganley said, "I just wonder how your story jibes with Rainey's."

Sam looked coldly at him. "I haven't heard his story."



"Isn't there enough trouble in the comic strips without us worrying what's going on in the world?"

COLLIER'S CHARLES PEARSON

"It's that you and three other North Basin ranchers surprised them last night, surrounded his shack, ordered his sister out, attacked him and beat him up and then fired his shack."

Sam realized that most of the men in the room had moved up to hear. He said idly, "If I had a story, that wouldn't be it."

Ganley spoke now to someone beyond Sam. "You hear that, don't you, Dana?"

"I hear it," George Dana said quietly. He had moved up to the bar.

"And you heard Rainey's story?"

"I heard it."

"As a sworn officer of the law, what do you intend to do about it?"

Sam turned slowly to look at Dana. He was a rawboned, gangling man of perhaps thirty-five, with a homely, sober face and a ragged mustache. He frowned as he looked at Ganley. Then he said slowly, "Nothing. Man has a right to burn down a shack that he built himself on his own place."

Ganley's voice was dry. "What about the attack on two people?"

George said in the same thoughtful tone, "If they'd been asked to leave and hadn't, what do you expect?"

"I'll tell you what I expect," Ganley said. "I expect a United States marshal with a long memory will come in here someday. I expect arrests and prosecutions then. I expect that entrymen, once and for all, will be allowed to homestead public lands and be protected by law against trespassers."

Sam said dryly, "Take your tambourine somewhere else, Ganley. You've got no customers here."

A new voice spoke up from behind Ganley. "He's got a couple, mister."

Sam glanced beyond Ganley. The speaker was a slight, unshaven man in soiled range clothes, a stranger. Standing beside him was another, shorter man, with the coldest eyes Sam had ever seen, and he was a stranger, too. They were both armed.

Sam heard Bill Tench murmur, "Well, well," in a mock-pleasant voice.

Several of the listeners now began to move back into the room. Sam looked at Ganley a long moment, then said, "Have they come to hear the gospel according to Ganley?"

Ganley smiled faintly. "They're looking for land to homestead. You'll notice neither one of them is a girl."

Sam heard somebody move up to stand almost beside him. "That one on the right," Bill Tench said softly, "I'd like to take his hat off and see if he hasn't got long, brown pigtails."

The stranger on the right said, just as softly, "You can always try, buster. You can always try."

Tench moved up beside Sam, and then stepped ahead of him.

"Tench!" Sam said sharply.

"Let him go." It was Heth's flat order.

Sam knew that in a matter of seconds this would explode. Tench's temper would be the match to the powder, and afterward would come the night riding, the ambushes, the bitter, senseless and savage violence that would gut the Basin.

SAM reached out, put a big hand on Tench's shoulder, and spun him around. Automatically, with the wild savagery of a surprised animal, Tench's hand streaked for his gun. Sam batted him in the face then with his open palm and moved in, grabbing with his other hand for Tench's wrist. He found it. Ramming Tench's hand hard against his holster, he raised his knee in Tench's groin. He heard a wild moan, and then Tench slashed at his face. Sam took the blow on his shoulder, and then, knowing the end of this must be sudden, must be now, he drove his big fist into Tench's face. The force of it ripped Tench's wrist from his grasp, and Tench went kiting into a card table as he fell.

At the sound of movement behind him, Sam half wheeled in time to see Heth coming for him. Suddenly, Dana pivoted behind Heth and caught his elbows, pinning them behind him. Heth's massive weight lifted Dana off the floor, and then two other spectators leaped to Dana's aid.

Heth struggled wildly against the three of them to get to Sam, and then, seeing the futility of it, he subsided. His eyes were hot and wild as he looked at Sam.

"Holley, you shouldn't have done that. Not to one of my men."

Sam said thinly, "Why didn't you do it, then?" and he shifted his glance to Ganley.

The surveyor was smiling with pleasure at this quarrel. He turned and walked toward the door, the two strangers dropping in behind him.

Sam looked bleakly at the sprawled figure of Tench, knowing that something had been lost today, that maybe everything was lost. The fragile, makeshift alliance among them was broken; and he felt a kind of dismal foreknowledge of what lay ahead as he looked down at Tench.

It was George Dana's comment that put it in words. "Next time, Sam, you ought to take a vote first."

(To be continued next week)

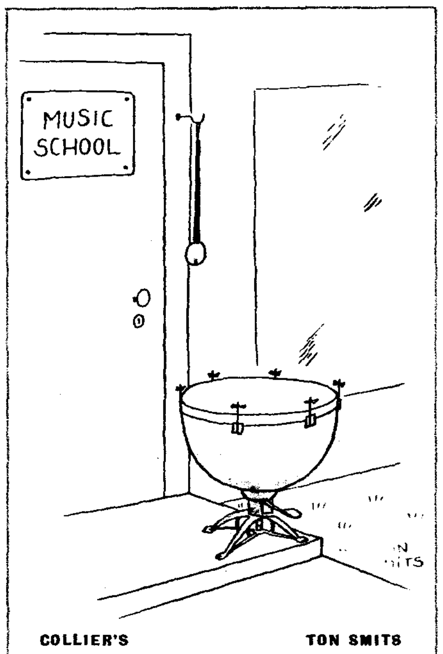
Will Rogers, Jr., Double for Dad

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

not an imitation," he explained, one day. "I'm not doing anything to make it look like Dad. If it happens to come out like him, that's fine. But there's no attempt to force anything, and there never will be."

While inclined to let his facial characteristics take their natural course, Will, Jr., apparently was determined not to let his father's reputation down. He began brushing up on his riding, which—though he was a onetime Stanford polo captain—he had allowed to lapse into a week-end pastime. And he hired Ben Pitti, an old friend of the family and a former wild-West-show performer, to give him a refresher course in roping.

Although Will Rogers was perhaps the greatest roper in the world, the film will show him doing only the simpler tricks. His most popular, of course, was the roll-over. This was the trick which Will used while telling his jokes on the stage. He ran the twirling noose up one arm, across the back of his shoulders and down the other arm, reaching the wrist simultaneously with the punch line of the gag. Will, Jr., worked on this routine until it became automatic. But on such spectacular tricks as the Texas skip (in which he jumps through a loop that is spun back and forth) and the ocean roll (in which the noose wings out in a seasick motion) he put his faith in luck.



COLLIER'S TON SMITS

Movies Not Like Vaudeville

"I could do those tricks only once in a while anyway," he said, "so why kill myself? The movie business isn't like vaudeville, where you have to be right every time."

Despite his modesty, Will, Jr., is a pretty good roper. Ben Pitti says that he can do around 50 of the 75 known rope tricks. His father had the reputation of being able to do the Texas skip 1,000 times without stopping (although the son doesn't believe it); Will, Jr., has done 89. The son also has done a 78-foot vertical loop on horseback, compared to his father's 105-foot loop. But young Will has never been able to do any of his father's really fancy tricks, like the three-rope catch. This was the one in which Will threw three ropes simultaneously at a galloping rider. One loop caught the horse around the neck, the second caught him around all four feet and the third caught the rider around the body.

"Dad could rope anything in sight," his son points out, "man, beast or fowl."

While it is standard procedure in Hollywood, when making a screen biography, to tailor the facts to suit the plot, The Story of Will Rogers is a happy exception. Will, Jr., sat in on the writing of the final screen play, which is by Frank Davis, and he insisted that accuracy be stressed above everything else. In only one instance has there been any distortion of historical fact, and it is a minor one. "Uncle Clem," Will's father, exerted a great influence upon his life, but died before his son achieved any degree of success. The studio argued, reasonably enough, that it would not be possible to establish his importance to the story if he was killed in the first reel, so Uncle Clem remains alive throughout the picture.

Meticulous Care with Details

Having set a pattern for authenticity, the studio determined to carry it out to the tiniest detail. The town of Oologah, Oklahoma, where Will was born in 1879, was erected from photographs of the original on the studio ranch in Calabasas, a suburb of Los Angeles. Uncle Clem's house was rebuilt almost board by board. The clothes worn by Will, Jr., were copied from the original costumes in the Will Rogers Museum in Claremore, Oklahoma. The saddle he used in the wild-West-show sequences was a duplicate of the one in the Will Rogers Memorial in Santa Monica, California. The vaudeville routines, the monologues and the jokes were all taken from family files. Against this background of authenticity, it is quite likely that anyone besides Will Rogers, Jr., would seem strangely out of place. (Betty Rogers, incidentally, is portrayed by Jane Wyman.)

The one big problem that loomed in the production of the film was whether it would be possible to confirm Will's reputation as a great wit. After all, humor has changed considerably in the past 30 years, and the topical jokes that used to lay them in the aisles in the 1920s might no longer seem funny. It turned out that a high percentage of the Rogers humor held up beautifully, which is, of course, the test of greatness. (In 1919, for example, speaking of President Wilson's return from the Versailles Treaty conference, Rogers tossed off a comment that might have been uttered yesterday: "He kept our battin' average clean. We never lost a war or won a peace.")

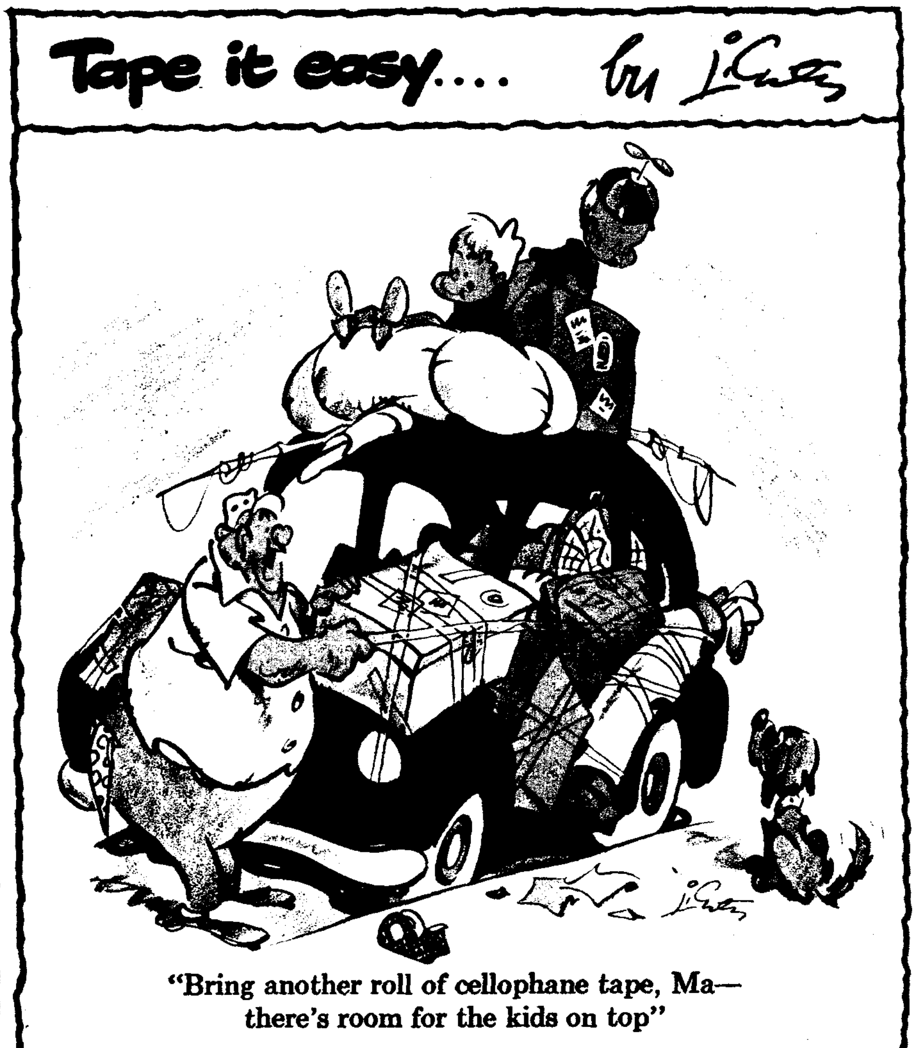
Barring the possibility of a sequel, Will Rogers, Jr., expects, now that the film is finished, to put aside grease paint for good. He will then return to his full-time job as editor and publisher of the Beverly Hills Citizen, the largest weekly newspaper on the West Coast. He bought this property shortly after he graduated from Stanford in 1935.

Although young Rogers is one of southern California's leading Democrats—he was elected to Congress from the 16th California District in 1942, resigning in 1944 to enlist in the Army—he now says he has no personal political ambitions. In the service, he rose to the rank of first lieutenant, and served with the hard-hitting 7th Armored Division. He helped to rescue the battered remnants of the 106th Infantry Division in the Battle of the Bulge, for which he was awarded the Bronze Star, and, in the spring of 1945, he was wounded while leading a tank-destroyer platoon in the Ruhr Valley.

Easygoing and affable, he looks back upon the experience of portraying his father as the hardest job he's ever tackled. It took all his powers of concentration to remember his lines, let alone his expressions and his rope tricks. Usually, however, he was glad to have a rope in his hands, just because it gave him something to cling to.

"Sometimes," he recalled recently, "I even took it to lunch with me. That used to tickle Curtiz, because he thought it proved I was taking the role seriously. I was taking it seriously, all right. I was so nervous I *had* to play with the rope, just to cover up my jitters."

THE END



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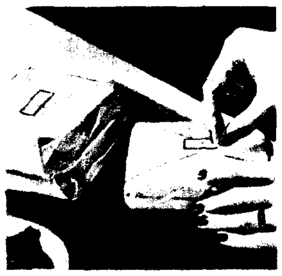

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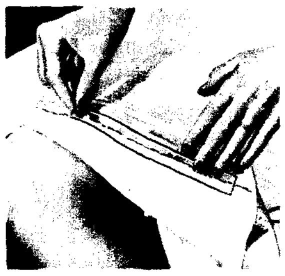

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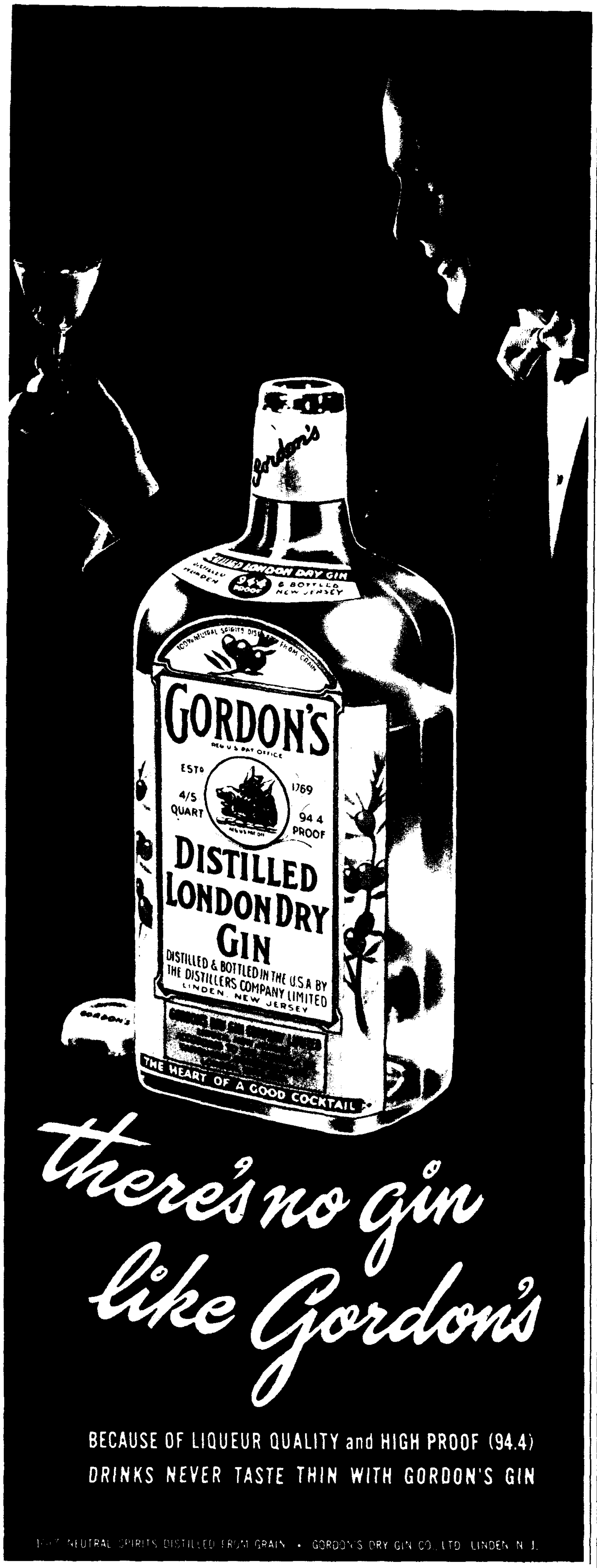

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48 States of Mind

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8

made much sense to him anyway. But now he's decided to try and keep the name after getting acquainted with his steady customers. "It's really something like the UN," says Mr. Mikecin. "Can't get everyone to agree on nothing here either."

★ ★ ★

If you've been worrying why Mr. B. B. Elleweiss, of Great Falls, Montana, isn't able to save money, listen. Mr. Elleweiss can't save money "because the neighbors are always buying things I can't afford."

★ ★ ★

Mr. Binney Smith, of Eugene, Oregon, is thinking seriously of giving up on newspaper reading. "Seems," says Mr. Smith, "all you see is somebody's husband running off with somebody else's wife or somebody's wife telling it to the judge. Looks like the only thing married couples have in common these days is their wedding anniversary."

★ ★ ★

Not nosy at all but just casual like, Mr. George J. Baumgartner, of Toledo, Ohio, asked this Huron County farmer whom he'd vote for in November. The farmer said New York's governor Tom Dewey. When assured that Governor Dewey was not a candidate, the farmer replied: "Don't care about that. Voted for him twice already and never had it so good."

★ ★ ★

Member of the National Press Club in Washington says the place is so noisy these days the neighbors are complaining. Most of the din caused by the burpings of political prophets while eating their own words.

★ ★ ★

The odor of moth balls you've doubtless detected is not necessarily the breaking out of spring and summer clothing. At least part of it is a vigorous Republican party bursting out of storage.

★ ★ ★

Eben Greenlegg, of Danbury Quarter, Connecticut, dropped in to say that politically things aren't going to get any worse, because they can't. Mr. Greenlegg is a Republican. Said he'd just met his congressman, the Honorable Jim Patterson. "Fine fellow, Jim," said Mr. Greenlegg. "It used to be that we shook hands when we met. Now we just stand there and shake our heads."

★ ★ ★

Mrs. Helen P. DeWeese, of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, wants to know how to tell the age of a fish. We don't know, Mrs. DeWeese, but it's a dandy question to heckle a political candidate with.

★ ★ ★

Well-controlled enthusiasm of an editor in Fort Mill, South Carolina, in announcing that his town had named a street in honor of Dr. Ralph Bunche, United Nations mediator: "This may strike Dr. Bunche as being a bit unusual just as it may some citizens around here."

★ ★ ★

Speaking of the thousands of write-in votes which merely read "Ike," Mr. Barney Neuwelder, of Columbus, Ohio, says that there are shoals of politicians who'd give all the stuffing in their shirts to be called by their nicknames.

★ ★ ★

The American Express News Bulletin has just reached this desk to tell us that about 70,000,000 Americans will spend almost $15,000,000,000 in 1952 on vacations. We'd like to go to Mexico, our second best-loved country. Our wife says Canada. We are going to vacation in Canada.

★ ★ ★

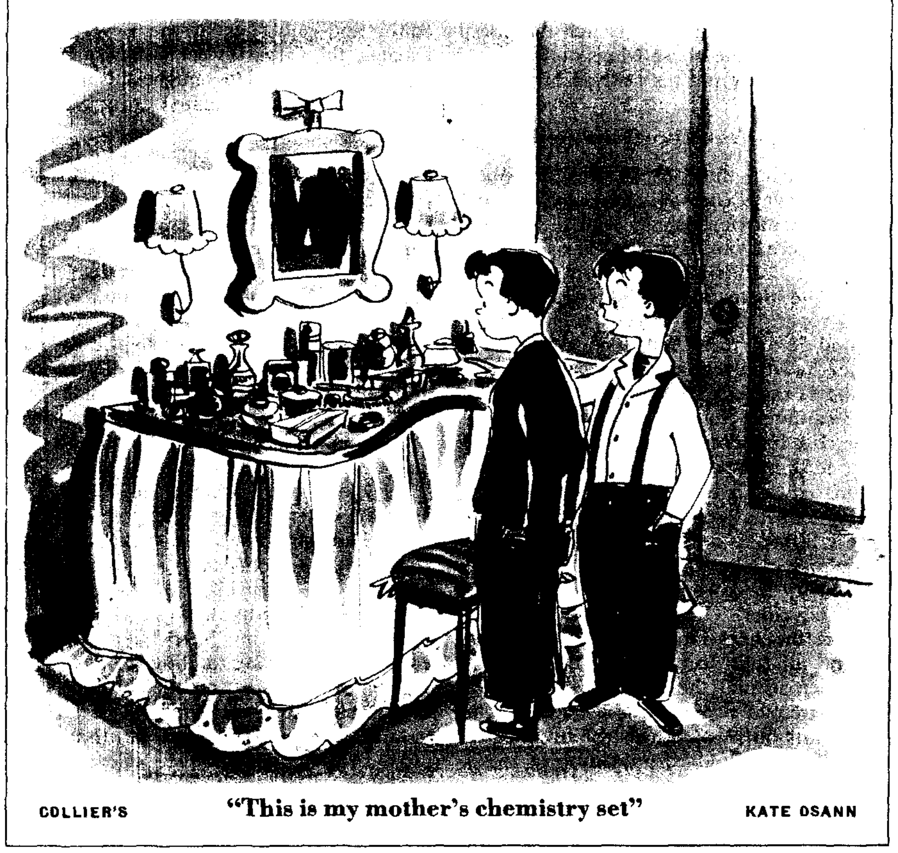
As anyone living near Chancellor, South Dakota, can tell you, there's a farmer there who has posted his place with an informative sign: "We shoot every third salesman. The second one just left."

★ ★ ★

This week's worst joke is contributed by Mr. Bert McClannock, of Springfield, Illinois. He insists that the "Democrats are so badly split that they might as well pack up and go fission."

★ ★ ★

"It's bad enough," cried Mr. John Thomas Bundle, of Enid, Oklahoma, "for the government to go on living beyond its income; but when it begins living beyond mine, it's an outrage."

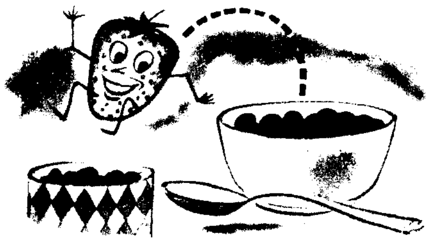


COLLIER'S "This is my mother's chemistry set" KATE OSANN

Enjoy all this, and...

EAT WHAT YOU WANT - WHEN YOU WANT IT - ALL YEAR 'ROUND — WHEN YOU OWN A G-E FREEZER.

LAUGH AT NASTY WEATHER! NO NEED FOR YOU TO GO SHOPPING IN IT WHEN YOU HAVE A G-E FREEZER.



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The G-E Freezer is only 48" long. It occupies no more floor space than the previous 8-cu-ft G-E Freezer, *yet it holds 389 pounds of frozen foods!*

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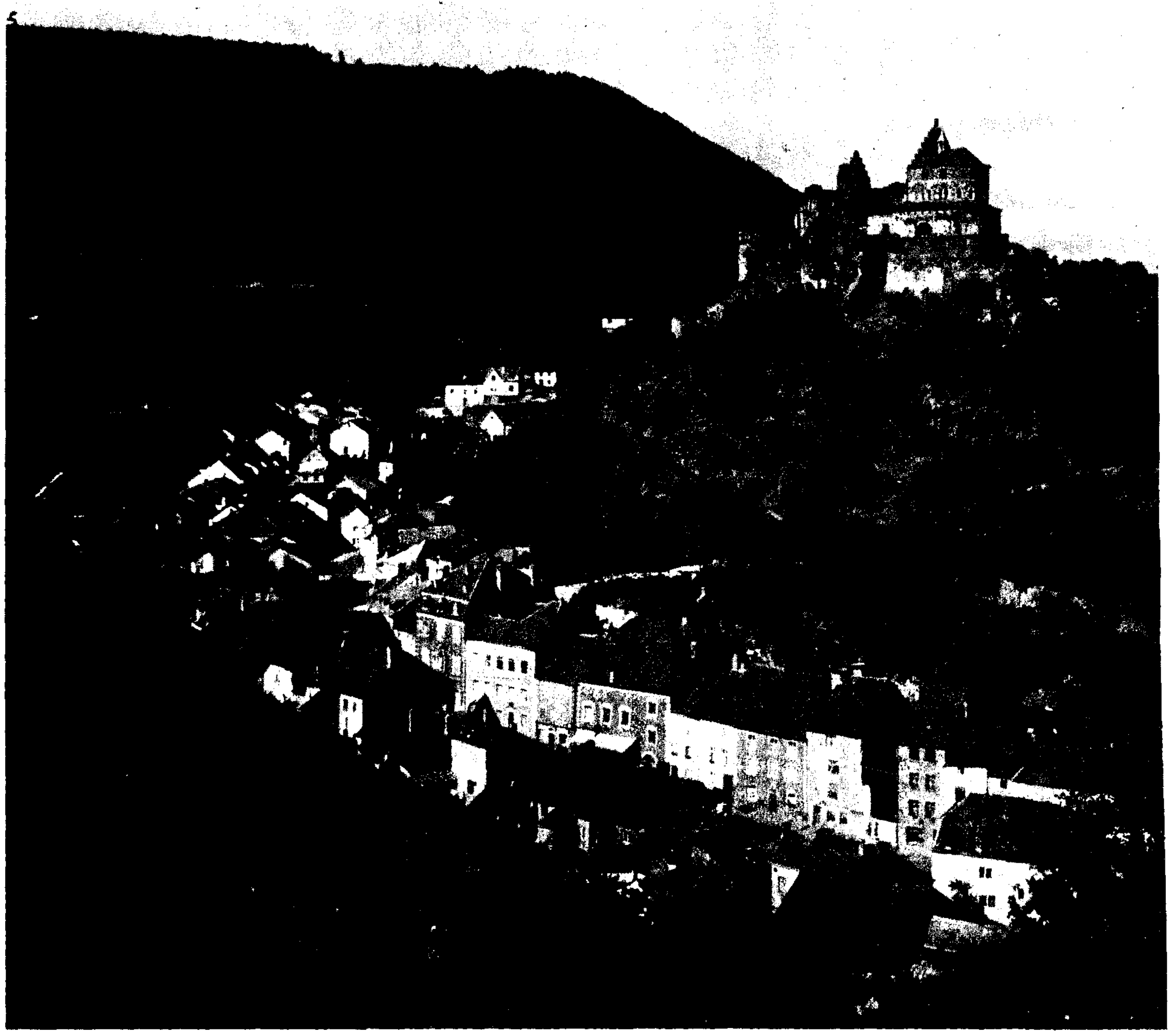
GENERAL ELECTRIC

OUR TINIEST

Picturesque nation is ruled by a picturesque—and able—monarch, Grand Duchess Charlotte



National motto "We Stay as We Are" is exemplified by medieval appearance of the town and castle

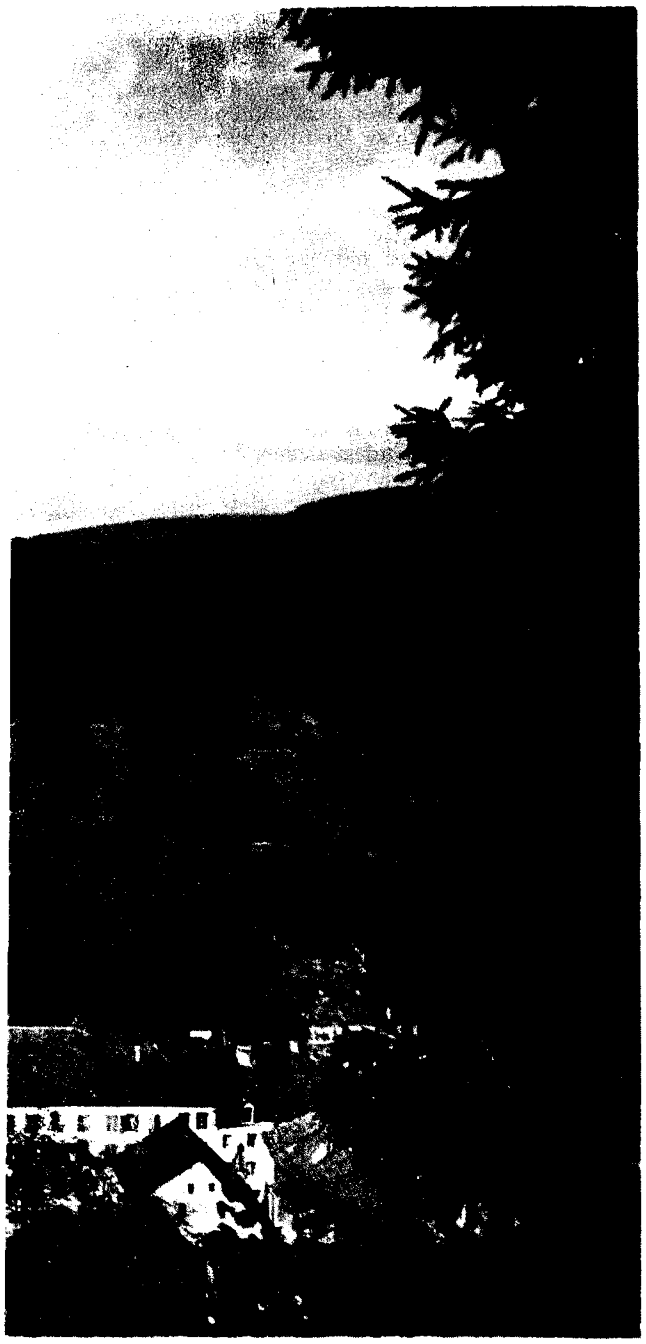
U.S. Minister Perle Mesta mixes cake before one of her big parties for American soldiers

Despite the country's quaint scenery, its people are modern. Stores—like this well-stocked supermarket—are like those in America, and the standard of living is one of Europe's highest

ALLY

By SEYMOUR FREIDIN and WILLIAM RICHARDSON

With a population of only 298,000 and an area less than Rhode Island's, Luxembourg is the midget of our Atlantic Pact partners, but her steel mills pack a giant's wallop


D. EDWARDS

of Vianden, about 25 miles from city of Luxembourg

Luxembourg

I WISH," a prominent Luxembourg official commented fervently to an American not long ago, "that your people would stop thinking of us as a musical-comedy nation. It's well intended, but it's undignified, and we don't deserve it."

Everything he said is perfectly true. The Grand Duchy of Luxembourg is a nation of 999 square miles and 298,000 people (which gives it roughly four fifths the area of Rhode Island, our smallest state, and something more than one third the population), and its diminutive size and somewhat quaint appearance lend it an out-of-this-century air, as if it had been lifted whole from a Viennese operetta. Indeed, it has been mentioned in the title of at least one such operetta, Franz Lehar's The Count of Luxembourg, and was, under another name, the locale of an American musical comedy, Call Me Madam—the latter based on the assignment to the grand duchy of the current United States minister, the former Washington party giver Perle Mesta.

One of the original members of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization, Luxembourg is our tiniest ally, a situation which some Luxembourgers find faintly embarrassing. Its armed forces consist of 2,600 men, or a little more than two reinforced battalions, and the people of Luxembourg find themselves spending a good deal of time defending this defensive force. When one visiting American soldier made a barroom assessment of the outfit as "Not being able to beat a division of Boy Scouts," a Luxembourg private standing nearby replied stoutly: "You are quite wrong. The Luxembourg army could beat *two* divisions of Boy Scouts—plus its weight in Russians."

Actually, our military men take the smallest of the Atlantic Pact nations with the utmost seriousness, and for a good reason. Although the grand duchy is the world's fifth smallest nation, it ranks among the first 10 steel producers. Fully one third of the nation's workers are employed in the steel industry or iron mines, and this year they will turn out a whopping 3,000,000 tons of steel—several hundred thousand more tons (just for comparison) than the entire arms needs of the United States for the current fiscal year. Furthermore, among all the nations of the West, none has fought harder or more effectively for a United Europe, the political and economic union which many American diplomats and strategists see as the best possible answer for Europe's ills.

Yet, in many respects, Luxembourg has the least to gain from such a setup. Unlike many other nations in Western Europe, it can boast an economy and political system as stable as the steel which provides its mainspring. Luxembourg is a constitutional monarchy, technically ruled by the fifty-six-year-old Grand Duchess Charlotte, but actually possessing a thoroughly democratic form of government. Political upsets are so rare that the current Prime Minister, Pierre Dupong, has held that office for 15 years, and his Foreign Minister, Joseph Bech, has been a Cabinet member for more than a quarter century.

Economically, the nation is enjoying an unparalleled boom (at last count, its unemployed numbered just 13) and the standard of living is Europe's closest approximation to that enjoyed in the United States. American automobiles drive along the streets of the capital city (also called Luxembourg), and, on a per capita basis, more homes are equipped with American refrigerators, washing machines and the like than in any other nation on the Continent.

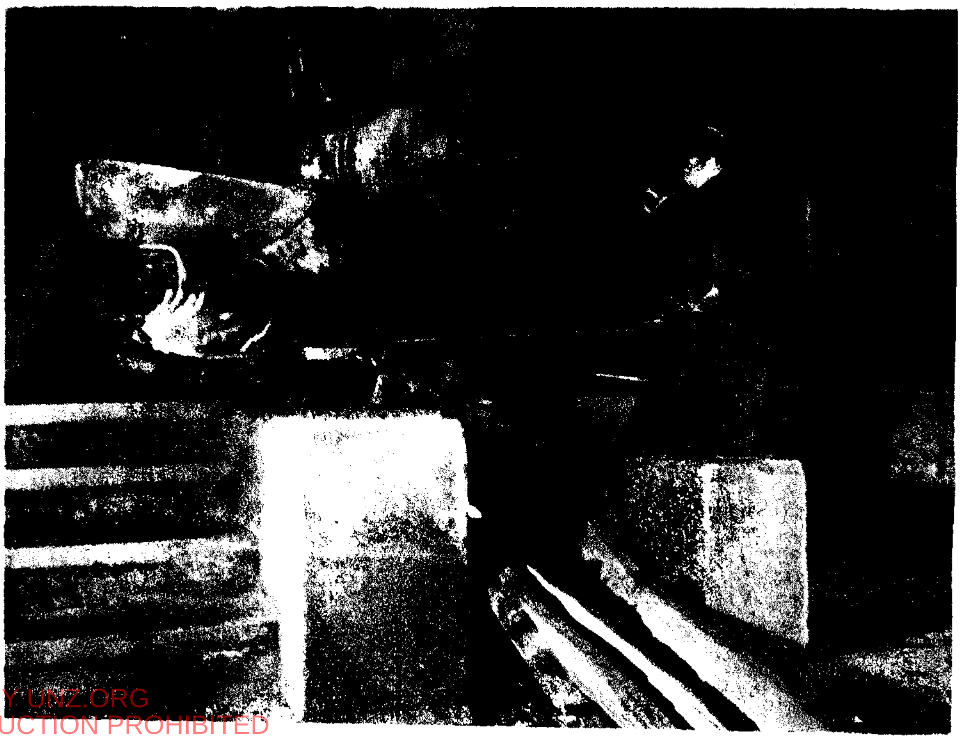
In fact, there are so many things about the grand duchy which are reminiscent of the United States that American soldiers, who seem to rate Luxembourg as their favorite vacation spot, often refer to it as "home in Europe." English is spoken widely, many of the stores are bright and modern-looking, and the streets and hotels are crowded with American tourists and servicemen. In the rolling Luxembourg countryside stands one of the largest American military cemeteries in the world; among the thousands of U.S. soldiers buried there is General George Patton. And in the village of Clervaux, American visitors may see the ruins of the DeLannoy castle, home of some of the ancestors of the late Franklin Delano Roosevelt.

Another reminder of America is provided for

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY BILL STAPLETON

As many as 200 soldiers at a time go to Mrs. Mesta's parties. Here she serves Sgt. Charles Gratz, Paterson, N.J., and his wife, a local girl

Millworker attends blast furnace at steelworks in Esch. Nation is among 10 top steel producers, will turn out 3,000,000 tons this year



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GIs by Mrs. Mesta. Largely deprived by circumstances of the opportunity to throw the fancy parties for which she was famed in Washington, the American minister makes up for it by serving as hostess, once a month, at truly prodigious affairs for U.S. servicemen. As many as 200 soldiers at a time attend these parties, which Mrs. Mesta pays for herself (she inherited substantial fortunes both from her Oklahoma oil tycoon father, W. B. Skirvin, and from her late husband, head of the giant Mesta Machine Company of Pennsylvania).

Local Girls for GI Parties

All the resources of the American legation are thrown into the GI parties. Local girls are invited, after Mrs. Mesta and her staff have screened them carefully (perhaps too carefully: a soldier at a recent affair remarked disconsolately, "It must take a long time to pick these kids, because they're most of them old enough to be my mother"), and the food is bountiful. Mrs. Mesta usually whips up a few cakes for the soldiers herself—using, among other things, an electric mixer presented to her by her good friends General and Mrs. Dwight D. Eisenhower.

If Americans harbor feelings of friendliness toward Luxembourg, those feelings are returned in kind by the local citizenry. The United States and its people have no better friends in Europe. One reason for this may be the fact that the entire Luxembourg Cabinet, along with the royal family, sat out most of World War II in exile in the United States and Canada. The extent to which they took to North American ways may be judged by a recent remark by Premier Dupong. Commenting wryly on the size of his nation, he chose to underscore his point this way:

"I'll bet," he said, "that if all the baseball diamonds and football fields in the United States were set side by side and dropped over Luxembourg, they'd cover the country entirely—with a few left fields lapping over into France, goal posts jutting out into Germany and side lines edging up to Brussels."

As this indicates, even the Luxembourgers sometimes have difficulty taking their country's size seriously, although they wince at Mrs. Mesta's favorite adjective for their nation, which is "cute." The grand duchy nestles cozily on France's northern border between Belgium and Germany. If a jet plane were to fly between the cities of Aachen, Germany, and Metz, France, it would span the whole length of Luxembourg en route—in about five minutes. Crosswise, the trip would take just three minutes. Such an air of intimacy pervades the nation that, for the equivalent of 50 cents, you can buy a book listing the license plates of every vehicle in the grand duchy, along with the owners and owners' professions, and there are plans to link up every telephone in the country to a single dial switchboard.

It sometimes seems to a visitor as if the only one in Luxembourg who enjoys any real privacy is the grand duchess, who—with her consort, Prince Felix of Bourbon Parma, and their two sons and four daughters—lives a secluded life, rarely appearing in public, except at high official functions.

The people of Luxembourg have great admiration for their grand duchess, which undoubtedly is one reason why she is allowed to retain a certain limited power, an unusual thing for royal rulers these days. The Upper House of Luxembourg's Parliament consists of a Council of State, all of whose 15 members are named by Charlotte. Although the council is mainly an advisory body, it does have the right to amend legislation passed by the Chamber of Deputies.

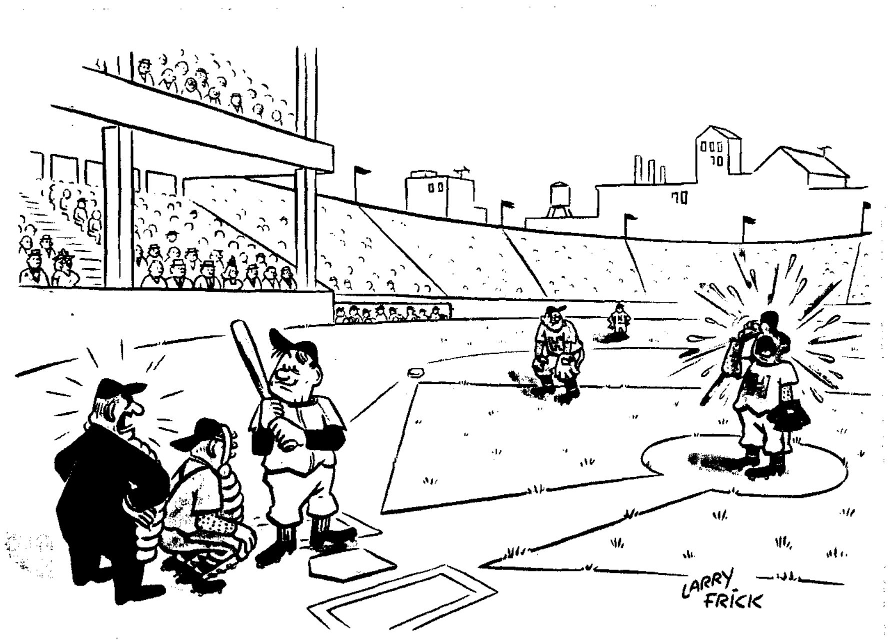
There's another reason, too, for Charlotte's maintenance of power, Luxembourgers say. The national motto is "We Stay as We Are"; other monarchies may overthrow their rulers or deprive them of all governmental control, but the people of Luxembourg like things as they stand.

Perhaps an even better example of Luxembourg's adherence to its slogan lies in the nation's present stability—after a history which ranks among the most hectic in all Europe, due to the nation's location along the traditional invasion-and-retreat route taken by Germany in its numerous wars with France.

The Luxembourgers tell a story to illustrate this point. There's one road, they say, which might well have its signs in German, so often have invading troops traveled it, and by the side of this road stands a small house. In 1914, when the Kaiser's armies marched into France, they flattened this building in their path. When they were gone, the owners rebuilt it. It stood until 1940. Then came another invasion. The troops were Hitler's, but their goal was the same—and so was the fate of the little house. When the roar of battle died, the Luxembourgers, now under German occupation, doggedly put up the house again.

Five years later, Nazi troops roared down the road once more, this time hotly pursued by the Allies. In the ensuing battle, the house was badly damaged. A few weeks later, it was repaired—just in time to catch the full brunt of the Battle of the Bulge, as General von Rundstedt's troops and those of the Allies surged back and forth across Luxembourg.

Today, the Luxembourgers tell you, the house stands, sturdy and bright: a reminder to would-be conquerors that, in the grand duchy, "We Stay as We Are." THE END



COLLIER'S **"For the last time—stop reminding the pitcher about that cute little freckle-faced kid with measles you promised you'd hit a home run for!"** LARRY FRICK

This Is the Navy and This Is War

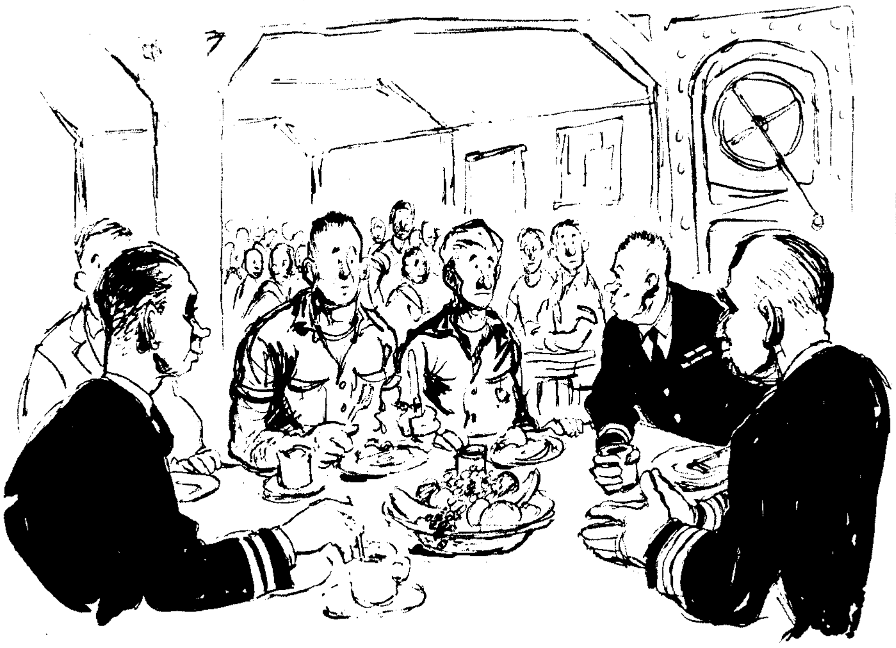
CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

more of that screeching that rattles your teeth, to clear the deck for the next jet, which is only a few seconds behind him.

"You have to decide early if they are doing okay on the approach," Dunn said after he waved one off and it came around again. "With a propeller plane you can do a little jockeying at the last second, but when you cut a jet engine you're coming down on the deck whether you like it or not and you'd better be right."

* * *

Next thing I knew Ponschil had me running up the deck again, toward the bow this time, and the trip took quite a while since the carrier was still plowing into a stiff breeze and when it all added up we were bucking about 50 miles an hour of head wind. After a while on a carrier you notice that nobody ever walks standing straight up. Either they're leaning way forward or digging their heels in with the seat of their pants six inches off the deck, depending on which way they're going.



He grabbed a couple of unlucky sailors and brought them over to eat with us. I think they were glad to see me go, Willie

The deck crews were swarming all around the jets that had just come in, checking them and chocking them and poking their fingers in any fresh bullet holes they found, and the pilots were climbing out of their cockpits. I was curious to see what kind of wild-eyed kids the Navy hires to hell around in those souped-up meteors, and Willie, I tell you when they started pulling off their crash helmets it was a real shock to see the sun bouncing off so many bald heads.

"Nearly all of us are reserves that flew in the last war," a jet pilot named Tim Donohoe, a lieutenant commander from Chicago, told me. Donohoe is thirty-four, has four kids, and to top it off a friend of his, Lieutenant Warren Hubbard, from Abilene, Texas, told me Donohoe suffers from gout. "A bachelor under thirty is a real curiosity around here," they said. Donohoe had just got settled down in a job for Pan American airline when the Navy called him back. Hubbard had one semester to go to finish law school.

You remember, Willie, back home a few months ago we'd talk about this Korea war in a sort of far-off way, like it was something for the kids to sweat out, the ones that were just old enough to join the Boy Scouts when you and I got discharged in 1945. We'd say what a shame it is that a new generation of kids have got to have their education and their life messed up like we did. But we'd have another drink and say that's the way the ball bounces and it's too bad, but if we're in a war *somebody's* got to fight it and they can't expect *us* to go back for another dose of it.

Willie, we were all wrong. It looks like they do expect that. Wandering around the carrier and talking to those pilots I began to catch on how lucky you and I are that we were too dumb to be officers and got discharged from the service with no strings attached and no reserve rank where they can call you back on a minute's notice. A pretty big chunk of this war is being fought by guys our age that carry pockets full of pictures of their wives and kids while they bounce on the deck in an airplane shot full of holes.

I don't think very many of them like it, but they seem pretty good-natured about it. When you talk to them most of them say pretty much the same thing, that they'd rather fight a war here than wait till it's in their own back yard. But you still hate to see a man have to buck that old law of averages twice in his life when the roads are full of kids in hot rods that just love to go fast and take chances. Maybe the kids figure this is too frustrating a war to get mixed up in, and if that's it I can't argue with them. It sure is frustrating, but it's still better fought a long way from home.

Anyway, to get back on what I was writing about, I finally hitched a ride in a helicopter over to the Rochester, and you should have seen Chillingworth's face when we settled down on the afterdeck under his number three turret and his old buddy from Yokosuka got out of that egg beater and reminded him about his offer of a hot shower. I guess I must have looked like I needed it pretty bad, with little bits of Korea still stuck in the seams of my clothes, because the captain was as good as his word and loaned me his private shower.

I wanted to write about the Rochester, since they've been doing some plain and fancy shooting up and down the coast and making pests of themselves as far as the enemy is concerned, but at the time I came aboard they were getting ready to go back for some overhauling. But Chillingworth gave me a rain check and if I ever write any more war stuff the Navy is going to be one of my specialties. It's a good life on shipboard if you're a war correspondent.

Your friend, Joe

This ends a series of articles on the war in Korea by Bill Mauldin

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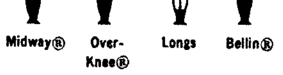

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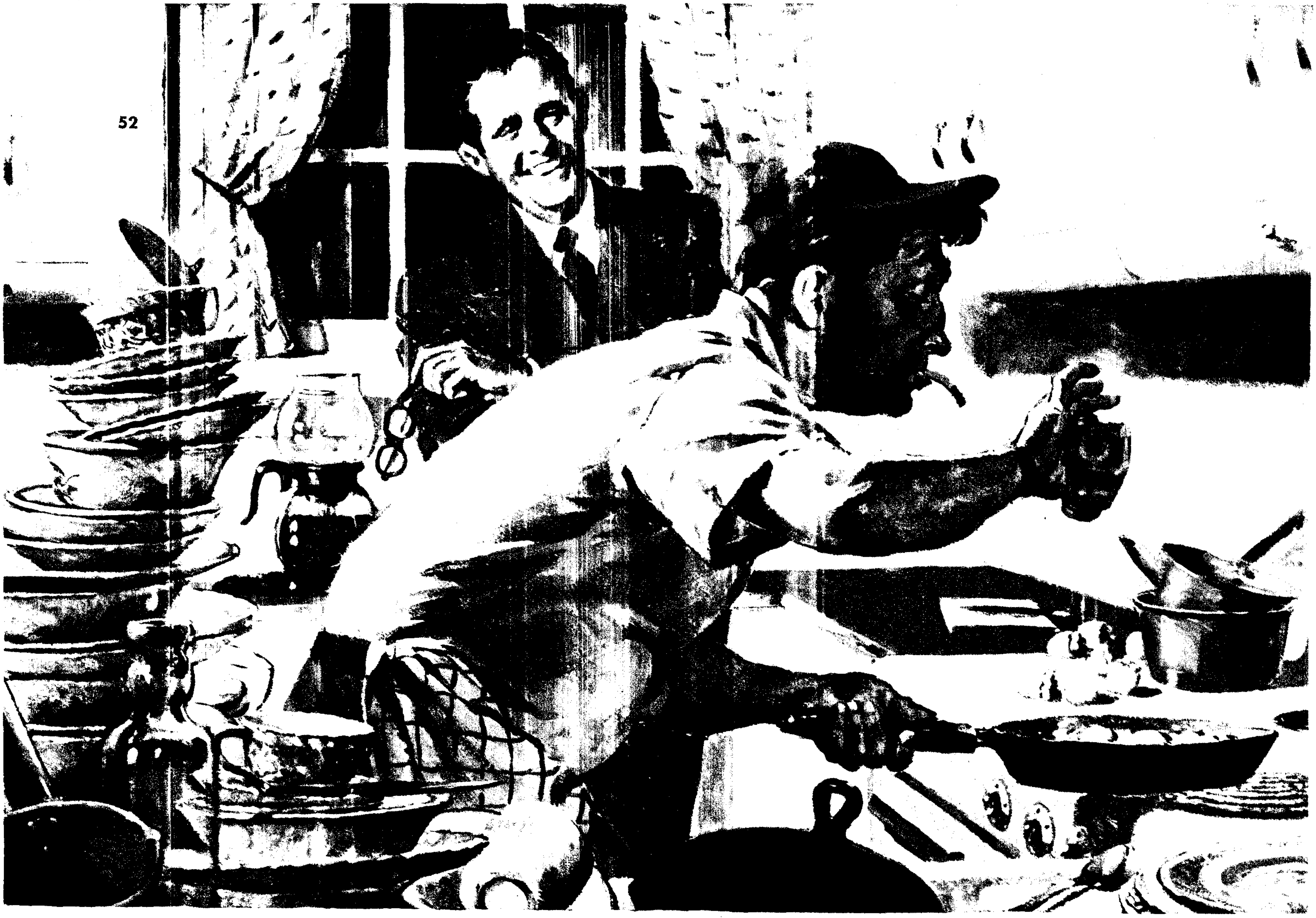

"Most of what I know about handling grub I learned in stir—at State," Soapy said. "I usually work the galley when I'm in the pen"

Professional Courtesy

By A. R. M. GOODFIELD

My stretch in stir had taught me a lot about jailbirds and their keepers. And now here was Soapy, my tutor and friend, burgling my own premises

A LITTLE flicker of hostility flared in me when I saw the cop standing there under the street light as I got off the bus. It was involuntary—simply a kind of conditioned response, I guess, to the well-stuffed blue uniform and the brass buttons.

The officer raised a finger toward his visor. "Evening, Professor Orchard," he said.

"Evening, Kusick," I said. "Nice evening." Which was silly, of course, because it was beginning to drizzle.

"Well, take care," I said, and walked on up the dark street toward the house, feeling like one of the duller Jukeses. Compulsive behavior always makes me uneasy, especially when it's mine. Besides, this was no way for a college professor to feel about a guardian of the law—particularly not a political scientist, which is what I am. On the other hand, though, it's a fairly common attitude for an ex-jailbird, which I also am.

You can let your eyebrows down now if you want to. I didn't decamp with the Faculty Club treasury, or anything like that. It's just that my special field is the American Constitution, and I take the guarantees in that document pretty seriously. It happened that the Student Union, of which I'm faculty adviser, was holding an off-campus forum during a big labor dispute in our town. Tempers around town were thin, and some goons barged in and started to break up the meeting. The students and part of the audience—and I—couldn't quite see taking that sitting down. One big bruiser took a swing at me, but I beat him to it, and he sat down on the floor, completely disinterested in the proceedings from that point onward.

By the time the police arrived, I was pretty heated and made the mistake of really losing my temper when one of the cops started roughing me up. Being a small man, I never could stand being pushed. I took a poke at the cop and not only got both eyes shut for my pains, but got jailed overnight as well.

The thug I'd laid out appears to have had connections down at City Hall, where they're not overpartial to the college people anyway—the ancient Town vs. Gown conflict. And the senile old magistrate before whom I was haled also had heard, I gather, some of the less-than-complimentary things I'd had to say in my classes in times past about some of his rulings. Anyway, he took a rather dim view of my behavior, found me guilty of disorderly conduct and resisting arrest, and sentenced me to thirty days to think over my misdeeds. And so, on a hot June afternoon about a year ago, I took up residence for a month in the county jail.

Thirty days isn't a lifetime, of course, and I had my principles to sustain me. But I didn't care for the experience very much, and it had left scars on me that I didn't like. My dignity as a human being had taken quite a mauling around, and some of the bruises, I found, didn't heal as fast as you'd think.

Like that quick spark of anger at the sight of the policeman. Fred Kusick has pounded a beat in our neighborhood for years, and my boy Kippy's adoration of him is exceeded only by that he feels for Captain Video. But that cop at the meeting gave me quite a going-over. Even more to the point, all the jail guards wore the same blue and the same buttons as fat, harmless old Kusick, and most of

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them weren't nearly so benign. They were two-legged embodiments of the principle that I'd often cited to my classes without fully appreciating it, to the effect that "power corrupts and absolute power corrupts absolutely." At any rate, I'm not altogether sure I'll ever be able to look at a cop without a twinge of resentment.

I was thinking about that as I let myself into the house. Belle and Kippy were up in the country for the summer, and the house was dark and empty.

And then, quite suddenly, I wasn't so sure it was empty. It wasn't anything I could see or hear. It was simply one of those things you sense, just below the level of consciousness, when you come into a familiar place and something is changed or different, though you're not immediately aware of exactly what. It's what my colleagues over in the Psychology Department describe, I think, as a "subliminal cue."

I DIDN'T have much time to speculate about it, though. Before I could trip the hall switch, something hard, and I judged metallic, was pushed into my spine somewhere in the region of my kidneys, and somebody said in a loud whisper: "Hold it. Now reach." My hands went up automatically—just like in the movies. "Way up," the voice said. "Turn around and stand with your belly to the wall. And keep quiet, if you don't want a drafty thtomach."

At that last word, that "thtomach," I almost jumped out of my skin, and without stopping to think, I said, "Well, for God's sake! Soapy!"

The hard object in my back jerked a little. "Hey, take it easy," I said hastily. "It's me, Soapy. Dick Orchard—the Prof!" No sound in the dark. I got a little panicky. "You remember, Soapy," I said. "Your old cellmate, the Prof!"

"Who?" said the whisper—a monosyllable that didn't afford much insight into what the speaker was thinking.

"Listen, Soapy, you remember last summer—a year ago June?" I said, desperately rummaging through my stock of jailhouse lingo, so I'd sound "right." "We were in the can together—the county clink, Tank Three on C-Deck," I said. "Cell Four—you and me and Fathead and—and—oh, what *was* his name?" I tried frantically to remember. "Nebraska!" I yelled. "Nebraska Hickman!"

There was a long silence. It seemed long, anyway. Finally the voice said slowly, "What—what was the name of the tank boss?" The lisp on that last word was plain. I'd listened to Soapy, who had no upper teeth, struggle with s's for thirty days and thirty nights. I was sure of my man now.

"Che-Che," I said jauntily. "Che-Che Baird. Only, he got out about a week before I did, and then Joe Hibbs took over."

"Say, that's right," said the voice. "I forgot about Joe, but that's right. Well, whaddaya know!"

"Take the object out of my back, Soapy," I said, "and relax. You're among friends. Let me put on the light."

"Well," said the voice. "Well—okay." That thing came away from my back, and I felt along the wall and flipped the switch.

It was Soapy, all right—all five feet one inch of him. He had a long-billed hunting cap tilted back on his head, and a disbelieving look on his face. We just blinked at each other for a minute or two.

"Well," I said finally, "this is an unlooked-for pleasure. Hiya, Soapy."

"Well, how do you like that?" he said. "It *is* the Prof!" He absent-mindedly ran the back of his hand across his nose. "This your house?"

I nodded. "Small world, isn't it?"

"It sure-gawd is," he said, and sucked in his loose upper lip, which I'd come to recognize as his way of grinning.

With his narrow, domed head and thin-shouldered torso above a little round beer-belly set on stubby bowed legs, Soapy looked a little like an exclamation point surmounting a pair of parentheses. His small, pale-blue eyes were, as always, red-rimmed and bloodshot—the result, I suspect, of years of reading pulp magazines and paper-backed detective stories after lights-out in various cells around the country, by the wan light that feebly filters in through the bars from the corridors, which are always kept lighted all night. He read like that all the while we celled together.

Soapy's face was flat, and lined like a road map. His missing teeth gave his countenance a kind of dished-in look, and the skin was flabby and big-pored and dingy-pale—a prison pallor, I'd had occasion to note, caused not so much by the absence of sunlight as by years of starchy, ill-balanced jailhouse food.

He caught me looking at the thing glinting in his hand—the object, I took it, that so lately had been nuzzling my backbone. He held it up; it was a dime-store ball-point pen. "Heh," he said. "Guess I won't need this now. Unless you want my autograph."

"I got news for you," I said, as he put it in his pocket. "I thought it was a gun."

He snorted. "You think I'm stir-happy or sumpn?" he said. "They's a hell of a difference, son, between the rap for a plain prowl, and the bundle they whack you with if they slough you rodded up. That ain't no sentence they give you then, boy; it's a paragraph. Uh-uh! I'm too old to be dodging the book."

"You mean that the sentence is lighter for unarmed burglary than it is if they take you carrying hardware," I said. "Right?"

"Near enough." He gave me another bashed-in smile. "I'm kind of proud of you, Prof. You were a good pupil."

"Well, I had a first-rate teacher." It had been a kind of general joke in the tank, the way I went around picking the boys' brains, especially Soapy's, and making notes on the peculiarities of jailhouse talk. Linguistics is a sort of hobby of mine, and the underworld argot fascinated me. Mainly, of course, it had been something to pass the eternal time, but I'd also toyed with the thought of writing a paper on the subject for some learned speech journal when I got out. I never did, but I've remembered quite a bit of what I picked up; matter of fact, I have to watch myself when I'm lecturing even now. It sometimes creeps in.

"Well!" I said, putting an arm across his skinny little shoulders. "This is nice. I'm pleased to see you again, Soapy."

"Same here, Prof." He sounded as though he really meant it.

"What d'y mean?" I said. "You welshed on me. You never did keep your promise to drop around to see me after you got out."

"Oh yes I did!" he said, pulling in the middle of his face again. "Only I didn't realize it till just now." He looked around. "Nice place you got here, Prof."

"The bank and I like it. Well, come on," I said, "let's not just stand here. Leave us go stash the frame someplace and cut up a few touches. I want to know all about all the boys in dear old Three-C."

His face went wary for a minute. "Well, I dunno," he said.

"Now, Soapy," I said, "you're going to hurt my feelings. Don't you trust me?"

"Aw, sure I do, Prof." He looked pained. "You're a right guy, but—"

"There's nobody else in the house. The family's in the country. So but what?"

"Nothing," said Soapy. "What the hell? Lead the way."

WE WENT into the extra downstairs bedroom that I use to work in and that Belle insists on calling "the den."

"Sit down," I said. "How about a drink?"

"Well, why not? Two fingers."

"The top and bottom ones, I take it. Water? Soda?"

"Ain't the whisky any good?"

"The best four-dollar blend money can buy."

"Then why cut it?"

I poured him a good stiff hooker and a slight one for myself, and put the bottle where he wouldn't have to stretch.

"Cigarette?" I held out the pack.

"No, thanks," he said, fishing out a book of papers and a sack of tobacco. "I'll just roll a blanket. I don't want to get me back the taste for tailormades. With me, I never know how soon I'll be back again where I can't afford 'em." He constructed a lumpy butt the way I'd watched him do so often at our alma mater.

Without a change of expression, he tossed off the neat whisky in a long gulp that would have made my ears light up, pasted the bulbous cigarette in one corner of his mouth, stretched his legs out on his heels till he was sitting on the small of his back, and looked up at me like an ancient urchin.

"Well," he said, "imagine meeting you here."

"Yes," I said, as I restocked his glass, "what a long arm coincidence has got. You often run into old friends on your business rounds?"

"Nope. This is one for the books. The boys at the office will never believe me."

"Well, tell me things, Soapy," I said, settling down. "When did you get out?"

"Oh, I made the pavement about three months ago."

"Sooner than you figured, wasn't it? You must've got credit for good behavior after all."

"Yeh, they gimme my good time, all right. Don't pay to figure on it, though, when you're in there. I seen guys who did blow their stack when it didn't come through."

"I think I would've," I said, "if there'd been any hitch in my release. All I ever wanted in that jail was out."

"Feel as good as you thought it would—hitting the street?"

"Did it!" I said. "A pillow and sheets again, and a big, thick, Turkish towel after a shower, instead of a sleazy little cotton hand towel! And eggs for breakfast, and butter again!"

But I discovered I was uncomfortable, remembering. I poured myself another drink and put my feet up on my desk. "But never mind about that," I said. "Come on, bring me up to date on the Class of '52 of dear old ivy-covered Durance Vile, Soapy. I've sort of lost touch since I graduated."

"Well, let's see. Where'll I start? Who you want to know about?"

"Start with our cell," I said. "Tell me about the old bunch."

"Well, of the two others in our drum, Fathead went out on a chain to the walls not long after you were sprung."

"I remember he was standing by to be shipped to the pen," I said. "Fifteen years, wasn't it?"

"Yup. Forgery. Nebraska's still holding the fort, so far as I know, sweating out a retrial. Might've gone up by now. Damn' fool. Flipped his lid one morning not long before I come out, when he found some meat with legs on it—and still moving—in the mush. Dumped a whole bucket of it on a screw."

"Which one? Veruna, I hope."

"Sorry, no. Mingo, the one who's all the time got the stub of a burner in his puss—Corona El Ropo. But that Veruna, damn his pointy little head— Don't worry, some con's gonna plant a chiv in that ornery, mean-minded turnkey's back some of these days. Hope I'm around when it comes off, so I can walk on his face."

"What'd they do to Nebby?" I asked.

"Nothing much—only three days in the barrel."

"Solitary? You ever make the hole?"

"Hell, yes. I'm an old settler."

"What's it like?"

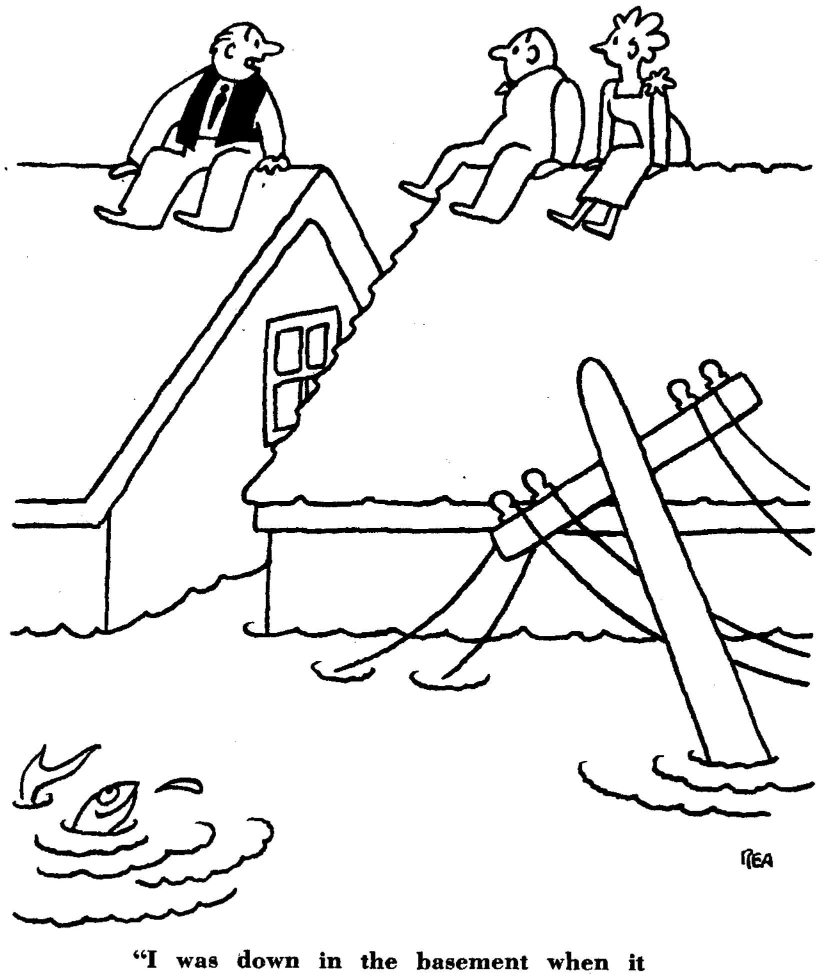
"Well, it ain't exactly a ideal vacation, and it's a little far from the car line, but you can get used to anything, I guess. Accommodations are a little on the skimpy side—a bucket and a blanket. You sleep on the ce-ment. And no light, of course, except when they open the wicket twice a day to shove in your grub. That's the worst. Last time I come out of the dark-cell, I couldn't see good again for two-three days. Who else you want to know about?"

"How about Monty?" I said.

"Nothing, I guess. Monty don't change."

"You know something, Soapy? Damn his ugly old puss, I *like* that guy. He's about the only decent guard I met."

"I reckon all the guys like Monty—and them that don't, at least respects him. His word's good, he shoots square, and he's got a heart of solid popcorn. I dunno as I ever told you, but the day he brought you in, he called me out whilst you were dropping your blanket in the drum and told me who you were and to kind of show you the ropes



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and sort of look after you for a few days, till you got the feel of things."

"I suspected as much. And I don't know what I'd've done, those first few hours in the tank, Soapy, without the hand-up you gave me. I was *pretty sunk. I think* that was the toughest adjustment I've ever had to make."

"Well, you can thank Monty," he said.

I looked at him. "And you," I said, and changed the subject. "Hey," I said. "I'm hungry. How's for some scrambled eggs?" I could see him hesitate. "Aw, come on," I said. "It won't take long. Don't put a damper on my Southern hospitality."

He got up. "Okay, Prof," he said. "But then I gotta take off."

We went into the kitchen. I'd been cooking my breakfasts since Belle had gone to the country; there were dishes in the sink, but there was still room enough to get at the taps. I dare say Soapy sensed my culinary limitations because he took right over. He let me make the coffee while he fried a big pan of hash-browns out of some boiled potatoes in the refrigerator, then did a brace of eggs for each of us, and turned them sunny side down on the spuds. It was an elegant dish.

"Hey!" I said. "Where'd you learn this?"

"Well, that particular piece of resistance I got onto in a logging camp down Gray's Harbor way," he said. "But most of what I know about handling grub I learned in stir—at State. I usually work the galley when I'm in the pen."

I licked a yellow dribble of egg yolk off my fork. "Look, Soapy," I said, a little hesitantly. "I've got a notion that maybe I'm violating protocol or something by asking *this, so if you think I'm out of line,* just say so, but—but—well, I'd really be interested to know how you got into—well, shall we say, your present line of work."

He finished his coffee, put down his cup, and carefully wiped his mouth with his hand before he answered. "I dunno, Prof," he said. "Just drifted into it, I guess." He began to roll a cigarette. "I started out by making what I hear referred to as an honest living. I logged for a few years, faller on a high-lead outfit. I worked on wheat combines down in the Palouse, picked fruit in the Imperial, shipped out a few times as a wiper—oh, all kinds of jobs. Then they had the depression, and there wasn't any jobs any more. I was on my uppers on Skid Row, and this moonlighter gives me a pitch, so we pushed a couple of joints together. First time I went out on my own, though, I got glommed on the spot, and the judge boffed me with two-to-four spaces at State."

He flicked the ashes into his coffee cup. "When I got out, jobs were opening up some, but not for me—not with a record. So—" He put out his cigarette suddenly and stood up. "Look, Prof," he said, "I gotta shove. I really do."

He started toward the kitchen door, and that was the first time I noticed that a neat hole had been punched in the glass, big enough for somebody to reach in and unlock the door. Soapy looked a little sheepish. "Sorry," he said. "Guess you're gonna need yourself a new pane."

"Think nothing of it," I said. "Leave by the front door, as a proper guest should."

He shot me a quizzical look, but followed. On the landing at the foot of the stairs I saw the little accumulation of things Soapy had gathered together before I'd surprised him.

"Gosh, Soapy," I said, "it doesn't look to me as though this would've been too highly profitable an excursion for you, even if I hadn't happened in." There was a leather suitcase, Belle's portable sewing machine, my portable typewriter, and a couple of my suits. "Matter of fact," I said, "if the stuff had been insured, I'd have been glad if you'd taken it—except this Harris tweed. Belle could certainly use a new machine, and my old mill is held together with baling wire and Scotch tape. But not the suit; that's my favorite set of threads."

Soapy frowned at me. "You mean to say you ain't got insurance on your stuff?"

"Why, no," I said. "Always meant to, but never got around to it, I guess."

"Look," Soapy said earnestly, "lemme give you a coupla hunks of advice. In the first place, always leave a light on when they's nobody in the house. It's no guarantee, y'understand, but a crasher will usually *think* twice about cracking a lighted flat. This is straight from the feed bag, son."

"Yessir!" I said dutifully. "Hereafter, always lights on. So help me, Soapy."

"And another thing, Prof: get yourself some insurance. Comprehensive. The next shacker who knocks over this joint prob'ly won't be a friend of yours. You ain't got that wide an acquaintance."

"Honest, you've got my promise, Soapy. First thing tomorrow morning I'll go downtown and cover this stuff with insurance like a tent."

"You're not kidding?"

"No, scout's honor. What you say makes sense. I'll get it done tomorrow."

"Okay. If you get took now, it won't be because you didn't get good advice." He was dead serious.

"Thanks, Soapy."

"Forget it." We walked to the front door.

"Uh—look, Soapy," I said. "I don't want to make you mad, so don't blow your top. But—but could you use a few bucks?"

He didn't say anything for a minute or two, rubbing his nose. "That's nice of you, Prof," he said slowly. "That's real nice, but—no."

"Now don't be stuffy," I said crossly. "Figure it yourself. Don't you think I owe you a count or two for what you did for me back in the clink?"

"No!" he said. "I told you! That was Monty's doing."

"Okay, Soapy," I said, very hurt-like. "*Don't hand me my head. I just asked.* Let's not make a federal case out of it." I tried to make myself sound deeply offended. And to tell the truth, I *was* a little offended.

He hesitated. "Well," he said at length, "tell you what. I *am* a little short, to be real honest with you. So if you can lend me a few skins for a week or so, I'd be much obliged. That make you feel any better?"

"Sure," I said, and dug into my pants. "I haven't got much cash. I don't suppose you'd want a check?" He gave me a look. "No, I suppose not. Well, will twenty do you any good?"

"Twenty will do me fine," he said, and it was clear he meant it. "But this is stric'ly a loan, y'understand—with interest."

"Okay," I said. "With interest."

He put the money in his pocket and held out a knobby hand. "Thanks," he said. "So long, sport. Keep your nose clean. Glad I run into you again."

"Me too," I said. "Let's do it again sometime, huh? Now that you know where we live?"

He shook his head. "I dunno, Prof. Who can tell? G'night."

"Good night, Soapy," I said. "Take care of yourself."

He was at the foot of the porch stairs. "Sure," he said. "You too," and waved a hand.

"Oh, Soapy!" I called softly, and beckoned him back to the steps. "There's a cop on the beat. Big fat harness bull. Name's Kusick."

"Thanks, Prof," he said. "I'll keep an eye out. G'night. *See you.*" *And he* walked away.

I haven't seen Soapy since. But a few weeks later, just before Belle and Kip came back from the country, the house was broken into again. I'd forgotten about leaving a light on but not, fortunately, about the insurance. The sewing machine was gone, and the typewriter, and some other stuff, but not my tweed suit.

It wasn't until I wore the suit for the first time in the fall, though, and put my hand in the side pocket of the jacket, that I found the money. Two tens—and a one. THE END

"Instead of saying things behind your back, she says them to your face. Now what kind of a woman is *that?*"

COLLIER'S WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

Teach Your Wife to Be a Widow

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 28

with his property if he and his wife die together, say in an automobile accident. This, in turn, leads to the problem of guardianship of minor children, and an alternate executor to step in and manage the estate.

Although it is essential to have a will, it is wrong to have more than one copy signed. If it is known that more than one such copy exists, the will cannot be probated until all signed copies are presented.

The most important thing for a husband and wife to realize about widowhood is the simplest and most logical: upon the death of the husband, the main source of income will be cut off. What remains in the form of insurance and an estate must be apportioned out over a long span.

When a Family's "Well Fixed"

It is astonishing how smug and comfortable most husbands feel when they're lucky enough to get the wife and kids set up in a fine home amid the good things of life. Yessir, they say, if anything happens to me, my family is well fixed.

It seldom occurs to them that, with income cut off, the mortgage payments alone would swiftly exhaust all the money left through insurance and in the estate—unless, perhaps, they have the special kind of life insurance called mortgage insurance which guarantees the amount of the mortgage should the husband die.

Mortgage insurance is comparatively expensive at the outset, though it becomes less so as the mortgage is reduced. Sometimes it is advisable to add to the husband's life insurance enough to cover the amount of the mortgage. This could be ordinary life, the cheapest kind of so-called "regular" insurance. Or it could be "term" insurance, which is cheaper still, but which accumulates no value, so that if a payment is missed, the policy is voided.

If it is not possible to provide for payment of the mortgage in this manner, it is wise to work out some alternate plan. Perhaps there is enough equity in the home to permit the widow to sell it, pay off the mortgage, and still have enough left to buy a less expensive home. Or there may be relatives with whom she could live.

Pathetic examples of shortsightedness come across my desk almost weekly. A disastrous wreck occurred on the Long Island Rail Road on Thanksgiving Eve, 1950. Shortly thereafter, I received several appeals for advice from distraught widows. They had been the complacent wives of successful young New Yorkers, and then, in one awful evening, they lost their husbands. A few days or a few weeks later they came face to face with a frightening problem: How could they continue to run their homes and maintain their families? In desperation, several called me, believing that as Business and Financial Editor of the New York Herald Tribune, I could advise them.

"You should be able to tell me," said one: "Where do I cash in these stocks my husband left me? Do I go to the stock exchange?"

"All you have to do," I told her, "is call your broker."

"Any broker?"

"No, the broker where your husband bought them."

"But I don't know the broker."

The stocks were of a Canadian company and had, apparently, been issued through a Canadian exchange. I suggested that she contact any broker, even a stranger, and let him prove the validity of the stocks by writing to the corporation, giving the serial numbers. The stocks would be traced through the underwriters and to the broker who kept her husband's account. The process could take weeks. The value of the stock could change—perhaps for the better, perhaps not. At best, she wouldn't have her cash right away.

How much easier it would have been for her if her husband had kept a file of vital information just on the chance that his wife unexpectedly might become a widow.

Another Long Island Rail Road widow called with a question that must have been asked a dozen times by women who faced those bleak December days totally unprepared for the responsibilities so suddenly thrust upon them.

"I want to hire a lawyer to sue the railroad," she said. "Shall I sell my husband's stocks to give him a retainer?"

It would have been foolish, of course. The stocks, themselves, showed her ability to pay. I told her no retainer should be necessary; let the lawyer take his fee from the settlement the railroad would make, and she could guarantee the fee, using her stocks as evidence of ability to pay.

Another Long Island widow called with much the same problem—except that she wanted to withdraw her own personal savings to pay the lawyer a retainer!

These things are minor details in themselves, yet they illustrate clearly that men are doing their wives no favor when they shelter them from the business world.

Upon the sudden death of a friend, I learned a startling thing about the ability of highly educated people to misunderstand banking laws.

"We never had a joint checking account," his widow said, a day or so after the funeral, "but it is all right because John always signed a whole book full of checks."

She displayed a book of checks, all signed by John. The poor girl didn't know that the account was frozen the minute the bank learned of his death. No checks signed by John would be honored—even though drawn months before his death.

Banks always strive to protect their customers. A man can always change his mind at the last minute and stop payment on a check. When his lips are sealed by death, the banks refuse to honor any of his checks presented after they learn of his passing. There's also the angle of state taxes: the money in a checking account must be listed in the assets of the estate, for it is taxable. Without the bank regulation which prohibits payment of the checks of a dead man, an unscrupulous widow could write a check withdrawing all funds from the account, and in this way avoid paying the estate tax.

How the Doctor Was Paid

It's not always easy for a bank to be adamant in these cases. One New York bank still salves an uneasy conscience over just such an incident.

A Massachusetts millionaire had enjoyed a lifelong friendship with his doctor. Throughout the years, the doctor had treated the millionaire for many ailments and had never submitted a bill. One day a couple of years ago, the millionaire called the doctor to his hotel room.

"Fred," he said, "I feel I owe my life to you. You've saved it many times with your care and skill, and yet you've never sent a bill. I'm getting old and, as you know, I have no family. I'm a rich man and I want to do something for you. Here is an envelope. It contains a check for $100,000. I want you to take it as a token of the respect and gratitude I have for you."

The doctor left a short time later, taking his check, and deposited it that afternoon in a local bank. That night he drove to Boston to spend the holiday with his family.

The next day the old man died.

On the following day, the check reached the New York bank on which it had been drawn. But that morning, bank officers had read the news of the millionaire's death. They refused to pay the check.

The doctor sped to New York to find out why the $100,000 check of a man worth many times that should be held up.

The bankers explained the regulation and

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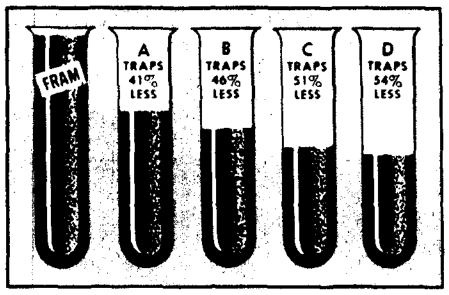

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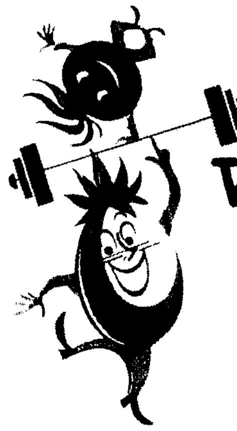

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suggested that he submit a bill for $100,000 to the old man's estate.

"But that would be a bill for professional services and as such would be taxable," the doctor objected. "All I'd get out of it would be $60,000. No, the old man wanted me to have $100,000 and that's what I expect."

The bulk of the estate was left to a large university. After the school's directors had heard the tale, interviewed the doctor, received an affidavit from the bank and considered all the angles in the doctor's claim, they decided to make a gift of $100,000 to the physician.

But it was an outright gift. The university had no legal obligation to give up the money.

Rules and regulations which are drawn up to protect people against the hazards of the commercial world often work to the disadvantage of survivors and heirs.

Joint Accounts Restricted

Many husbands and wives maintain joint checking accounts and joint savings accounts. Not many of them realize that upon the death of one or the other, accounts over $500 usually are frozen, in whole or in part, and often no more than one half can be withdrawn by the survivor. Thus the fellow with $1,000 in a joint savings account who figures that's enough to sustain his wife and children until the insurance is paid, had better rearrange his plans. His wife, as a joint owner, can withdraw only $500.

When it comes to joint ownership of a safe-deposit box, the survivor gets no break at all. As soon as the bank hears of the death of one of the owners of the box, it is sealed—literally sealed with a stamp. This, again, is to protect the state and to make it easy for the tax collectors. Not until a representative of the state tax office is present can the box be opened.

So, although it's wise to keep insurance policies in safe-deposit boxes, it's necessary to keep vital statistics about them at home, too. Otherwise there might be delay of several days before a widow could file a claim on her husband's policies. It's necessary that she have the policy number, the date of its issuance, and the amount of insurance, in order to file. To collect, of course, she will need the policies themselves.

But it often isn't enough merely to place vital information in the hands of the widow. In many cases, it's essential that she have some knowledge of business practices as well. That's particularly true if the husband has been able to save some money, and has invested it in stocks or bonds.

Few people realize it, but women, many of them widows, control most of the corporations of the country. Over 50 per cent of the stock traded on the New York Stock Exchange and the New York Curb Exchange is owned by women, according to Wilma Soss, president and founder of the Federation of Women Shareholders of America. Mrs. Soss says that many of these women inherited their stock from their husbands.

Of the 33,179,450 shares of stock of the nation's most widely owned corporation, American Telephone & Telegraph Company, 39.5 per cent was held at the end of 1951 by women, 25.1 by men, 18.1 per cent by trustees, corporations or brokers, and 17.3 per cent by joint owners, usually husband-and-wife partnerships. Statistics show that it is the women who will live longest; thus, the stock held in joint ownership will one day belong to more women than men.

It seems fairly certain, as Mr. Soss contends, that women—not necessarily the meek—are inheriting the earth. If they are unprepared to handle business matters, if they know little or nothing about stocks and the stock market or about the economic forces that affect stock prices, their inheritance will be of little value.

It is never too early to begin to teach a wife to be a widow. Start right in by letting the wife assist in all family business matters. Break her into check writing, acquaint her with budget problems. Work as a team toward the day when she might have to do it all alone.

Put your pay into a joint checking account. Then, after instructing your wife how to make out checks and keep accurate records, turn over to her all the business chores of running a household. Let her pay all the bills. Make her decide how and where to balance the budget.

And then—oh, radical thought—let her work out your income tax!

Through the years, she will acquire a fairly broad knowledge of the business world. She will learn to evaluate family purchasing programs, and in the event a large sum of money is given to her, as in the payment of an insurance policy, she will not be stampeded into squandering it.

It's all to the good if a wife has some particular skill or knows some trade that can be used to supplement her income if widowhood is thrust upon her. But most men overrate a wife's earning capacity.

A friend told me he felt very comfortable about his wife's chances of survival if anything happened to him. She was a secretary before they married, he said, and she could earn her living again if necessary.

But here was the actual situation: they had been married 15 years and the wife hadn't so much as typed a letter in all that time. Moreover, they had three children, the oldest eleven, all of whom required care. In order to house the large family they lived in a $25,000 home in a fashionable suburb. The mortgage payments alone came to nearly $200 a month.

A highly skilled secretary in New York can expect to get something like $70 a week. Fifty dollars would have to go toward the mortgage. There would be commutation fares to pay and lunches to buy. Then, if she worked, she'd have to pay someone else to look after the children. It just couldn't work out.

Even if she had no mortgage to pay, and lived in a low-rent apartment, her salary still would almost certainly fall short of making ends meet. The sole value of her secretarial background would be in *supplementing* the income her husband could leave her.

With that thought in mind, this couple should have planned, together, how to handle the wife's widowhood. It would have been wise if, throughout the years, she had kept her hand in secretarial work, just for the practice. Perhaps she could have been secretary to a church committee and taken notes of the meetings in shorthand. Perhaps she could have helped her husband with some of his correspondence.

Trust Funds Must Be Large

If a man leaves enough money, he can arrange to have it handled in trust by a bank. But many banks refuse to work with complicated estates or small amounts—say anything less than $40,000 or $50,000. It's not worth their while, for they work on exceptionally low rates of commission.

Under the trust procedure, the bank invests the money and pays the widow an income from the dividends. A bank can do this where a broker cannot. A broker must act on the instruction of his client, though he may, from time to time, give advice.

Some banks have a new system, whereby smaller amounts of money are pooled in a trust, creating a form of mutual fund, and the total money acquired this way is handled in one investment program.

If a husband does have enough money to leave it in trust for his wife, it's a good idea to have her meet the trust officers of his bank and get to know them. Then, if anything happens to the husband, she won't be meeting a group of strangers to discuss private money matters at a very difficult time. A great many wives, more emotional than practical, have shabby impressions of bankers, anyway. They're the men who scold her when the checking account is overdrawn, or the unfeeling people who refused to let her husband have a loan.

It seems sensible to me to prepare a letter of "final instructions" and leave it with the other valuable papers, where it will be found by your wife. Tell her about it, and let her know that you are covering such things as funeral arrangements, information about your business, and instructions on how to conduct her affairs.

This should not be morbid or sentimental. It is a business document, addressed to the most important business partner of your life. Give her the essential, practical details: how you want your funeral handled; whether you have paid for a cemetery lot; how and where to collect the life insurance; what she should do about any property you might own or any stocks or other investments you might have.

A Man's Letter to His Widow

My own wife will get a letter something like this:

"Darling:

"As you know, we own a small lot in the cemetery in Connecticut. Though it's quite far from here, where we have spent so many happy years, I think it wise for me to be buried there, and you, too, when the time comes.

"Because we have never been to church much here, I think it is best to have brief services in a funeral chapel here, and then hold brief services at the church in Connecticut, for that is where most of our relatives live.

"Now about money matters. I have tried to arrange things so you can handle them easily. There is a will in our safe-deposit box. As soon as possible, take it to Doug Hamilton, our lawyer, and he will handle everything for you. The will leaves everything to you, and names you executor of my estate. That means that you can sell anything you want, if it is necessary to get cash.

"You will receive $20,000 in insurance money, which is the most we have ever had at one time. Don't let it throw you. The policies are in the safe-deposit box, but the policy numbers, names of the companies and amounts of the policies are listed in that brown envelope marked 'Insurance' in the strongbox.

"I had a Mutual Fund program in the Wellington Fund. Under that plan, the fund is paid up in the event of my death, and there should be small dividends paid quarterly. I sort of figured that the fund money would help put Pete and Mark through college. Now they'll have to work, too, of course, but there's no reason why they can't go to good schools. So why don't you leave the money in the fund and collect the dividends until you need the capital for the boys' education? You will know best about this, as time goes on.

"There may be a tax on the estate. Don't worry, they'll let you know; but make sure Doug Hamilton knows, too, just so they won't put anything over on you.

"You're going to have to cut down on everything. If you were to try to maintain payments on the mortgage here, it would eat up your insurance money. I own five eighths of the house in Connecticut, you know; my brother owns the rest. I'd suggest that you sell my share and use the money to pay off the mortgage here. Or else sell this house and use the money to buy the other three eighths of the house in Connecticut from my brother.

"There will be some income from the stocks I have invested. All my stocks are in the safe-deposit box, but you'd better check, too, in the strongbox at home, just to make sure I haven't some recent certificates which I haven't put in the safe-deposit box. Our brokers, as you know, are Reynolds & Co., 120 Broadway, and the fellow I always talked to there was Sam Jones, though by the time you read this he may not be there.

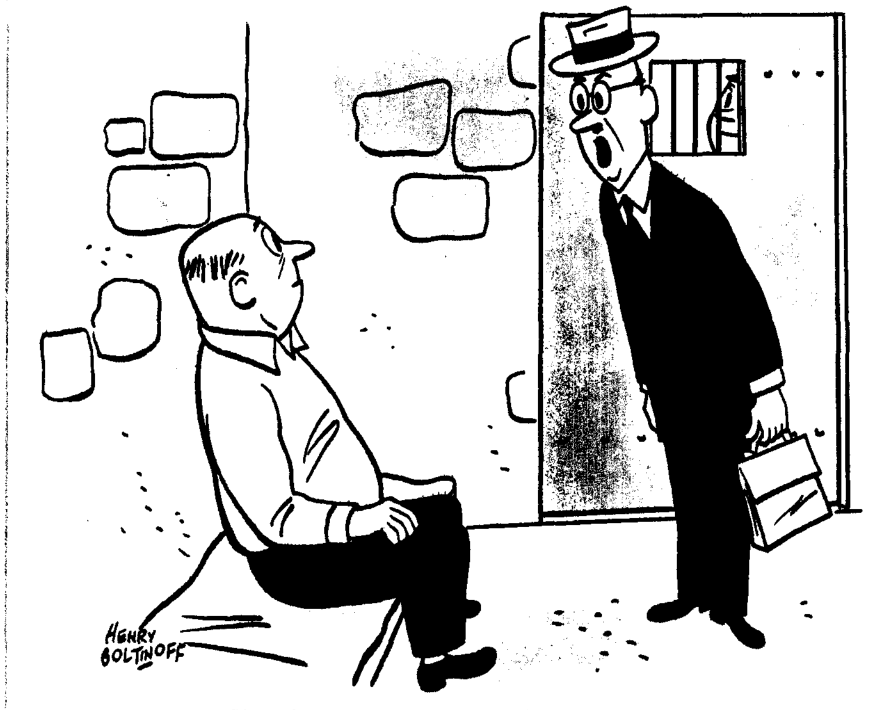
"I always kept about 15 per cent of our investments in speculative stocks. I figure you've got to be able to lose money as well as make it, if you're going to play with speculative stocks, so they may advise you to transfer that 15 per cent into safer securities. I have taught you how to read the stock market reports and how to watch the financial pages for developments in business, industrial and economic news. Since this stock is your responsibility now, keep your eyes open!

"After you decide about the house and have paid off the mortgage, either here or in Connecticut, settle down to a strict schedule on the amount of money you spend. Work out a budget and stick to it. That way, you can be comfortable, safe and snug for years.

"You will have a good deal of money that isn't 'working.' Don't listen to any investment schemes unless you first consult Doug or my brother Norm. You know the stories about how people connive to get the insurance money away from widows!

"So that's it, darling. We've worked it out quite carefully, though there are, of course, flaws to our plans, for we don't know what lies ahead. I'm glad we had the good sense to think and talk about this. We planned it together, and *our* plan will go on working now that I've gone. Perhaps it will prove to be, as Elizabeth Barrett Browning suggested in her sonnet, that 'if God choose, I shall but love thee better after death.' . . ."

THE END



COLLIER'S

"I'm the lawyer assigned by the court. Are you the guilty party?"

HENRY BOLTINOFF

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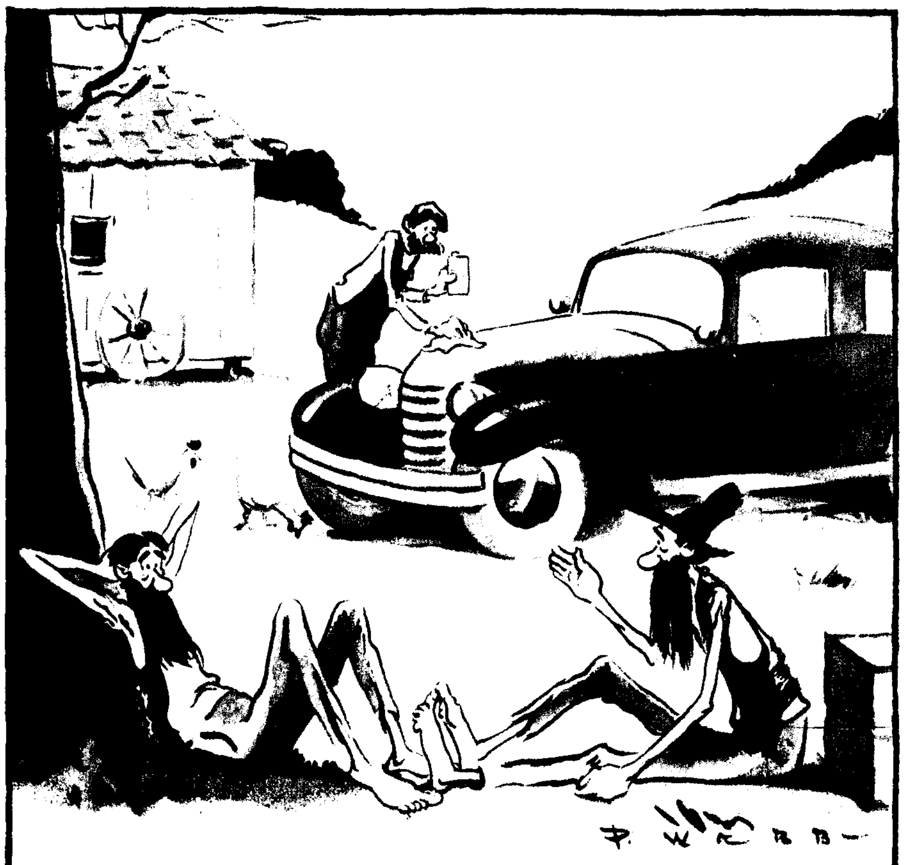

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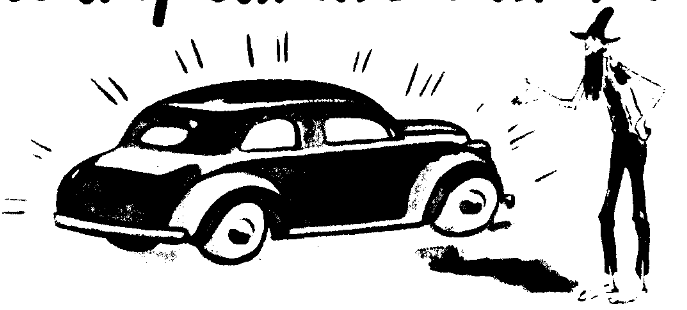

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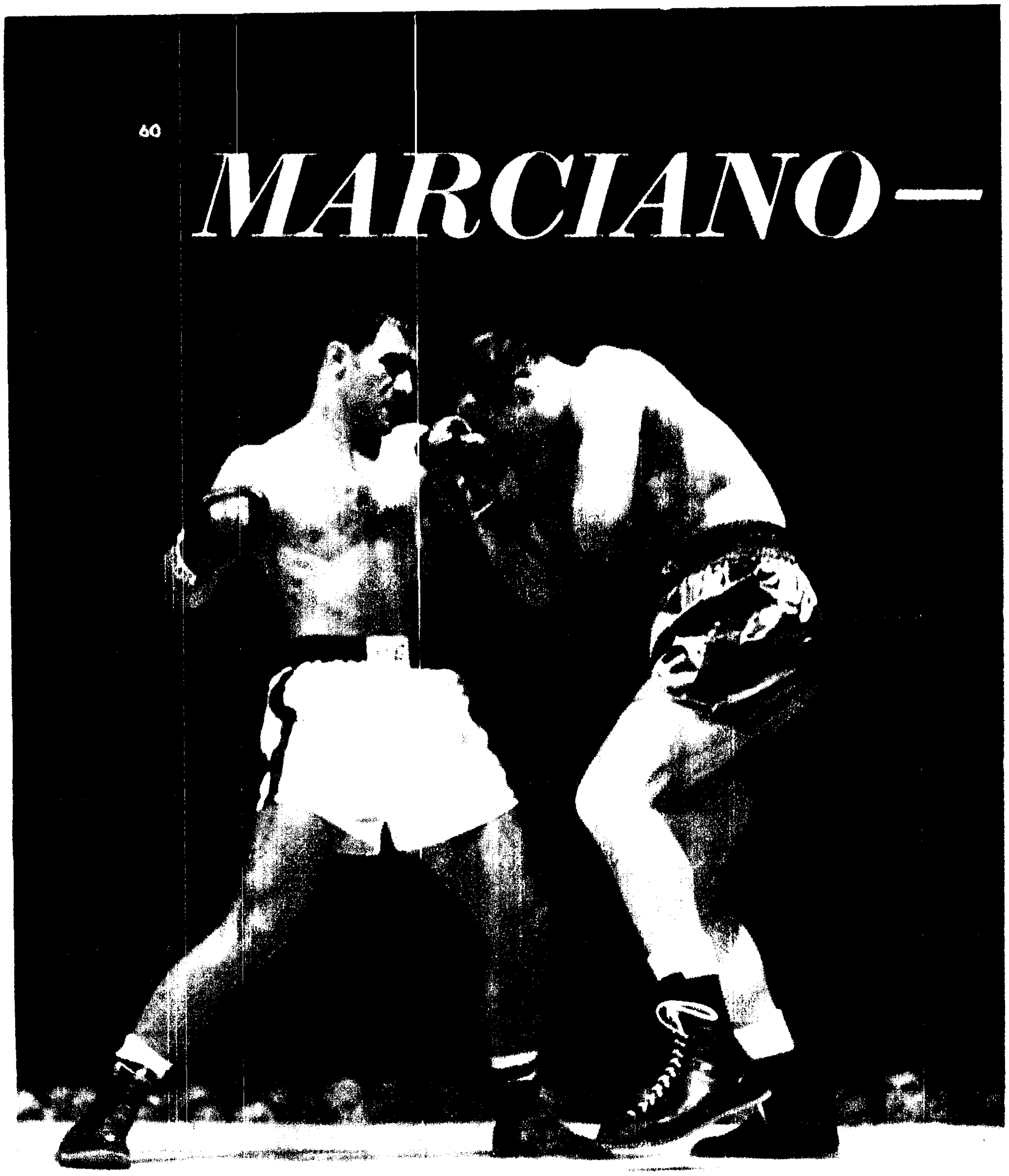
MARCIANO—“ROCK-A-BY



LAVELLE—GUNTHER

All business, heavyweight Rocky Marciano viciously hammers Joe Louis with both hands to set up eighth-round knockout. The impressive victory made Marciano a top championship contender

MORRIS GORDON

Before starting workout, Rocky Marciano gets some pointers from trainer Charlie Goldman

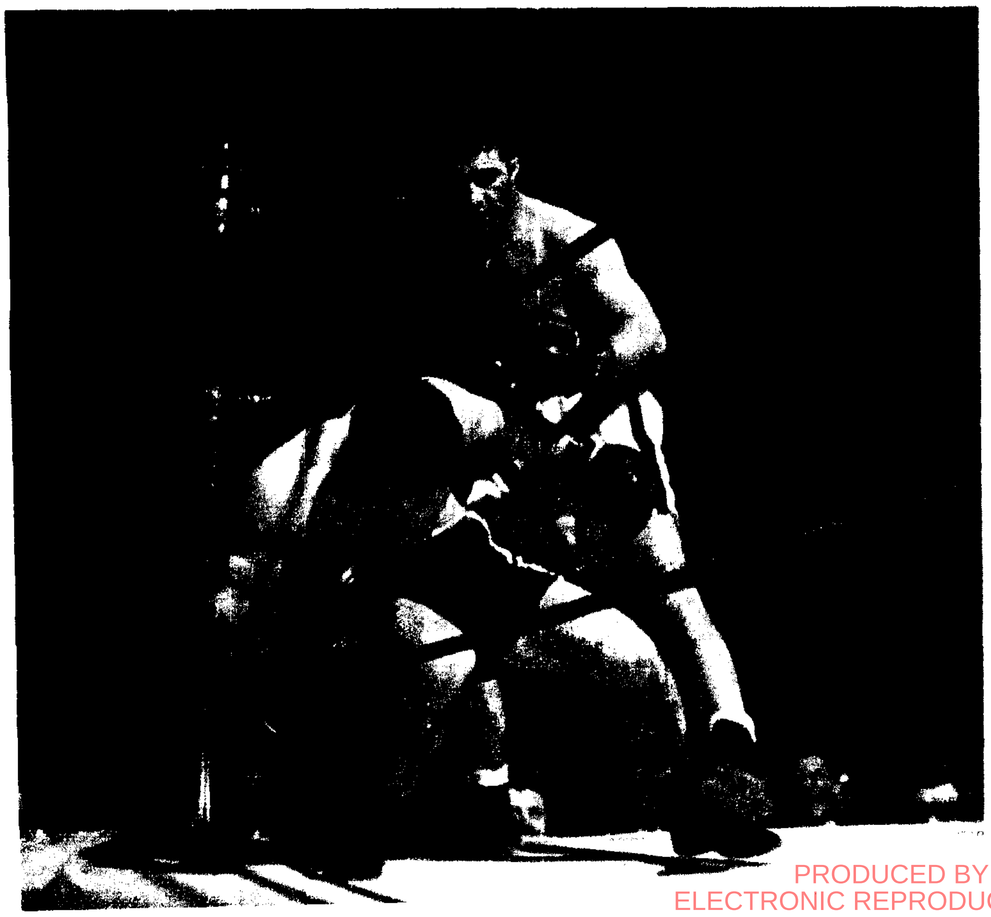
WHEN heavyweight boxing champion Jersey Joe Walcott finally climbs through the ropes in Philadelphia on June 5th for his scheduled title defense against Ezzard Charles, the fighter who stands to profit most from the meeting won't even be in the ring. He is Rocky Marciano, the stocky (five feet ten and a half, 187 pounds), 27-year-old power puncher from Brockton, Mass.

As the man who has become the biggest gate attraction in the heavyweight division, Rocky is virtually certain to face the Charles-Walcott winner in a late-summer championship bout. Most seasoned observers are just as sure that he packs too much youth and strength for either of the two fighters who have dominated the mediocre heavyweight picture since Joe Louis abdicated his title more than three years ago. Marciano has been carefully brought along to his present position as top contender and heir presumptive to the heavyweight crown. The chief guides have been Al Weill, the Madison Square Garden matchmaker whose son, Marty, is Marciano's official manager, and veteran trainer Charlie Goldman.

From the time Rocky turned professional in

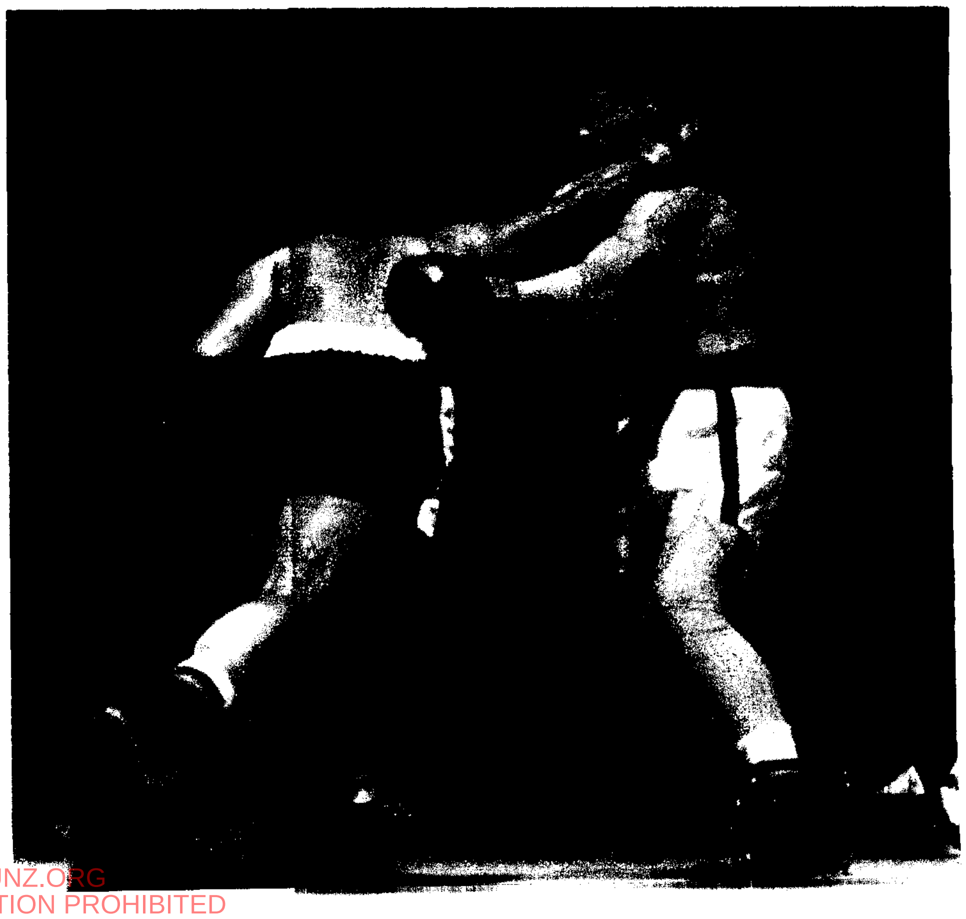
Eager Rocky sends Roland LaStarza sprawling into ropes during their March, 1950, bout. Marciano won decision in closest fight of career

HI PESKIN



Wild here with a right, Marciano still landed enough solid blows to knock out heavily favored Rex Layne in sixth round of their match in July, 1951

HI PESKIN



ROCKY”

1948, after winning 27 of 30 amateur fights, until 1950, they saw to it that he met a steady succession of second-raters. Then, with 22 knockouts in 24 straight victories behind him, he was matched with Roland LaStarza, a clever, young, New York heavyweight who also was unbeaten. Rocky floored LaStarza once and was awarded a split decision. The fight crowd labeled Marciano clumsy and was so unimpressed that he went into the ring a heavy underdog in his next major fight—a July 12, 1951, bout with Rex Layne. Layne, who had beaten Walcott, went down and out in the sixth round.

But it took the dramatic downfall of a slowed-up Joe Louis three months later to make Marciano a real headliner. Marciano stopped the faded ex-champion with a brutal series of lefts and rights in the eighth round. It was Rocky's 38th straight victory; his 33d KO. He was through being the underdog.

Early this year Marciano reduced Lee Savold to a battered, bloody hulk in his only important fight since the Louis affair. Since then he's been back on the "pushover" trail, keeping in shape for what he figures will be his coming crack at the title.

Despite his awesome record, Marciano, who has been called everything by his followers from "a new Jack Dempsey" to "a big Rocky Graziano," still fails to impress some observers. To a generation weaned on the smooth boxing generalship of fighters like Louis, Sugar Ray Robinson, Willie Pep and even Walcott and Charles, his crouching, wild-swinging way of fighting looks awkward.

"Let them laugh at him," says Charlie Goldman, Marciano's pudgy little trainer. "Rocky fights the clever boys and knocks them out, and he fights the tough punchers and don't get hurt. That crouch makes him tough to hit, and by swinging away like he does he's bound to catch up with the other guy and finish him off.

"Rocky can hit and he can take a punch," Goldman continues. "He's a clean liver. We've taught him balance and co-ordination and how to use his left hand. But you don't want to wreck the good things your boy already has. You know, all these guys come up to me and say why don't you change that wild, right-hand swing of Rocky's. The punch they're making fun of is the one that's been bringing home the bacon for him for four years. That's the punch that puts the other guy to sleep. Take it away? Never. Someday soon it's going to connect and play a championship lullaby." HOWARD COHN

MORRIS GORDON

Body and trunks smeared with his opponent's blood, Rocky Marciano has arm raised in victory by referee. Boxing's newest headliner, he's averaged seven knockouts in every eight fights

Joe Louis' face reflects savagery of Marciano's punches in October, 1951, bout. Rocky signed for small share of purse to get crack at fading Louis

LAVELLE—GUNTHER

Marciano, once strictly a right-hand slugger, pumps hard left into Lee Savold during fight early this year. Savold lasted six rounds

MORRIS GORDON

The New Competition

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27

used for the purposes of profit making.

The New Competition can be traced to a number of factors. But the central one is the amazing technical advance in American industry due to research and development. The last decade's achievements of the chemical industry and of electronics are perhaps the most spectacular illustrations of how science and technology have increased the range of free choice that men now have, as contrasted with 30 to 50 years ago. The same thing applies, however, to many other industries to which I have referred. In a forthcoming book, expanding on these articles, I shall describe still more developments that are on their way to add still further avenues of choice and in their turn to intensify the competitive atmosphere of the American scene.

Great scientific investigations are still sometimes carried out in small laboratories, by one or a few men. But translating these discoveries into industrial realities is a function of size, of Bigness, except in the most unusual circumstances. This takes very substantial resources of funds and an ability to take risks of failure which few small enterprises can take.

IN THE 1950 Annual Report of the country's largest coal company, Pittsburgh Consolidation Coal Company, formed in 1945 by the putting together of some eight smaller companies, there appears this statement as a preface to the report on the company's research program:

"One of the stated purposes of the company was to carry on research to find new uses for coal and extend present markets. When this company was formed several years ago no individual coal company was carrying on such a program of any consequence, probably *because the industry is made up of so many small units that the cost would have been prohibitive.*" (My italics.)

It is possible for a whole industry of small units to pool resources and employ private industrial research institutes or universities to carry on particular development work for them. These can be useful and productive expedients; but they are inferior substitutes, as a general rule, for research and development carried on in a company's own facilities and under its sustained and individual management.

Most research and development requires large resources and often a long period of time during which no results are forthcoming. The sums of money spent on the development of the Diesel engine, for example, or the gas turbine, are huge. The Diesel development proceeded for more than 30 years before anything commercial resulted. Krilium, the remarkable chemical substance for changing soil-structure, recently announced by Monsanto Chemical Company, is the product of research that was initiated 11 years ago.

Research and development, moreover, is a very risky way to spend money. Out of a score of promising areas for exploration and exploitation, perhaps only two or three may ever see the light of day as commercial propositions. A "pilot plant" may cost millions of dollars, take years to build, to be followed perhaps by a semiworks plant, and then the results may prove unsatisfactory. Only organizations with large resources and great diversity can do this sort of thing and survive.

The research and development activities carried on by technical agencies of the federal government demonstrate further how essential Bigness is for modern research—Bigness of pocketbook and of staff.

Some of the ablest scientists and engineers in the world are to be found in the federal government. Their results have been made available to private industry, with resulting huge benefits to all of us in a thousand ways, ranging from better crops to better bazookas. But the cost of this work is great, and the enterprises are almost invariably very large. Even a single technical development of the Bureau of Mines, for example, or the National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics, or the Atomic Energy Commission, often runs into many millions of dollars, and requires hundreds of men and vast equipment. In short, Bigness and research activity are largely synonymous whether in business or in government.

The most effective way to "suppress" new inventions or technical ideas is simply not to develop them. Only large enterprises are able to sink the formidable sums of money required to develop basic new departures; a small corporation is rarely able to risk those large sums, perhaps enough to wreck the company if the gamble fails, on the success or failure of a major new project in such areas as electronics or chemicals, for example.

The
LITTLE
DOCTOR
Lundberg

"I don't mind you playing doctor, but don't bother me with those bills 'for professional services'!"

COLLIER'S GUSTAV LUNDBERG

Moreover, the research work of Big Business multiplies business opportunities for smaller businesses, in many areas of American industry, creating the basic know-how without which hundreds of smaller competitors would never come into being, and without which they could not prosper. Equally important, the money and the energy essential to creation of a *demand* for a new product comes chiefly from large undertakings, with benefit to small business as well as large—and a resulting general stimulation of competition.

When the Sherman Act set out to protect competition, in 1890, research was almost unknown in American industry. Even in the days of Teddy Roosevelt and the early battles with the trusts there was a total of only 4,000 scientists in the whole country. The first modern industrial laboratory—General Electric—was not founded until 1900, its staff consisting of two men. Today there are 2,800 such industrial laboratories, manned by 70,000 technical people. In 1900 our national expenditure for research was almost nil, and even by 1920 it was only about $60,000,000. Today it is well over $3,000,000,000. The overwhelming proportion—probably in excess of 80 per cent—of this vast research activity is in large undertakings.

The greatest single factor in competition today is research and development. This fact alone makes obsolete and inadequate most of our "horse-and-buggy" ideas about how competition can be maintained. And since Bigness and research go together we are, I think, forced to accept this important proposition: far from leading to Monopoly, as was once the case, today more and more Bigness is creating and stimulating competition.

In still another way Bigness is changing the face of things in America and profoundly changing the nature of competition. I refer to the great sweep toward diversification in industry. The average citizen is hardly aware that this powerful trend exists, much less that it has attained such giant proportions in a few years' time.

Few developments in the past 25 years hold such promise for a strengthening of genuine and creative competition in America. Here, as in the case of research and development (with which it is closely related) industrial diversity is largely a function of Bigness.

"Diversified" farming is a well-known idea. A farmer owns a 180-acre farm; all of it used to raise corn, or perhaps cotton. When weather and market conditions are exceptionally good, he benefits by this specialization. But when things go wrong, he is in a bad way. So he decides to "diversify." Part of his acreage stays in his staple cash crop. But part of his land he converts to pasture, and starts a dairy or a beef cattle herd. Another section of his land he plants in soybeans, or peanuts, or uses to produce hay for outside sale. He has spread his market and weather risks. He now can afford to gamble on unusual success with his specialized crops.

Diversification in investments is also well known, in the form of the "investment trust" especially.

For a long time, however, the tradition of American industry—heavy industry particularly—did not favor diversity. There have been exceptions, but this has been the rule. Steelmen stuck to steel, coal producers concentrated on coal exclusively; brewers and distillers, glassmakers and foundrymen did not as a rule go off into new fields. The old-timers still say to younger associates: "Cobbler, stick to your last."

But within the past decade or so, led by the petroleum and chemical industries, a wave of diversification has struck almost the whole of American industry. This is swiftly becoming one of the chief characteristics of large-scale business today. The implications of this diversification upon the New Competition and on the function and utility of Bigness have hardly been noted. In my opinion they are very great.

The Celanese Corporation of America is one interesting example, of which there are many. This large enterprise for years had as its prime business the production of yarn used to make textile fibers. For raw materials for these yarns Celanese depended on cellulose, essentially purified wood pulp or cotton linters—the fuzzy "waste" that clings to the cottonseed. This cellulose material is treated with chemicals, so that it can then be spun into filaments or yarns suitable for the making of textiles.

Recently Celanese has entered the chemicals business in a big way. Celanese is today a large producer of the so-called petro-chemicals (that is, chemicals made from petroleum or liquefied natural gas) and is engaged in extensive and costly research in this field. Some of the chemicals made by this "textile firm" are needed for making its basic product of fibers. But the production goes way beyond this, to include the chemicals needed for synthetic textiles (that is, the so-called true synthetic fibers, of which nylon is an example).

The competition of these "true synthetic fibers" with Celanese's cellulose-based materials doubtless accounts in part for this entry into a new industry. But in its chemical operations Celanese has now become a large producer of materials remote from fibers—glycols, formaldehyde, methanol, industrial alcohols, solvents and so on.

The fact is that a very large fiber concern has gone into quite another business, the general production and sale of industrial chemicals.

THERE are a number of reasons why Celanese, to strengthen its competitive position in fibers, decided to go thus far in diversifying its operations. But what is chiefly significant, in this present analysis of Bigness and competition, is the way in which this change in Celanese has strengthened competition quite outside and beyond the field of textile fibers.

Companies in entirely different fields, those engaged in the making of varnish, for example, and synthetic rubber or insecticides or plastics, now have in Celanese an additional and important potential source of their essential chemical materials. Moreover, by Celanese's entry into the chemical business, as a "side line," it is less likely that large chemical companies can buy or browbeat their way into control of industrial chemicals so as to lessen competition with their own finished products.

The entry of Celanese means that these chemical-producing companies are under greater pressure to improve their own product, because still another large concern, outside the chemical field, is now engaged in research and development and production of these materials. Diversification by Celanese, for its own corporate reasons of profit and stability and spreading of risks, has improved the competitive situation for a great many concerns as far away from textile fibers as one can imagine. That it requires Bigness to engage in this kind of diversification is obvious. Thus Bigness has improved and broadened competition.

Distilling and making penicillin seem quite unrelated, industrially and in every other way. Yet Schenley Industries has put the two together. Schenley's subsidiary, Schenley Laboratories, Inc., is engaged in research, development and production of such antibiotic drugs as penicillin and streptomycin. The two fields are actually not

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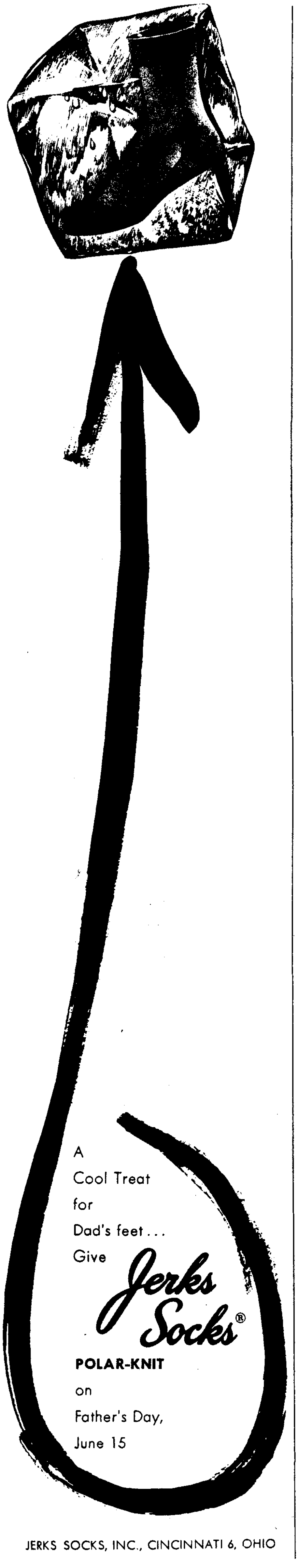


JERKS SOCKS, INC., CINCINNATI 6, OHIO

so far apart as would at first appear. Schenley Industries has a backlog of experience and knowledge of the beneficial bacteria and molds. This is the foundation both of the ancient brewers' art and the ultramodern science of which penicillin and other "magic drugs" are examples.

Here again the effect of this diversification is to spur competition in the newer branches of the pharmaceutical industry. Whatever danger there may be of inertia or of monopoly control by the old-time drug concerns is lessened, the general public gets wider choice and other benefits of competition of ideas and of products.

THE conservative coal-producing industry is one of the latest to join the movement toward diversification. The Hanna interests of Ohio and Pennsylvania is an outstanding illustration of a historic coal miner moving into a wholly different field as a result of technical development and the pressure of the New Competition, the competition of alternatives. This is taking place through the medium of the largest single coal producer in the country, Pittsburgh Consolidation Coal Company.

If this company's first-rate research efforts prove economically successful (as I believe they will) a coal company will in time become a producer of synthetic gasoline (made from coal), synthetic gas, a large-scale producer of many of the so-called hydrocarbons, the building blocks of the plastics and synthetic fiber industries, now derived from some form of petroleum. As a consequence it can be anticipated that the Hanna interests will increase their activities in producing a great variety of products based on chemicals. These include rayon, of which they are already a large producer, and a variety of plastics.

For the traditionally single-minded coal-producing industry to diversify in this way is a remarkable demonstration of the wave of diversification that is so rapidly changing our industrial pattern. And we are only witnessing the barest beginning of diversification in the coal industry.

The case presents an illustration of the New Competition. Antitrust suits against big producers of chemical raw materials seem a feeble weapon indeed compared to the affirmative and competition-stimulating effects of this trend of diversification.

Other illustrations could be added from a score of different fields. Here is a corn products company, making sirup and such. It uses the cornstalks and corncobs—"waste" products—as the basis for moving into cellulose production, and from there to making plastics and other end-products. A big milk producer turns some of its "surplus" into proteins, and from proteins into fibers. A beet sugar concern produces amino acids out of "wastes," and from this produces food flavorings. The great rubber companies move into nitrogen and other chemical production.

One of the largest of our food machinery companies, whose historic activity has been tinning or packing of vegetables and fruits, acquires a chemical company and becomes one of the country's largest producers of elemental phosphorus; this phosphorus it then uses to produce washing powders—so-called detergents, competing with the large soap concerns.

And so the tale of diversification goes. One can keep up with it only by reading the daily news reports, so rapidly is this happening.

Taken together with the movement to integration, to which I shall refer in a moment (and with which it is closely related in its functioning) I am inclined to think that diversification is changing the dynamics of American industry and of the competitive system as much as any single development since the advent of mass production and mass marketing a generation ago.

The consequences will reach throughout industry and throughout business practices. This will be quite evident to the man on the street in the course of another five years or so. Hardly any phase of our economic life will be unaffected, but perhaps the chief consequence is as a part of the New Competition.

Bigness is an integral part of this movement toward diversification. It is self-evident that only big units with large resources, or the putting together of small or medium units into large ones, are able to accomplish diversification of the kind I have described.

The New Competition has taken still another turn since trust busting was in its heyday. It is a development that has been intensified in the past 10 years. For lack of a better term I shall call it industrial independence; the more commonly used expression is "integration."

The subject of integration is complex, with infinite ramifications about which economic experts have written at great length. Opinions as to its desirability, from the public viewpoint, vary greatly. Although many particular instances to the contrary can be cited, it seems to me that, on balance, the over-all effect of industrial integration has been a strengthening of the New Competition.

Here again, Bigness plays an essential role.

Take the Ford Motor Company as an example. The Ford company must be able to have a continuous supply of the basic materials required for the building of an automobile or truck. If an interruption of flow of materials and components of automobiles is accomplished by Ford's rivals, this would constitute, from the consumer's viewpoint, a grave *failure of the competitive system.* Per contra, anything that prevents this interruption or protects against it strengthens and fortifies rivalry among auto manufacturers, and widens the area of choice of the prospective purchaser of cars.

(I am not here referring to limitations on supply of materials by direction of government, during a time of shortage due to war or defense preparations, but only to limitations resulting from competitive forces.)

Generally speaking, there are two ways any large manufacturer can protect his vital lines of supply. One is by contract with suppliers of these individual items upon which its life depends. The other is to supply itself from its *own* mines, steel plants, tire factories and so on. The latter course creates many problems. Many executives believe that it creates more troubles than it solves, generally speaking; but it does provide independence from the inroads of competitors who may be able to cut their life lines, and to that important extent limit or suppress competition.

At the height of its growth the Ford Motor Company for many years practiced industrial independence as a means of strength in the competitive race. Ford carried integration a long way, purchasing coal fields, extensive timber holdings, railroads, river tows and barges.

It is hard to conceive of any action of its great competitors that Ford's policy of independence did not anticipate. Since World War II the company has come to rely more heavily on contractual agreements with multiple suppliers.

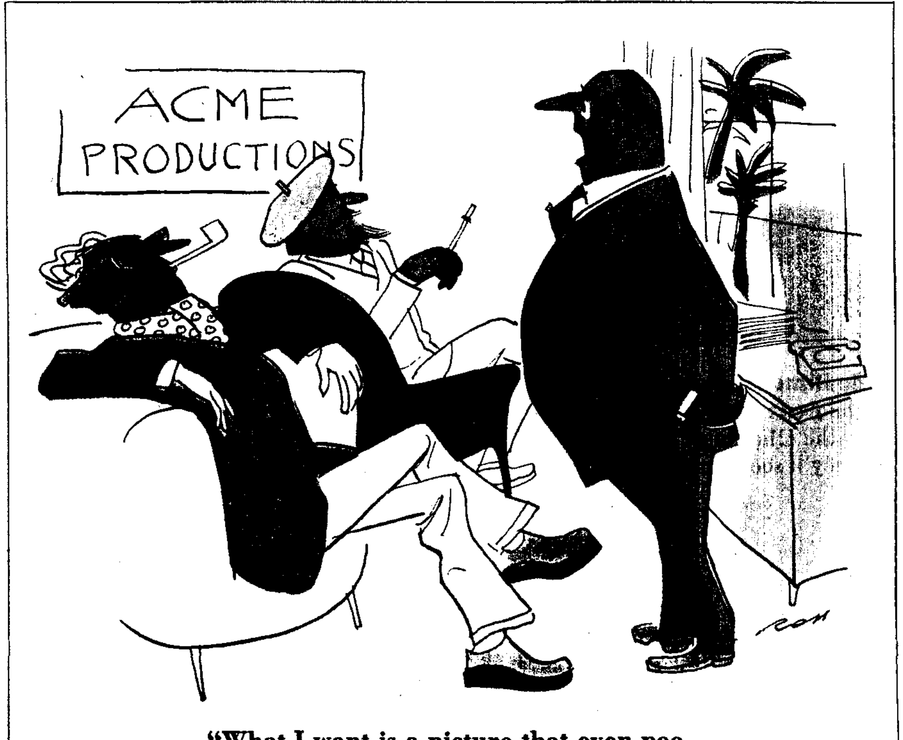
It was the first automobile manufacturer to have its own steel mill. Recently Ford announced plans for construction of new plants in northern Michigan to recover iron from low-grade ores, and has added further to its own shipping facilities; but generally it has been moving in the direction of reducing holdings in other fields, such as coal and timber.

Not many industrial concerns have carried industrial independence during their period of greatest expansion as far as Ford, and, of course, few have the resources or the inclination to do so. But the same principle has been adopted to a marked extent throughout large sectors of American business. The effect on competition has been a direct one, in protecting these integrated operations against the dangers of being deprived of materials or being "held up" on prices.

AS a part of the New Competition, there are several other forms of integration, or industrial independence, the net effect of which is to make competition more lively. Thus, to secure market acceptance of a new kind of product—the first electric refrigerator, or the first kitchen waste-food disposal appliance, or a new drug, for examples—it is not enough for a manufacturer to make a good product. A great deal of advertising and sales and educational effort and expenditure that the distributor or the retailer may not be willing to assume is required, or the new product dies on the vine.

Or it may be that the new product—the television receiver or oil burner furnace in their inception, for example—is one that should have the kind of servicing that does not exist among distributors. Or it may be that the manufacturer's competitors may have pretty well sewed up the distributor and retail field.

In such cases, it may not be enough, in the interest of competition, for the manufacturer to be independent in his sources of supply; he may also have to "integrate forward" and have a hand in the distribution function, even at times dealing directly with the customer.



COLLIER'S "What I want is a picture that even people with television sets will go to see!" AL ROSS

Although this process often steps on toes, and has been the occasion for charges of monopoly or unfair competition, the net result in general has been to stimulate competition and to make possible the success of hundreds of new products.

As I have said, this independence, or move toward self-sufficiency, is often a phase of diversification. The making of airplanes illustrates the point. An airplane, and particularly a military aircraft, requires scores of electronic devices with intricate wiring circuits.

Most of these devices are developed and supplied by the country's large and enterprising electronics manufacturers, General Electric, Westinghouse, Radio Corporation of America and so on.

But most large airplane manufacturers also have their own extensive electronics departments, fully manned and equipped for the specialized electronics needs of their own aircraft. In a sense this is diversification—airplane makers in the electronics business. But it is also a manifestation of the extensive movement toward industrial independence. If the time ever comes when competitors tried to cut into their supply of these vital devices, or their availability, this independence in electronics would stand the airplane makers in good stead. Or if the electronics companies did not move ahead in research and development to suit the needs of aeronautics, the airplane makers would not be without a way of spurring them on.

MORT WALKER

"The trouble is that all the important discoveries have already been made"

COLLIER'S MORT WALKER

This same principle obtains in many other fields of industry. Getting exclusive control of any vital industrial material or component today is thereby most difficult, not because of Senator Sherman of 1890 but because of conditions built into industry of U.S.A. 1952.

THE Celanese Corporation, referred to earlier, is dependent upon a supply of wood pulp for its major product of textiles. Quite recently this company has acquired large holdings of timber in Canada through a subsidiary "for the purpose" (according to the company) "of harvesting and growing perpetual crops of forest products." A yarn maker thus becomes as well a major lumber company. Similarly large newspapers (the Chicago Tribune, the New York Times) have large interests in lumbering and papermaking, as a measure of independence.

The territorial United States is the biggest unified free market the world has ever seen: biggest in geographic extent, in total dollar volume, in variety, in the proportion of individuals with high incomes—a very important point. It is by all odds the most highly competitive market, in the sense that the customers are keyed to competition, and are subjected to stimulus from all sides to be very conscious of the relative and comparative merits of various products, or to alternative ways of spending their income.

The United States then is One Big Market, the first of its kind in history.

For a manufacturing business to stay alive in a localized market, or even a regional one, it has only to keep up with local competitors, or regional ones. This, roughly, was the status of competition in the days when we were an agricultural country, when the Sherman Act was debated and passed, and indeed until the advent of the New Competition about thirty years ago.

In manufacturing, it is rapidly coming to be true that to stay alive and prosper a manufacturing concern must be prepared to meet competition coming to its prospective customers from any place within the One Big Market which is the U.S.A.

No part of the big market can be ignored, and new technical developments frequently have this very thing in mind—to enable a producer economically to reach further and further in the national market.

Take such a traditionally localized product as milk. When I lived in Valparaiso, Indiana, as a boy, milk deliveries were not even town-wide, but a matter of the capacity of your neighbor's cow. Milk now has become regionalized, by rapid transport; a new development to can fresh milk may put it on a national market.

And if the customers (individuals or corporate) cannot be reached and fought for because of transport costs, or other reasons, a branch plant or assembly point is set up in the locality or region. The communities of the country are dotted with local Coca-Cola Bottling Works, part of a national business.

As a consequence of competition for the One Big Market, localized manufacturing with a localized market is more and more becoming an exception, and its economic difficulties, within its own market, as against national competition, grow all the time. A chief function of small localized manufacture is coming to be that of a *supplier* to some national business, a Big Business. Such large firms as Standard Oil of New Jersey, General Electric, General Motors, R.C.A. and hundreds of others provide a market for thousands of small, even very small, manufacturers of single components of the larger company's products. This in part accounts for the remarkable vitality of small-plant manufacture of specialized items. Competition in its over-all effects these days *produces* Bigness. This is a central fact, often overlooked; it is something relatively recent, part of the New Competition. To compete in the Big Market takes Bigness.

What makes for Bigness then is the Big Market, which is simply to say that it is a Big Country that has created the institution of Big Business.

Bigness is a consequence of modern machinery, modern industrial research, and big struggles for nation-wide markets. Where a country's economy is characterized by the small local manufacturer and the small local market he serves with only local competition, if any, we have, typically, what we call "backward" or "underdeveloped areas."

The effects of littleness in business upon social and political fragmentation, and the contrasting unifying consequences of Bigness, present an aspect of my theme that deserves far more attention from scholars and men of affairs than it has received thus far.

The subject goes beyond the scope of these articles, but to those of us who are committed to the idea of a political Federation of Europe, and to Europeans who see in the Schuman-Monnet Coal-Steel Plan the beginning of real hope for a politically unified Europe, I commend the implications of these recent words of the president of Centre Technique des Industries de la Fonderie, the French industrialist M. Pierre Ricard:

"*. . . a single steel enterprise in America* produces by itself and solely within the United States as much steel as is produced in the whole area covered by the Schuman Plan, *where production is broken down into a hundred independent companies,* scattered over six countries, each of which has political, social, fiscal and monetary autonomy." (My italics.) (Quoted in the London Economist for December 15, 1951, page 1464.)

THE highly competitive atmosphere and tempo of American business, and of American life in general, is one of its most obvious characteristics. Selling activity, and particularly the form known as advertising, has ceased to be a mere adjunct of commerce (as it was in the days of the trust busters); it has become a major industry in its own right.

Advertising on this tremendous scale has become a new and important factor in widening the range and freedom of choice we Americans enjoy.

That a considerable portion of advertising is wasteful and ineffective, and some even in bad taste to boot, is certainly true. But it is clear to me that advertising, as an instrument of modern industry, stimulates and creates innovation. As such it is a major force in maintaining and strengthening the New Competition.

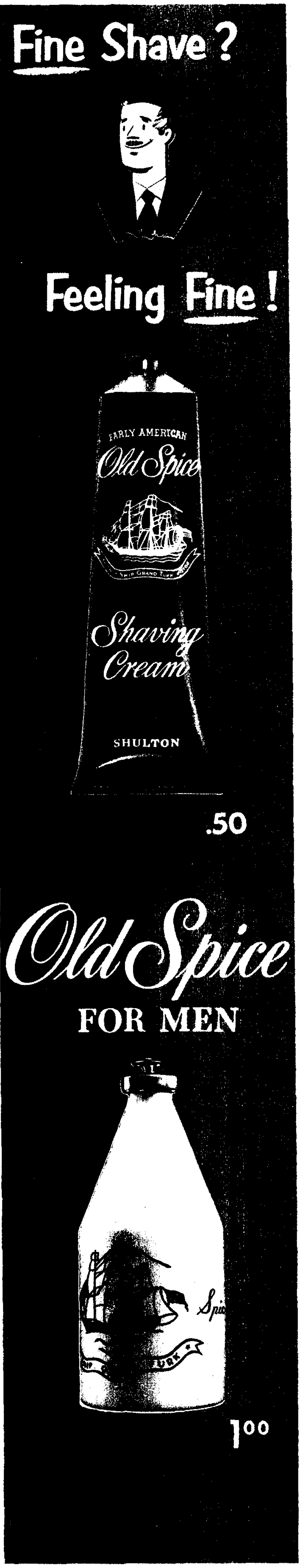
It has made us sensitive to the merits, or claimed merits, of products that compete for our dollars. It has made domination of a market by some "conspiracy" of insiders extremely difficult, if not impossible. It has kept the average man alert and demanding, so that he expects and gets a stream of new products and a diversity of goods and services unknown in earlier days, and quite without precedent anywhere in the world.

For the purpose of analyzing the effect of Bigness on competition I found it convenient to accept the assumption that competition is always desirable in and of itself, that, therefore, anything which in any degree dilutes or impairs its full force and effect is bad. This is an extreme view, however, and one I do not share.

Competition—getting ahead of the other fellow—is by no manner of means the *only* powerful incentive in the American industrial system. Moreover, our belief in competition is not an absolute one: in large sectors of our system we have severely modified competition—the so-called "fair trade" laws—or even eliminated direct competition, as in the field of public utilities and carriers.

Competition is not regarded by us as an end, but only a means to an end. The end is to achieve a certain kind of society and a kind of individual life which to us seems desirable. In the following chapter I shall attempt to describe this society.

These articles form the basis of a book by Mr. Lilienthal which is to be published by Harper's next January


Fine Shave?
Feeling Fine!
EARLY AMERICAN Old Spice Shaving Cream SHULTON
.50
Old Spice FOR MEN
1.00

The Reluctant Inventor

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20

Bob said. "Look, I've got somebody waiting. Must go. Pete, how about lunch tomorrow?"

"Okay," Pete said.

"Don't let this expert scare you," Bob said, then left. They were alone. They gazed at one another. Immediately, Joyce was conscious of a certain startled awareness in his manner. In common with all other attractive young women well into their twenties, she could identify that awareness with the speed of light.

"What is it?" she asked.

With an effort, he stopped staring and held it up. "Pot holder."

"Looks like a helicopter," she said.

"Nope. Holds pots. Look." He was all business, at once. He found a blank stretch of wall over a stove and showed how it would go. Now it looked somewhat the way an electric fan would look if you screwed its base to a wall so that the fan faced downward, except that, instead of fan blades, this thing had slender spokes. From each spoke hung a small hook. "Hang your pots on the hooks," he said. "Room for ten pots. To get the pot you want, just spin the wheel. Saves poking around in a cupboard all filled with pots."

She pondered, feeling very much the scientist. "What about the lids?"

He snapped his fingers. His eyes went blank. "Stupid of me," he muttered. "Lids, of course." His trance lasted about a minute. "A rack," he said. "Probably wooden. Slots slanting upward. Something like one of those racks for time-clock cards. Just file the lids in the slots. It could be attached to the wall."

SHE couldn't have restrained her enthusiasm even if she'd wanted to. She said so. His slow, pleased beam was like that of a boy complimented on his whittling. She was disarmed into giving him absolutely her best smile. Then she conducted him on a tour of all her kitchen's gadgets, and they happened across the two llama steaks she'd been studying when Bob had telephoned from below.

"Say," he said. "Steaks, eh?"

"Llama steaks," she said.

He looked impressed. "To eat?"

"Yes."

He paused longer than some men would have. She gave him credit for that. But then he said it: "If you would hold still," he said tentatively, "I could go out and buy the best bottle of Burgundy I can find for a buck and you could show me how an expert cooks llama steaks."

She prepared her mind to give him the heave-ho. From long practice, she knew she could give a man the brush in such a way that he'd feel forever after that he'd been a fool even to presume that she would put up with him for a minute. She was about to administer this treatment, or, since he was Bob's friend, perhaps a slightly kinder variation, when it occurred to her that it was now after five. Her prospects for the evening included a solitary supper at home, a book she didn't particularly like, and perhaps, by way of excitement, a warm bath. And, uh, well, he seemed harmless, and, uh. "Well," she said. "All right."

The steaks were good. The wine, as he had promised, was absolutely the best one-dollar Burgundy in the land.

As she ate, she asked, "How does a man get to be an inventor?"

The way he told it, it was simple. He'd been an accountant. A friend of his had a workshop. He had begun by borrowing the workshop; later he had bought the tools. One night he started fixing an old fishing reel he'd been intending to fix for years, and after two months had a reel which, when a button was pressed, wound line back in automatically. A fishing-tackle company bought the idea. He responded by going to work on an old fishing rod and winding up with a rod fitted with a spring, which would cast a bait accurately more than a hundred feet. The company bought that, too.

"That's when I made my big mistake," he said, helping her to more wine. "I quit my job." He paused. "I guess it wasn't a mistake, at that. I didn't like the job and I like being an inventor. Trouble is, I also like eating, as you see. And one thing I've found out is that if an inventor wants to eat he's got to peddle more than two gadgets in a year."

"Is it really that bad?"

"Almost," he said. "Actually, though, I've never missed a meal. No other inventor can make that statement." He grinned. "Of course, I'm not always as lucky as this in my cadging."

"It wasn't cadging," she said politely. She didn't tell him what she'd thought, at first, it was.

At eight o'clock, the steaks and the wine were finished. She poured the last of the coffee with regret. She was really beginning to feel quite warm toward him. But this was far enough, the first night.

KENNESAW

"Kennesaw, is this one of them five and ten store rings or one of them cheap ones you get in popcorn boxes?"

COLLIER'S REAMER KELLER

He said, "Can I help you with the dishes? Or would a man working here be considered as profaning the chapel?"

Another man once had invented the dishwasher. Naturally, she had one here. She didn't tell him that. It wasn't really worth while, for these few dishes. "Grab a towel, inventor," she said.

A LITTLE later, she was washing a cup. When she handed it to him, their hands touched. The touch jolted her. Surprised, she looked up. He was looking at her in a way she would remember; a look as surprised as hers. They were really quite close. He leaned toward her.

For an instant, she almost waited for the kiss. But then the habits of a lifetime came bashing in. All warmth evaporated as she jerked her head away. Trying to kiss her the first time out, was he? She said her lines coldly. "Don't you think that's carrying kitchen research a little too far?"

"I'm sorry," he said, much abashed, fumbling. "I'm a victim of impulse."

"I'm not!" she said, angrily ignoring the fact that it was true this time only by the width of a gnat's brow.

He was really abject now. "I'm terribly sorry," he said.

"You should be!"

And that, kiddies, she said to herself, is that. And she'd never been further from the truth.

They parted that night like people who have met casually and may never meet again. She was reasonably proud of the way she ignored what had happened and reached out her hand to his when she said good night. She managed to maintain her state of certainty until she got home to her apartment. The first gap in her armor appeared when she thought, with an amused shrug, that it really had been too bad, him acting that way, when they were getting along so well. As she went to sleep, she caught herself thinking rather warmly of the instant their hands had touched.

The next day, she found herself hurrying to the telephone each time it rang. The second day, she began suffering all the psychological whimwhams (Children? Home? Husband? Where am I?) which are supposed to assault-career women every time they lay down their tommy guns and relax. She'd never felt them before. The third night, in bed, she faced the issue squarely. She remembered the instant she had hesitated, waiting for the kiss, and thought: If I'd been able to tell an honest impulse from first base, then, I wouldn't be lonely now. What do I think a kiss is, anyway—a mystic rite?"

He called, on the fourth day, to thank her for the steaks and for taking time to look at his invention. He told her he'd sent the gadget off to his old pal the fishing-tackle manufacturer, who also had a kitchenware department. She hastily invited him up for coffee. When he came, she positively ached for the touch to come again and made no effort to hide her warmth. But now he had a consummate wariness. And that was the beginning of the great impasse.

After that he called around every day or so, with all his old bounce back, and some extra—almost as attentive as a lover and almost as impersonal as a brother, which was quite a combination. A month went by, and about all she accomplished was to look at his face and listen to his voice and eventually decide, as many a human being had decided before her, that she didn't know exactly why, but she was stupendously in love.

Thinking of this, waiting for him, she was still staring from the kitchen window at the snow. Suddenly, she thought she saw him on the street below. She leaned for a better look. He usually rushed along a street. This man positively slouched. He also went past the door of the building. Not him, she thought. Then the man stopped and headed for the door, as if he'd just realized that this was where he was going. Him! she thought.

HER telephone rang a minute later. He always called from downstairs before he came up. As she hurried to answer it, suddenly all the doubts were gone. She'd always been sure that the touch would come again, and now she was sure it would come this week end, and she'd be ready. She picked up the telephone, remembering warmly his stock opening for their conversations: "Is this the cooky editor?"

A mild uncertain voice in the telephone said, "Hello?"

The voice was only vaguely familiar. "This is the National Woman's Kitchen Institute," she said hesitantly. "The director speaking."

"This is Pete," he said.

"Pete! Is something the matter?"

"Why, no," he said, without conviction.

In other days, after she had admitted she was indeed the cooky editor, he'd say, "Get the coffee on! I'm on my way!"

He said, without spirit, "I'm down below."

This was awful. "Want some coffee?"

"Uh," he said. "Well, sure. Okay."

"Come right up, then."

There were a lot of things that could be wrong, she told herself. Could he have guessed she was going to throw herself at him this week end? She filled a percolator with water, put in the coffee, plugged it in. Only one other person knew the secret—Martha, Bob Hamilton's wife.

As Joyce laid out cups and sugar and cream and cookies, she went back over the ground, looking for possible leaks. The plot had been hatched at lunch with Martha on Wednesday. Martha was blonde and smooth and had been to a good girls' school. Sometimes she spoke as the product of that environment, and other times like a second baseman.

There had been cocktails and soup when Martha broke into Joyce's filibuster and said, "Hey! Do you realize you've been talking about this Pete Douglas for fifteen solid minutes?"

Joyce, caught off base, could muster no more than a sputtering and somewhat rosy denial.

"You're gone on him! I noticed it that time you and I were having coffee in the kitchen and he came in! I *told* Bob. He said I was crazy."

Joyce had been living with this thing for a month and was about ready to start talking to herself, which probably was why she'd begun bending Martha's ear so promptly this lunchtime. She was ready to give, and Martha was eager to hear.

"Maybe I'm the one who's crazy," Joyce said.

"Hasn't he done—well, *anything?*"

Joyce, in a small voice, told her of the first night, the attempted kiss. She defended herself. "But it was the first time I'd met him! I'd never thought— I mean, I wasn't ready . . ."

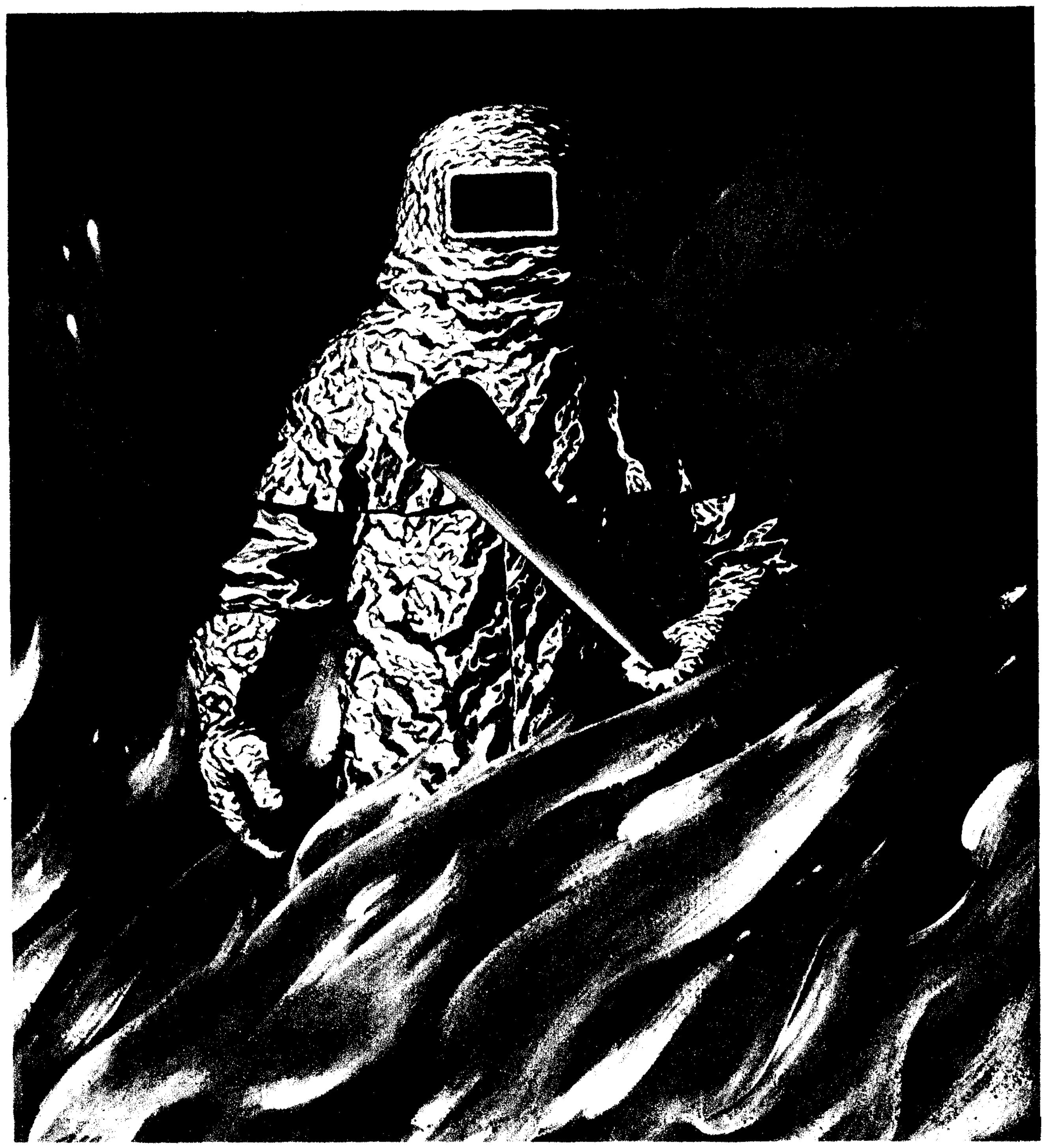
After a minute, Martha said, "Well, you've seen him often since."

"Always in the kitchen. He's never even asked me to a show!"

"You've never done anything about seeing him other places?"

"What can I do?" It wasn't exactly a wail, being well modulated, but there were qualities of the wail in it.

"Let me quote you an axiom from every girl child's garden of axioms," Martha said. "It is this: 'If you want a man, find out



New way to beat the heat

A THIN layer of aluminum foil used with glass cloth protects this aircraft crash fireman from the flaming inferno that surrounds him.

Yet he remains safely cool—largely because the aluminum foil causes heat to "bounce off."

The exceptional ability of aluminum to reflect heat is but one of a *unique combination of advantages,* which include lightness, strength, corrosion resistance, workability, light reflectivity, economy.

These properties explain why aluminum is the most *versatile* of metals...and therefore is required in ever greater quantities for today's military and civilian uses. To meet this need, Kaiser Aluminum is expanding facilities and will soon increase production of primary aluminum by 137 per cent.

All the applications shown here are examples of aluminum's heat reflectivity. Manufacturers are invited to call on Kaiser Aluminum engineers to learn how this advantage, and others in combination, can improve products and reduce costs.

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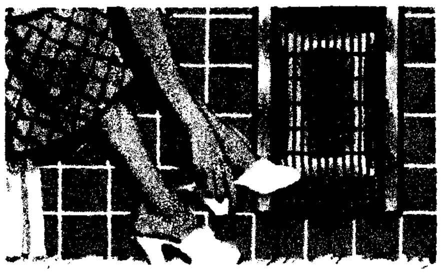
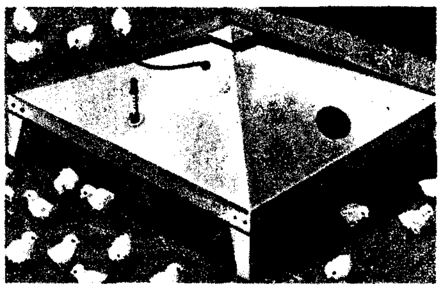
Reflectivity means lightweight warmth! New fabrics are insulated with aluminum impregnated linings to reflect and hold body heat...give you winter-warmth in a coat far lighter than you formerly needed.

Reflectivity means more profits for farmers! Because Kaiser Aluminum Roofing reflects sun's heat, it keeps interiors *cooler* in summer. Thus cows and chickens produce more, crops stay fresher, more valuable.

Reflectivity means more comfort! Home insulation of aluminum foil reflects heat *into* rooms during winter, keeps it *out* during summer. Low in cost, easy to install, adds no bulk to walls!



Reflectivity means more heat! Modern heaters employ aluminum reflectors to send heat into the room, distribute it evenly. Result: More comfort, lower fuel bills!



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Happy the Bride who chooses

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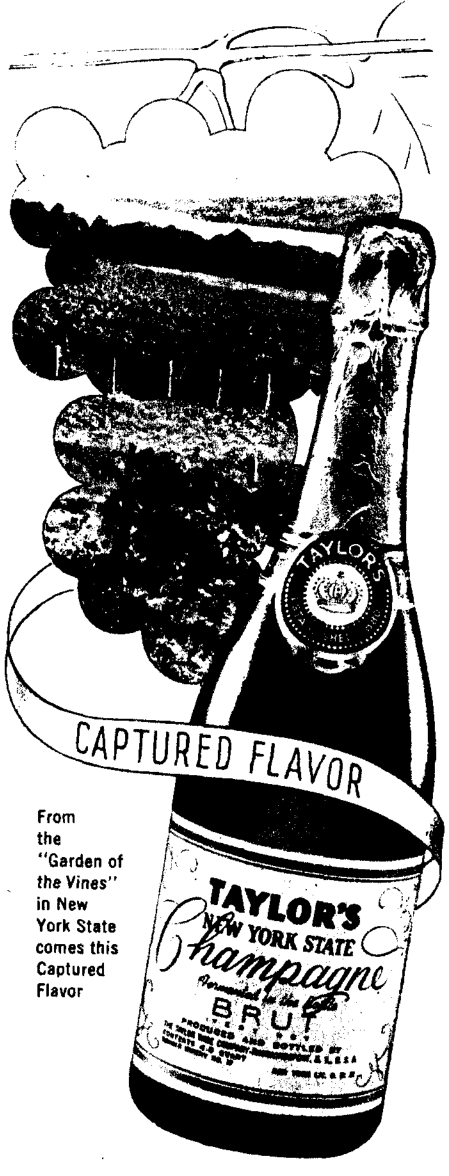
Tradition chimes "TAYLOR'S"—for a bubbling, beautiful beginning. And, joyfully, you will find TAYLOR'S in tune with *any* bridal budget. So . . . insist on Taylor's for *your* day—and to entertain happily ever after!

Write for folder telling how to choose and serve champagne. The Taylor Wine Company, Vineyardists and Producers, Hammondsport, N.Y.


CAPTURED FLAVOR
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BRUT

From the "Garden of the Vines" in New York State comes this Captured Flavor

From the famous cellars at Hammondsport, New York

where he's going to be and be there, too.' "

"I don't want to chase him!"

"That's not chasing. It's just sort of prodding coincidence."

Before they were half through the shrimp creole, they had cooked up this plan to give coincidence one almighty prod this week end. It was to be called a housewarming, although the Hamiltons had lived in their new house since last June. They tried to figure out some way to make it look as little as possible like a fix, but finally gave up. The Hamiltons had two spare bedrooms, no more, and thus no room for supporting players for this drama. A few people would be asked in as props for the Friday-night opening from the immediate area of Windrush, the rural district where the Hamiltons lived.

AFTER lunch, with Joyce standing near, Martha telephoned Pete at the rooming house behind which he rented a garage as a workshop. He said he'd be delighted to come. And yesterday, at four-o'clock coffee in the kitchen, he'd been telling Joyce it should be a good week end, skiing and tobogganing and shoveling out the driveway. Even if he knew every word of her conversation with Martha that lunchtime, it wouldn't make him sound as he did now. He'd either welcome being chased or refuse altogether to have any part of it. There could be nothing in between.

For the latter stages of this swift survey of the plot for possible loopholes, Joyce had been standing in the middle of the kitchen's vast tiled floor, holding two spoons. Now she heard the elevator door and turned to wait as his steps approached along the hall.

He walked through the doorway like an absent-minded hypnotist, his eyes fixed on hers. He shook some drops of water from his damp hat and turned down the collar of his tweed topcoat.

"Wet out," he said. "Snow."

"Oh," she said. "I thought maybe it was a nice warm June rain." A really witty remark, to buck him up.

"Nope," he said. "Snow."

"Sit down," she said, beginning to feel a deeper alarm. "Bob's busy downstairs on something. Said he'd be ready about six."

"Bob?"

"To drive us out to Windrush."

"Oh, yes," he said. "Windrush."

Good Lord, Joyce thought to herself as she went to see if the coffee was ready, this is a bad dream. It was then that she thought about his invention. Halfway back to the table, she stopped and stared at him, holding back a question just in time. He had told her not to ask, that he would tell her when he had news, good or bad. He said he watched the postman too much himself and didn't want her worrying, too. When she stared at him, he was also staring at her, and he lowered his eyes in confusion. As she came back with the coffee, she decided it couldn't be the invention. It was too big. She'd known him only a month, but she had often heard him report on his troubles with his gadgets. He cursed manufacturers roundly, but with a sort of macabre good humor. In other words, rejections didn't make him moody like this.

"Coffee?" she asked.

"Coffee?"

"You know," she said. "That brown stuff."

Bob Hamilton rescued her a few minutes later. In that time Pete drank coffee and looked this way and that way and down at his hands, and at her. Mostly at her. If she'd been his wife, she would have said sharply, "What are you looking at me like that for?" And he, as her husband, would have grunted some evasive, lying reply. But they were denied even this comfort. Then Bob called from downstairs and said he was ready. When they left the building and walked to his car through the early-winter darkness, snow still was falling heavily. Bob held the front door open and said, "Get in front. Cozier."

Joyce suddenly wanted to jolt Pete. "No use being cozy with the cooky editor," she said.

"No?" Bob asked. "Did anybody try recently?"

She was feeling real daring. "Not recently."

"Hell of a lot of snow," Pete said.

As Bob honked and skidded and swore his car's way through the slippery city streets and eventually to the open road, Joyce tried to conduct a scientific mental inquiry into what could be the matter. Having discarded the theory that Pete was having trouble with his invention, and also the possibility that he might be aware she was planning to stalk him to earth this week end, she searched through what else she knew about him. She knew quite a bit, because she had made it her business to find out. She went over what she knew for clues.

He hadn't really been born in the upper reaches of the Fraser River during a salmon run, as he once had contended. He'd been born in Seattle, had gone to school there, and had gone to war straight from college. She wondered if something could have happened to his parents. They kept bees on Vancouver Island. She remembered this well because once he'd said his real ambition was to be an assistant beekeeper, and that if he didn't strike it rich pretty soon he'd be in a position to realize that ambition. But she decided it couldn't be his parents. He'd have mentioned that.

The only conclusion she reached, finally, was that she and Pete were here in this car, pressed close together from their shoulders to their knees, and that every inch of her was aware of it.

"Almost there," Bob said, turning off the highway to a road that had been plowed recently but was filling again with snow.

"So we are," she said, absently.

Pete's arm was on the seat, behind her head. He moved it. "My arm's gone to sleep," he said, putting it down between them, making them even closer. She looked up into his eyes. For an instant, he had the same look he'd had back in the kitchen that first night, just before he'd leaned forward to kiss her. She waited, holding his glance shamelessly now, thinking: Shoot the works, even here; explain it all to Bob later. But Pete turned abruptly and stared out the window.

"The snow," he said forlornly, "is really coming down."

The driveway hadn't been plowed. Bob slammed the car into a drift by the mailbox to get it off the road, and they walked from there along a path about nine inches wide.

"Martha must have shoveled it," Bob called back. "Nobody else can get a path this narrow with an ordinary shovel."

Joyce walked behind Bob. The snowflakes felt good against her cheeks. Occasionally she glanced back at Pete, who was shouldering his way through the storm with his collar around his ears and his hat pulled down. It was then that she made her decision. No matter what, this was the week end she had planned to make the big pitch. Business as usual would be her motto. She sent straight into his puzzling eyes the best little old smoldering look she could muster.

Then they were at the door. Martha hustled them all inside and squeezed Joyce's hand and smiled at Pete and hugged Bob, snow and overcoat and all.

From the hall, they walked down the steps into the long living room. Reflections of the fire in the long stone fireplace flickered on the curtains covering a huge window which was the west wall of the room.

"I've got news," Martha said, facing them at a long, semicircular divan in front of the fire.

"Good, I trust," Joyce said.

"Terrible," Martha said, smiling at Joyce like a conspirator. "Nobody can come tonight because of the snow."

Pete seemed to be able to speak to Martha like old Pete instead of new Pete. He grinned. "Figured it would take some monumental slamming to get any more cars into that drift out there."

"The radio's been warning people to stay off the roads," Martha said happily. "We'll just have to have this housewarming by ourselves."

"Suits me," Bob said. "You take Pete and Joyce to their rooms and I'll mix drinks."

In Joyce's room, Martha asked, "How's it going, old pal, old pal?"

Joyce, depressed and worried, told her. Martha frowned. "Well," she said finally, "if you didn't do anything to make him that way, it must be something else. Crowd him into the boards. Make him do something."

Joyce was unpacking her bag. "Know what he'd say?" she asked.

"What?"

Joyce mimicked Pete's slow voice: "Sure as hell is snowing."

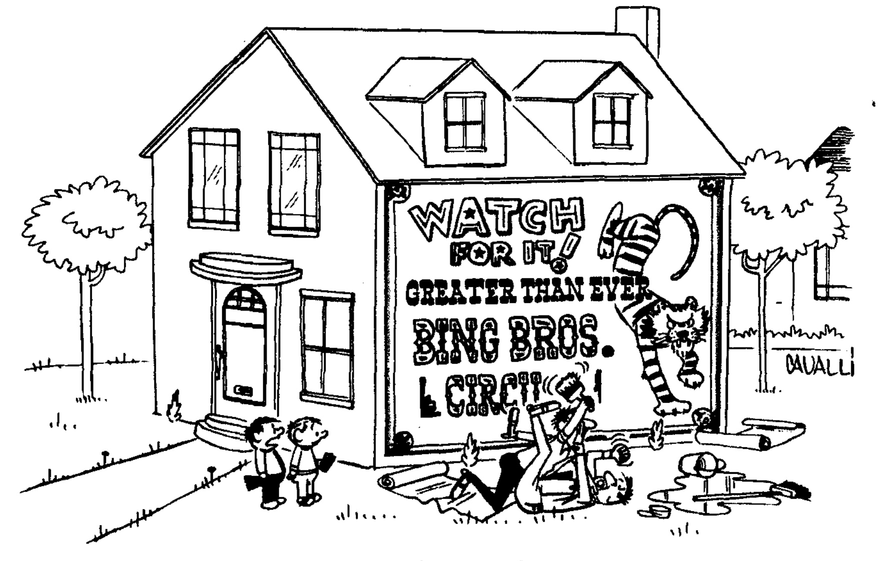
FOR a while, that evening, Joyce thought that, with all this chopping, the chips were finally starting to fly. A couple of hot buttered rums in tall, crockery beer mugs warmed them all, and Pete and Bob had a discussion on the psychological value of a fireplace in a house which also had an automatic oil furnace controlled by a thermostat which could be adjusted to the temperature desired. Joyce and Martha smiled at the male whimsey. They ate monumentally of roast beef and Yorkshire pudding and drank two bottles of Medoc, and Pete and Bob retired with brandy to the living room. Joyce could hear them talking while she and Martha did the dishes. "Hey!" Bob called, as they were finishing.

"Be there in a minute," Martha called back. "What's up?"

"Want to show off the view."

"Wait for us!"

They finished, and came from the kitchen, and Joyce was conscious when they appeared at the steps down into the living room that, as women went, they must be


WATCH FOR IT!
GREATER THAN EVER
BING BROS.
CIRCUS!
CAVALLI

COLLIER'S "This was a nice friendly business deal until your father barged in" DICK CAVALLI very fine examples of the type. They were both young and well endowed, with bare shoulders soft in the dim lights, cloaked in fine, close-fitting gowns and, no doubt, also in the woman-mystery that is supposed to exist always in the eyes of men.

"A pair of exciting fillies, you two," Bob said. He turned out the lights. The fire had died down.

"Hey," Joyce said, "I can't see!"

"You take her hand, Pete," Martha said.

Joyce heard his voice low in the dimness. "Here, Joyce."

She reached out her hand and touched his. She waited for the slightest pressure, enough only that she could return it. But he led her to the window as gently as a man would lead a child. Bob pulled the curtains. With no light in the house now, they could see out into the night, the view Bob had wanted them to see. It was worth it. The snow had stopped and somewhere above the thinning clouds was a moon, and enough light came through so that they could see the smooth white drifts down the side of the deep, wooded ravine on the lip of which the house was perched. Below was a frozen river, snow-covered, with black, wavering trees framing it. They told one another how much beauty was there, and then Pete said conversationally, so that all could hear, "Something happened to me today."

"It must be something," Martha said, "if you had to wait until all the lights were out before you could tell us."

"Something big?" Bob asked.

Joyce stood beside Pete, with her hand in his and her shoulder touching his, and she knew that what was coming was the reason for these inscrutable hours.

"Real big," Pete said, with a lightness that seemed forced. "I sold my gadget."

In the congratulations from Martha and Bob, Joyce felt the relief like a wave. "Is that so bad, that you act as if the world had ended, or something?" she asked softly.

But Pete was still carefully speaking to everyone. "The thing is," he said, "they said they want to give me a job. They called me today. They say that any guy who can sell them three things in a row should be on their staff, with a real workshop and the best tools in the world and good pay and bonuses for successful research and all that stuff. They want me to go right away."

Joyce gradually relaxed the pressure of her hand. She was glad Bob didn't turn on the lights immediately. It gave her a chance to get her hand free and do something about her eyes, which suddenly had betrayed her. So that was it. The preoccupation had been with this, and it was understandable enough. She realized this was a break he wanted, and he was going away.

THAT night, she wept into her pillow. She was not a girl given to weeping, but later, as she lay with her eyes wet, staring at the darkness, she thought that maybe anyone can weep, given a proper excuse.

But what had she ever done to deserve this? She searched right back to her first game of post office, back home in Buffalo, for an example of where she had hurt a male and thus deserved to be paid off for her crime, however obliquely. She covered critically many breathless kisses in porch swings, but those, like the fleeting loves of her time in college, were the indisputable heritage of every red-blooded American girl. In her first job, as a traveling cooking-school lecturer for a flour company, she had been the love object of many district salesmen who arranged cooking demonstrations. But most of them already had wives, and she had never allowed herself to be trapped back of the sample cases with any of them. And then at National Woman the chase had gone on sporadically in a youthful researcher with a lisp, an elderly advertising manager with a bow tie that lighted up when he pressed a bulb in his pocket. Nothing really wrong, anywhere, except the fatal mistake of not knowing soon enough that she wanted Pete Douglas to kiss her.

The future, right then, was as dark as the room around her. In the gloom she saw herself decades from now, telling new and eager dietitians in the Kitchen Institute that once Peter Douglas, the famous gadget man, had tried to kiss her at that sink right there. She would be quite maudlin about it, she knew. She was maudlin about it now. The sink would become a shrine.

It was about then that the tap came on her door. She stiffened, listening, her heart in her throat.

"Joyce," he said shortly.

She was out of bed like a rocket, and had got halfway to the door, in her nightgown, before she remembered and went back for her robe. "Just a minute," she said, in a voice as soft as his; but he heard, for he didn't call again.

SHE opened the door. He was standing in the hallway in the dark, a tall shadow looking down at her.

"It's me," he said. "Pete."

"Yes, Pete." Her voice was so low it was not even a whisper, just a breath. Or maybe she hadn't spoken at all.

"I want to talk to you."

She was in her bare feet, but she didn't go back for her slippers for fear he would change his mind.

"Come on out into the living room," he said.

When they walked along the hall, she knew by the sound that his feet were bare too. He took her hand as they walked and he was still holding it when they stood in front of the nearly dead fire. He tossed on some wood. It sputtered and blazed and caught again.

"You must have noticed that I wasn't exactly myself today," he said.

"Yes, I did, Pete."

"I was thinking."

"Yes, Pete?"

"And not about the damn' snow all the time, either."

"Yes, Pete?"

"It was about me going away," he said. "I have to go. I know you understand that, and how much this means to me, but I didn't want to go because you and I, well, you and I . . ."

And then she thought maybe she knew what was coming, and she looked up at him in the flickering light from the fire, and all she could say was, "Yes, Pete."

He said, "I've been waiting all along for a sign. I thought I saw it that first night, and I was wrong. Then I figured that maybe with you the sign had to be a lot stronger. I've even thought lately it was getting stronger, but I was going to wait it out until I was really sure because I thought we had lots of time. When I got that letter today . . ." He paused, and held her hand tighter, and looked at her as, sometimes, she had dreamed he would look at her again. "I had to ask you to marry me and come with me, but you've got that job, and I kept thinking: How can I ask her to marry me when I haven't even kissed her?"

After two tries, she whispered, "Yes, Pete."

"Look!" he said. "Are you paying me off for all that damn' snow talk with this 'Yes, Pete' stuff?"

"No," she said. "My darling."

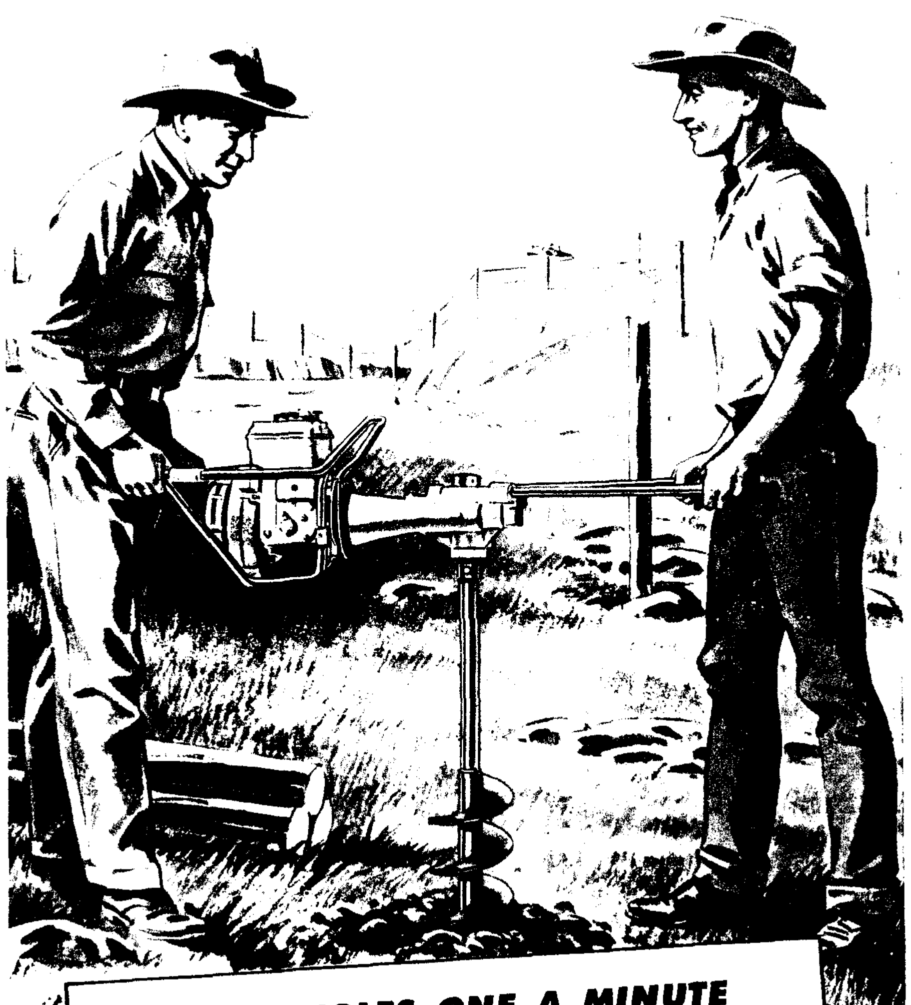
The kiss that had been so long coming was like nothing on earth, like a dream and the present and urgency and peace, all at once. She'd been right the first time—it *was* a mystic rite. And when they drew apart, perhaps it occurred to them both that if only the first kiss had been holding up the works, that event was now past.

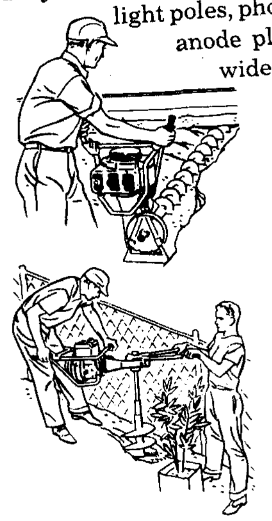
"Am I going too fast again?" he asked.

"No."

So he asked her and she said yes, and when she eventually did get back to bed, at dawn, she couldn't sleep for a long time, thinking about how surprised Martha and Bob would be, and what a wonderful week end this would be, and how beautiful was the life ahead of a well-loved woman. And when she did fall asleep, she didn't dream about anything invented recently. THE END

Ace in the Holes!





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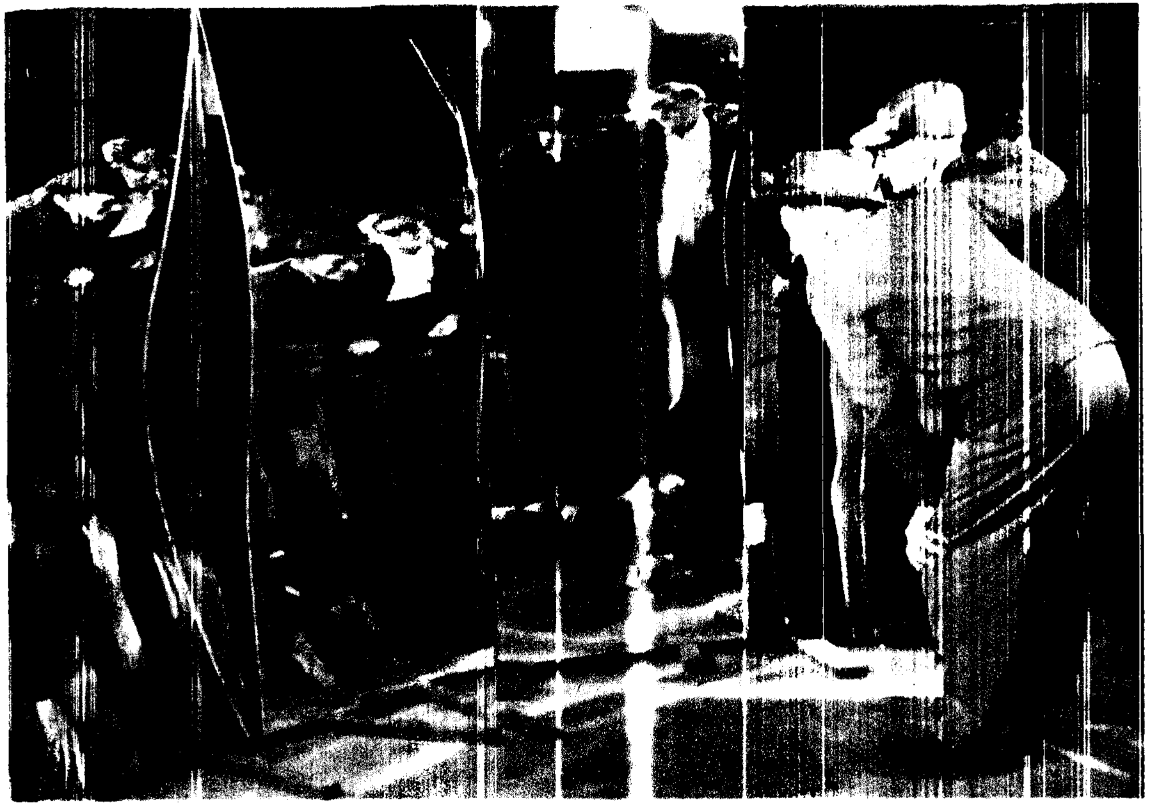
Husky Walter Kijowski melts into likeness of hippo when he checks silver backing of completed mirror. Distortion is caused by planned use of curves in fine plate glass



Crazy-mirror inspectors Dominic Kozak (in red sweater) and Arthur Michaux take time out to view reflections. Mirrors (l. to r.) stretch body, elongate legs, and lengthen torso

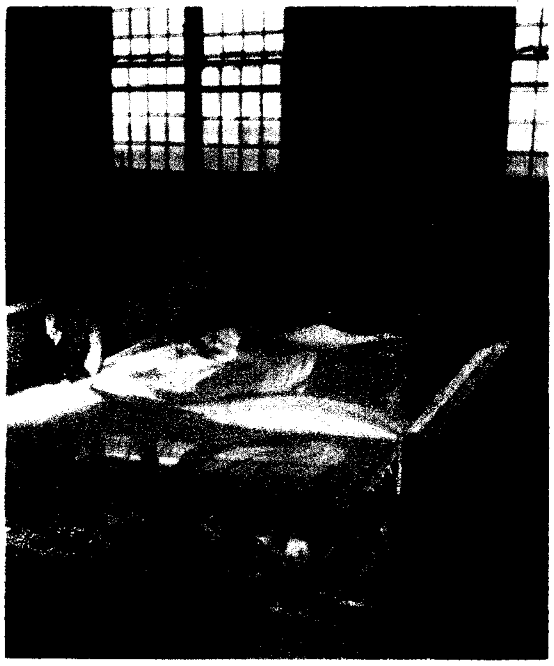
Head of Richard Brandstetter wavers crazily as he examines silver solution coating glass

LIFE IN A CRAZY MIRROR FACTORY

"WE CAN broaden the head, swell the stomach, and shorten the legs," the worker said seriously. "Of course, on the other hand, we can also stretch the legs, flatten the stomach, and produce a wonderfully pointed pinhead. It all depends on where we throw the curve." He was not a grade B-movie scientist planning a Frankensteinian monster, but one of a small group of technicians who make millions of Americans grin, giggle and shriek in the nation's amusement parks. Their product is a staple mirth maker: crazy mirrors.

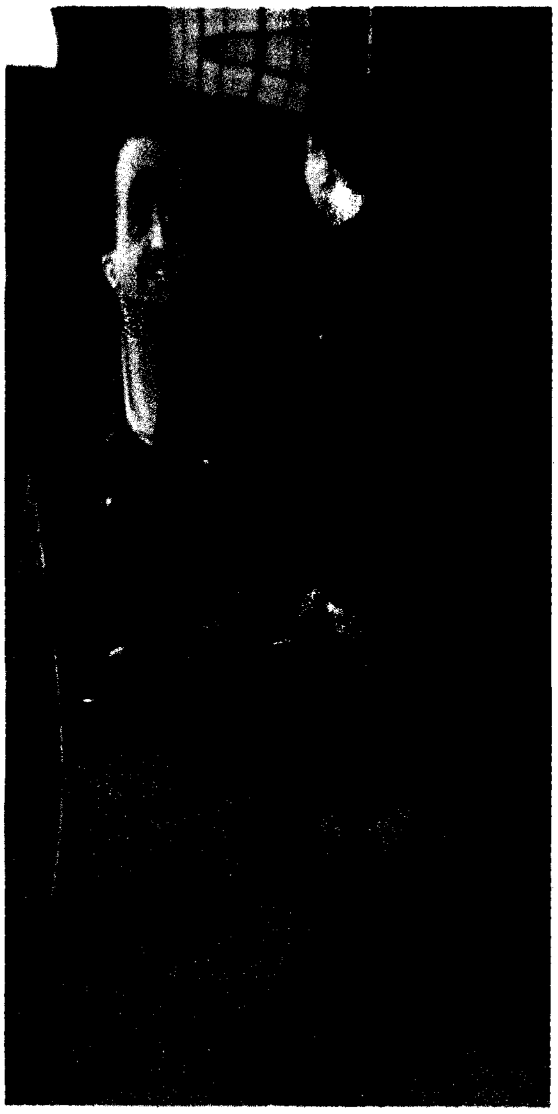
Despite the competition of roller coasters, Ferris wheels and cotton candy, crazy mirrors are still tops in popularity. But the making of a laughing mirror is no laughing matter. To the Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company it is a highly scientific operation, calling for great skill and know-how. The company, among its many other activities, builds about 150 custom-made distortion mirrors annually. First, the glass is cut, placed on a mold, and then heat-treated until various contours are produced. "It's that curve," said a shop steward, "that gives the distorting effect."

The men who tickle America's funny bone take their work seriously. "It's a trying and exacting process," said one of them. "But, believe me, life in a crazy mirror factory can be a lot of fun—maybe, though, that's only my distorted point of view." ▲▲▲



Curved glass is lifted from mold after heat process by Ludwig Valasek (r.) and James Fox

Mary Kuchta removes excess silver solution while glass grotesquely contorts her image



Massive-headed elf gazes at Carmen Scripps as he inspects newly finished crazy mirror

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY WERNER WOLFF

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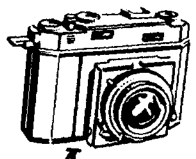
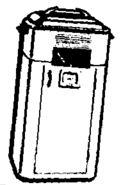
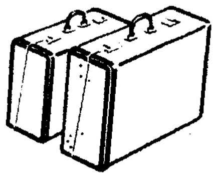


25 Ansco Karomat Cameras 35mm



25 Westinghouse Cabinet Roasters



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Concluding My White House Years

ENTER ROOSEVELT

Appraising the administration which succeeded his own, our former President writes that its impact on our way of life resulted in "not more, but less liberty" for us

By HERBERT HOOVER

This chapter is devoted to an appraisal of the economic, social and governmental revolution which in the 1932 campaign I had forecast would be the New Deal's major purpose.

By revolution I do not mean the necessary reforms of the marginal weaknesses of our American system which crop up at all times in our national progress. Several such reforms were carried out in my administration, and others were initiated but not completed. These latter included the improved regulation of banking, bankruptcy procedures, stock promotion and electrical power.

The New Deal carried through these reforms, and also inaugurated unemployment insurance and federal participation in aid to the aged. Whatever differences we might have had as to method, it was the view of both my administration and the New Deal that these measures were normal reforms whose need arose out of our growth as a nation.

I deal in this chapter, rather, with the attempts made during the New Deal to impose some features of European collectivism on the American people. H. H.

EVERY collectivist revolution rides in on a Trojan horse of "emergency." Such was the tactic of Lenin, Mussolini, Hitler and would-be men on horseback in a dozen minor countries of Europe. The technique of crying "emergency," then using it to justify subsequent acts, is the highest development demagoguery can attain.

New Deal collectivism, too, rode in on this Trojan horse. Its "emergency" was unemployment, which it had needlessly increased by bringing on the bank depositors' panic of early 1933.

In voting for the New Deal, most Americans did not realize the hideous dangers to their way of life lurking in such generous-sounding—but now falsely applied—phrases as "liberalism," "production for use," "redistribution of wealth," and "planned economy." A people traditionally willing to "try anything once" welcomed such ideas—at first.

The word "liberalism," for example, was totally distorted. From its original meaning—liberation from governmental and bureaucratic impositions—it was shifted to mean the advocacy of such impositions. Another instance was the phrase "planned economy." Ever since George Washington we had—within the limits of economic freedom—"planned" the normal functions of government: public schools; public works; health safeguards; conservation and reclamation. We had "planned" regulatory laws and standards of business conduct. But the phrase "planned economy" meant a managed currency and government dictation to or operation in agriculture, industry and foreign trade—all by a centralized bureaucracy.

All this was an attempt to crossbreed Socialism, Fascism and free enterprise. Its advocates were under the illusion that they could have economic collectivism, yet maintain representative government and personal liberties. No greater myth ever mesmerized the United States.

The "planners" were fortunate in Roosevelt's establishment of a façade of old-line Democrats who, if they ever thought about it, believed in the American system and the nineteenth-century interpretation of liberalism. In his Cabinet these included the Messrs. Hull, Farley, Cummings, Woodin, Swanson, Roper and Dern. But the Cabinet also included some collectivist-minded: Henry A. Wallace, Frances Perkins, Harold Ickes. And several of the initial Cabinet were later replaced by more "liberal" spirits: Henry Morgenthau, Jr., Francis Biddle and Frank Murphy.

But the real policy makers were the zealots at the second level, below the Cabinet. They comprised two groups. First were genuine reformers of no collectivist intent: such men as Lewis W. Douglas, Joseph P. Kennedy, Raymond Moley, James P. Warburg, John Hanes, T. Jefferson Coolidge and George Creel. These were, one by one, to drop out of the administration when they realized its true import.

Behind these, in the march on Washington, came a host of dangerous men and women—the pseudo liberals. Some were Fascist-minded, some Socialists. Even more potent were the fellow travelers who, while not actually Communists, were members of front organizations. Spread among them, in important positions, were actual Communist party members.

These left-wing groups wielded a decisive

RICHARD BEATTIE

Ex-President Hoover with younger son, Allan; Mrs. Allan Hoover; their son, Allan, Jr., and daughter, Lou Henry. This recent photograph of three Hoover generations was taken at the Greenwich, Conn., home of Allan Hoover

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influence not only on domestic but on foreign policies. As time went by, the New Deal accumulated more and more people whose ideological spectrum lay on the left. Some went so far as treason.

In after years, Congress imposed a loyalty test, through the FBI, on government officials.

That bureau informed me that at one time or other more than 1,000 members of the Communist party, or its important "fronts," had occupied official positions under the New Deal. Instance after instance of betrayal of our government to world Communism was proved.

Un-American Left-Wing Trends

These disclosures have shocked and shamed all real Americans. But shame is a minor result compared to the effects of the left-wing influences on and betrayals of American policies over that period.

Such was the New Deal's intellectual climate.

Two incidents in foreign relations during Roosevelt's first year were profoundly to affect our life.

One was the "recognition" of Russia. This had been refused by Wilson, Harding, Coolidge and myself. I put my own reason in homely terms. If a neighbor is wicked in all his relations with the community, we do not necessarily attack him. But we do not establish his respectability in the community or offer him opportunities to extend his wickedness by asking him into our home.

At the time of recognition the world knew that more than 5,000,000 people of the middle class had been butchered in Russia, and that millions were in Siberian slave camps. Detailed knowledge of Soviet intent to destroy the free world, and of the deliberate immorality of their procedures, was available from their own books, speeches and actions—but these were wholly ignored.

Besides this there were two tangible examples of Soviet interference in the United States known to Roosevelt before recognition. These were the Communist-led "Bonus March" riots of 1932 and the flooding of the world with Soviet-printed counterfeit American money.

I have previously described the Communists' role in the "march" on Washington, and their attempts to provoke bloodshed. The counterfeiting of our currency was known to the new administration from my officials, the press, reports from European banks, and the denunciation by our own Federal Reserve Banks.

This counterfeit money had been spread over Europe and Asia, and the matter had culminated in the United States with the arrest (prior to the New Deal, on January 3, 1933) of a Russian named Dechow, on his arrival here with a quantity of the bills. The next day, in Chicago, federal officials arrested a Russian Communist named V. G. Burtan for passing these bills. He was convicted on Dechow's evidence and sentenced to a long term in prison. On February 24, 1933, the New York Times carried a full exposure of the fact that the counterfeits were of Soviet government origin.

In 1939 the Times report was confirmed by Walter G. Krivitsky, a former Russian intelligence officer, who revealed that in 1928 a Russian agent had procured the proper paper here and that $10,000,000 had been printed up by the Russian government engraving establishment that year.

Despite such plain evidence, Mr. Roosevelt soon after inauguration began overtures to the Soviet government, supported, of course, by Communist and fellow traveler fifth columns already started by the Soviet government as an underground "apparatus" here.

The recognition agreement was well designed to pull wool over American eyes. It stated:

". . . The government of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics (agrees) . . . to refrain from interfering in any manner in the internal affairs of the United States . . . or to permit the formation of any organization or group . . . which has as an aim the overthrow . . . of the political or social order . . . of the United States . . ."

There were also assurances that Russia would pay its debts to our government and private citizens.

Not an atom of these undertakings was ever carried out. Within weeks the Communists—under the auspices of the Comintern, with its Moscow leadership—began intensive violation of every word of the agreement. Over the years Communist and front groups bored into every vital organ in our country, including the government.

A second New Deal act in the foreign field destined to have a crucial effect on our history was the torpedoing of the World Economic Conference of 1933. In May, 1932, I had arranged with British Prime Minister MacDonald to convoke in London, in January, 1933, a world conference for two major purposes—to stabilize currency and reduce trade barriers. The very announcement of the conference contributed to turning the tide of depression and gave new hope to a world in disorder.

In preliminary talks with foreign governments, we took the attitude that it was in the long run immaterial what number of grains of gold were in the pound, franc or any other currency, if the amount were only fixed. Prices of commodities in international trade would depend, after a period of readjustment, on the actual number of grains of gold in various currency units, not on the name of the unit. All nations regarded the ending of currency wars as the first step toward eliminating trade barriers, and obviously expected re-establishment of the gold standard on some basis. I had explained all this to Roosevelt in a preinauguration meeting. He had refused to co-operate in keeping the scheduled conference date, and it was postponed to June, 1933.

Soon after inauguration Roosevelt invited the Prime Ministers and special representatives of several countries to Washington. Joint statements were then made by him and each Prime Minister or representative, implying—and some of them definitely announcing—that the purpose of the coming conference was to return to the gold standard. Statements were issued with MacDonald of Britain, Herriot of France, Bennett of Canada, Jung of Italy, Soong of China and Ishii of Japan.

Mr. Moley Goes to London

Secretary of State Hull was made head of the American delegation to the conference, but soon after it began, Roosevelt sent Assistant Secretary of State Raymond Moley to London, especially accredited to stabilization. Moley later recalled:

". . . After I negotiated (a stabilization) agreement which was completely within my written instructions and which had the approval of (Treasury) Secretary Woodin, the President, for no good reason ever revealed, rejected it . . ."

What became known as the "bombshell message" on currency stabilization arrived in London from Roosevelt on July 3d. After a lecture on the beauties of a "managed" currency, he continued:

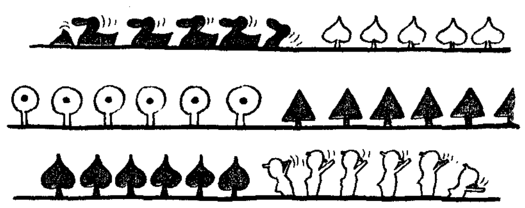
". . . When the world works out concerted policies in the majority of Nations to produce balanced budgets and living within their means, then we can properly discuss a better distribution of the world's gold and silver supply to act as a reserve base of national currencies . . ."

What some of this message meant is difficult to see, but certainly it negated his joint statements with the Prime Ministers. In his memoirs, Hull later described the reaction to the message:

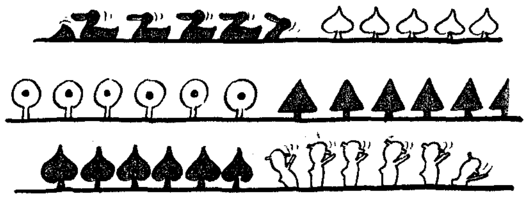
". . . Governor Cox, who I had arranged should see MacDonald every day, came rushing to my office. Very much wrought up, he said: 'The British and other important countries are so aroused by the President's message that they have decided to . . . declare the conference adjourned indefinitely . . . they will hang around the President's neck the sole responsibility for wrecking the conference.' "

Hull's conclusions as to this lost statesmanship require no addition from me:

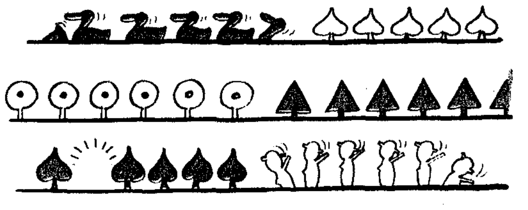
"I believed then, and do still, that the collapse of the conference had two tragic results. First, it greatly retarded the logical economic recovery of all nations. Secondly, it played into the hands of . . . Germany, Japan and Italy . . . At London the bitterest recrimination occurred among the United States, Britain and France. The dictator nations occupied first-row seats at a spectacular battle. From then on they could proceed hopefully; on the military side, to rearm in comparative safety; on the economic side, to build their self-sufficiency walls in preparation for war. The conference was the first, and really the last, opportunity to check these movements toward conflict."



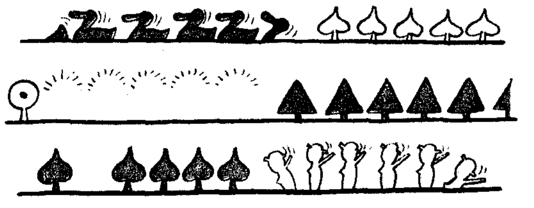
"I don't know why you're such a bug on shooting galleries. Grace's husband is the same way . . ."



". . . Well, when are you going to hit something?"



". . . *You hit one!* Well—good for you . . . You've got four shots left. Let me try . . . How do you hold it?"



"Well, that's that! . . . Hungry?"

COLLIER'S STANLEY & JANICE BERENSTAIN

Moley, in his book After Seven Years, wrote: "This was not Franklin D. Roosevelt, private citizen, saying that two plus two made ten . . . This was the President of the United States . . . (MacDonald) turned a grief-stricken face to me . . . and cried out, 'This doesn't sound like the man I spent so many hours with in Washington . . . I don't understand.' "

The President had not only destroyed the conference and violated his pledges to the foreign ministers, but also brought a calamity on the whole world.

The world's greatest producer and greatest market told other nations that it would carry on its war of currencies, repudiate its pledged word, break faith with any or all of them—and that it was none of their business.

On July 26th Roosevelt cabled MacDonald his congratulations on the success of the conference.

At home, the course of the New Deal was no less disquieting. It proceeded in four directions. First, the concentration of power in the hands of the President and a tremendously expanded, politically selected bureaucracy; second, the application of Fascist ideas of dictation of production and distribution; third, the socialization of certain industries; fourth, the use of relief and all these other powers to fasten a single political party upon the country.

Roosevelt's first step to concentrate power was to reduce Congress to a rubber stamp. During his first term, bill after bill was drafted in the executive departments, sent to Capitol Hill as "must" legislation, and many of them passed without real Congressional knowledge of the content or purpose. We need give little evidence other than from Roosevelt's own supporters.

Governor Alfred E. Smith, Roosevelt's political father, said in 1936:

"In the name of Heaven, where is the independence of Congress? Why, they just laid right down. They are flatter on the Congressional floor than the rug under this table here."

Arthur Krock, a columnist supporter of Roosevelt, wrote in 1938:

"Often his leaders introduced the measure without reading it . . . Always the rank and file of Congress knew nothing of the bill's contents until they had read them in the newspapers."

The Theses and Statutes of the Communist International (Moscow, August 7, 1929) seems to have some analogies:

". . . On all important political questions the parliamentary faction shall get preliminary instructions from the central committee of the party."

In the Dictators' Footsteps

For continued collectivist action the first necessity was to subjugate the Supreme Court, just as destroying the independence of the judiciary had been the initial move of Lenin, Hitler and Mussolini. I had prophesied in the campaign that such an attempt on our high tribunal would come.

During Roosevelt's first term, the Supreme Court declared unconstitutional a number of New Deal measures. While he delayed overt action against the court until after the 1936 election, he nonetheless had previously determined to bring it into subjection. George Creel, off and on an important New Deal official, and at that time Washington correspondent for Collier's, later confirmed this in his book:

"I first became aware of his deep and even bitter feeling in August, 1935, when we were preparing the article entitled Looking Ahead with Roosevelt . . . He set his jaw and dictated the following as his idea of how the article should start off:

". . . 'In the next few months, the Supreme Court will hand down fresh pronouncements with respect to New Deal laws, and it is possible the President will get another "licking" . . . then the President will have no other alternative than to go to the country with a constitutional amendment that will lift the Dead Hand . . .'

" 'Fire that,' he said grimly, 'as an opening gun.' "

When, on February 5, 1937, Roosevelt brought his court-packing plan into the open, a long, bitter fight ensued in the Senate. James Farley, in his book, gives a glimpse of the pressures Roosevelt used in his effort to pass the bill, quoting the President as saying:

"First off, we must hold up judicial appointments in states where the delegation is not going along . . . Second, this must apply to other appointments as well as judicial appointments."

On February 20th, in a broadcast from Chicago, I warned: ". . . If a troop of President's judges can be sent into the halls of justice to capture political power . . . that is not judicial process. That is force. The court and the Constitution thus become the tool of the executive and not the sword of the people . . ."

The Fireside Chat Technique

On March 9th, in a "fireside chat," Roosevelt exerted all his charm to woo public support for the court plan. The technique was the same he always used, before and after: discrediting all opposition by subtle innuendo, never quoting directly, setting up a wicked straw man and knocking him down with a thunderous denunciation.

On March 29th, Senator Glass, by now an uneasy supporter of the President, called the plan an attempt to "rape" the court, and referred to my warnings on this score in the 1932 campaign:

"When once it was intimated by political adversaries that the Supreme Court might be tampered with, the insinuation was branded as a splenetic libel."

Despite the ultimate passage of a judiciary bill containing only some unimportant provisions (which Roosevelt denounced), it cannot be denied that he largely accomplished his purpose. Certainly in his own view he succeeded, by this attack, in cowing the court. For in his own introduction to the 1937 volume of his Public Papers and Addresses he wrote:

". . . It was still the same court with the same justices. No new appointments had been made. And yet, beginning shortly after the message of February 5, 1937, what a change!"

And soon Roosevelt succeeded in packing the court as six vacancies occurred through death or resignation. Not a single Republican or conservative Democrat was appointed, although every President before had sought to maintain a balance.

Another collectivist tactic in power concentration, taken from Hitler, Mussolini and Stalin, was the administration's attempted "purge" of its own party members in Congress. It was new in American life for a President to try, by opposing their re-election, to estop conscientious dissidents in his own ranks.

The story is best told by Roosevelt's chief political manager, James Farley, Postmaster General at the time. In his book Farley recalls:

"Late that January (1938) I got definite indication of what I had long feared—that the President's hate for members of the party who had opposed him . . . glowed as fierce as ever under the ashes of the past six months . . . In the next month he went over the whole political field as he prepared to distribute patronage rewards for 'going along' and punishment for not 'going along' . . ." The President, however, failed in all his purges but one.

Another exhibit of the concentration of political power was his use of executive orders. In the first four years alone of the New Deal—in time of peace—Roosevelt issued 1,486 executive orders (which had the effect of law) as against an average of 166 for each previous four years of Presidents since Washington, and those prior 143 years included four wars which necessitated more than the usual executive action.

Such a quantity of executive orders not only signalized Congressional surrender of

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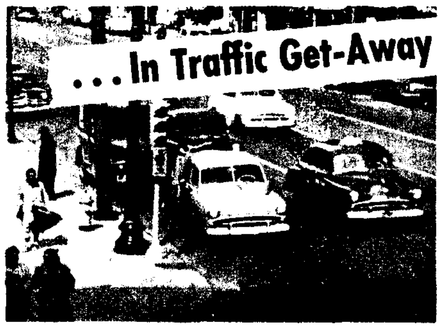

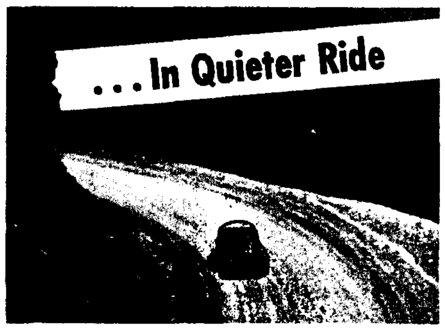

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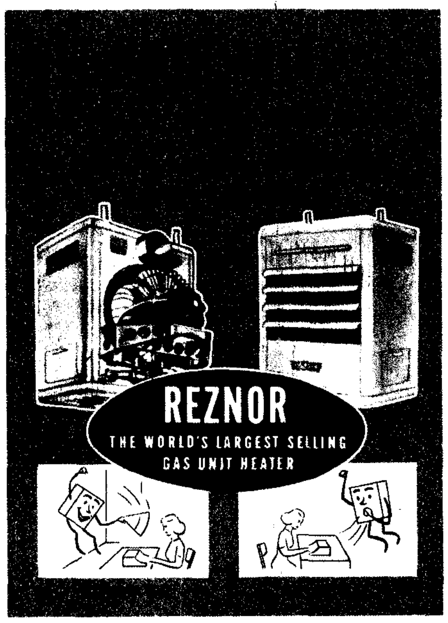
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its responsibilities, but gave vast opportunities to the "inner core" of purposeful men who surrounded Roosevelt.

A prime technique of collectivist power procedure is thought control. Propaganda, with the collateral smear of opponents, is the first instrument; concentration camps are not necessary—in the earlier stages.

Every New Deal bureau was promptly staffed with "public relations" men under various titles; by May, 1939, according to Senator Byrd, a Democrat, 30,000 government employees were engaged in propaganda activities. That was an understatement. Their activities included flooding the press with releases, preparing speeches for members of Congress, and giving off-the-record "guidance" to columnists and commentators and others. With radio regulation in New Deal hands, broadcasting stations gave them facilities not as easily obtained by the opposition.

Propaganda Costs Run High

One indication of the size of this propaganda machine was the volume of printed matter it sent out. The expenditure of the Government Printing Office for the executive branch of the government increased from about $11,000,000 in 1932 to about $16,000,000 in 1936, and this did not include the vast increase in mimeographed statements.

A notable instance of New Deal smear tactics occurred in 1935, when the Justice Department sought to indict former Treasury Secretary Mellon for fraudulent income-tax returns. (Former Tax Commissioner Elmer Irey, in a book published in 1948, reported that he had been ordered to "go after" Mellon.) This action was heralded as bringing the "reactionaries" to book with Mr. Mellon as the chief example. New Dealers licked their chops.

Mr. Mellon was one of the country's richest men. His fortune, partly inherited, had been made by the building up of new industries. In his day that was regarded as a worthy calling. I had known him intimately. Not only was he of the most scrupulous integrity, but in the period when he was supposed to have defrauded the taxpayers, his expenditures for supporting Pittsburgh's unemployed and for other charities far exceeded his supposed gain from tax evasion.

Moreover, it was well known that he was preparing a gift to the nation of the greatest art gallery in the world. The site for this building had been reserved both by my administration and the Roosevelt administration. Despite his attempted indictment, Mr. Mellon went ahead with this and other gifts, which amounted to around $100,000,000—the larger part of his fortune. It looked as if this feeble old man would have to stand trial for "defrauding" the nation to which he had a fanatical devotion. I have never seen a man so crushed in spirit. But to everyone's surprise, even a stacked grand jury refused to bring in an indictment.

One of the humors of the times, from a propaganda point, was the setup of the Liberty League in 1934. Its leaders included John J. Raskob, Jouett Shouse, Irénée and Pierre du Pont, Alfred E. Smith and John W. Davis. Most had been ardent supporters, and some managers, of Roosevelt's campaign. They believed that Roosevelt was now being misled by the New Dealers, and that his old friends could correct matters by expressing themselves.

For a year they uttered no criticism of the President, but finally switched to direct attack. The league set up a great clatter, but the personalities who ran it were so unpopular that it boomeranged to aid Roosevelt.

Some league leaders had financed the slander campaign against me during my White House tenure. Incredible as it may seem, Raskob, ex-Democratic National Chairman and a prime mover in the attacks on me, wrote asking me to join the league.

My opinion of the organization is best seen by a letter I wrote a friend in reply to his request for advice on joining it:

". . . This is the group that financed the Democratic smearing campaign and . . . supported the election of the New Deal. If this group had told the truth, either during the Republican administration or during the campaign . . . the country would not be in this situation. I may state emphatically that I have no more confidence in the Wall Street model of human liberty, which this group so well represents, than I have in the Pennsylvania Avenue model upon which the country now rides."

The earliest manifestation of Fascism, Communism, Socialism, statism—or whatever other name collectivism happens to be using at the moment—comes with the adoption of a "managed currency," and the creation of fiat money. The New Deal was not long in taking this step.

So long as its currency is redeemable in gold, a government can only with great difficulty tamper with the price of goods and therefore with wage standards; or, by the manipulation of the purchasing power of money, strip the people of their savings; or so easily expand currency and credit for government expenditures. Thereby the people lose control of the public purse—their oldest defense against tyranny.

Civilization moves forward on promises that are kept. One cardinal promise was the government's guarantee that its currency is convertible into gold. Depriving people of their confidence in the currency plants a fear in their hearts which causes them to hesitate in their productive enterprises. It also makes them dependent on the government.

As detailed in a previous chapter, Mr. Roosevelt in the campaign denied my charge that he proposed to tamper with the currency; in a speech later omitted from an authorized volume of his addresses he described as a "covenant" the printed words on our government issues stating that they were redeemable in gold. Despite this presumed pledge, legislation for a "managed currency" speedily followed.

The Emergency Banking Act of March, 1933, gave the President in a national emergency—of which he was made sole judge—authority to assume complete control over all "transactions in foreign exchange" and "transfers of credit between, or payments by, banking institutions."

On April 5th, he issued an executive order requiring all persons to deliver all gold coin, gold certificates and bullion to the banks in exchange for currency, the banks in turn to deliver the gold to the Federal Reserve. Penalty for failure to comply was imprisonment and fines up to $10,000. The amount scraped up from personal holdings proved to be about $400,000,000—a trivial return for such a gross violation of personal liberty.

The second great shift into a "managed currency" was the "Thomas Amendment" to the Agricultural Adjustment Act of May 12, 1933. This authorized the President (a) to direct the Secretary of the Treasury to enter into agreements with the Federal Reserve Banks for them to conduct "open market operations" to buy government bonds to an added $3,000,000,000; (b) to issue $3,000,000,000 of unsecured currency which should be legal tender; (c) to fix the weight of gold in the dollar at not less than 50 per cent or more than 60 per cent below the present rate; (d) to fix the weight of silver in the dollar; (e) to determine the ratio of gold and silver. The amendment also provided for unlimited coinage of silver and issuance of silver certificates, and different prices for domestic and foreign silver.

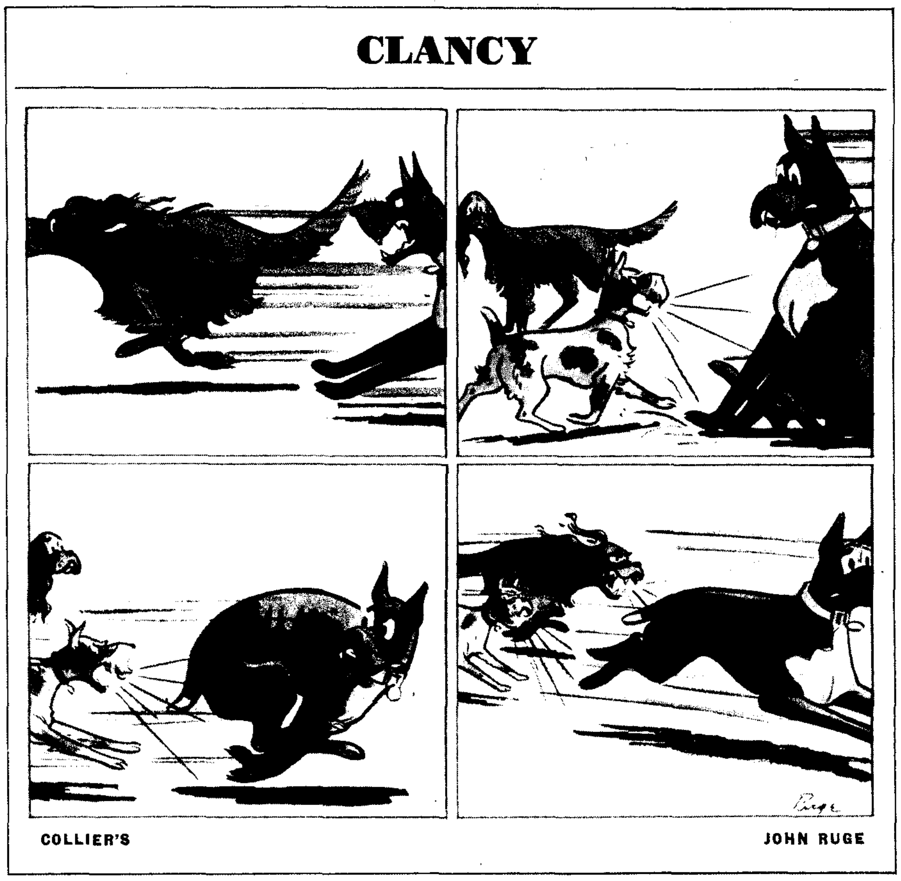
Congress thus gave the President legal authority over money as absolute as that of Tiberius Caesar or Henry VIII, Stalin or Hitler. It consummated the dreams of every currency tinkerer since the foundation of the Republic.

Abrogation of Gold Clause

A further unstabling factor was Congressional Public Resolution No. 10, of June 5, 1933, by which any action of the President that altered the obligations of private and public contracts was given force of law, no matter whether those contracts were entered into before or after the President's action. It thus provided for abrogation of a gold clause in all government and private contracts and substituted inflated paper money for the discharge of these obligations.

In February, 1935, the Supreme Court upheld this legislation in respect to private contracts but declared it unconstitutional as to government obligations. The court observed, however, that no damages could be recovered—on the ground that holders of such obligations were not damaged—an extraordinary assertion if the purchasing power of the dollar were to be diminished by 40 per cent.

About a year after the 1932 election, farm prices had been dropping rapidly and unemployment was increasing. AFL figures showed it had risen to a number greater than when Roosevelt was elected. On October 22d, the President, under the



Thomas Amendment, announced devaluation of the dollar as the remedy for this situation.

On January 30, 1934, Congress passed the "Gold Reserve Act," rubber-stamping the above-mentioned executive order of the previous April 5th. The next day an executive order fixed the gold dollar at 15 5/21 grains of gold, nine-tenths fine: that is, a price of $35 per ounce of fine gold. (For many years the price of gold had been at $20.67 an ounce.) The "profits" from this devaluation—by increasing the paper-money value of gold in government hands—was about $2,000,000,000.

The New Deal's belief that prices and wages would rise with devaluation was akin to the illusion that by reducing the yard from 36 to 21.2 inches there would be more cloth in the bolt.

Among the effects of devaluation, it changed the relative position of our money to that of foreign countries. Foreigners could pay their debts to us with 49 per cent less gold than before; likewise buy the same amount of goods and American securities from us with 49 per cent less gold. Contrariwise, U.S. buyers of foreign goods had to pay more gold for them.

There were two immediate consequences. Foreign purchase of American assets and goods at a 49 per cent discount flooded us with $6,000,000,000 of foreign gold. We put the gold in the ground at Fort Knox, where it brought no interest or return—and we paid interest or dividends on the foreigners' investment. A second and indirect effect was to increase American tariffs by 49 per cent, as Americans had to pay that much more for foreign goods.

A by-product of devaluation was that speculators sold, at huge profits and little risk, large amounts of foreign currencies which they had bought before devaluation. They had deduced that devaluation was coming from the attitudes of Roosevelt and his associates, or from inside information.

One of the poignant episodes in the course of these currency actions was the scathing denunciation of them by Senator Glass as a betrayal of the promises he had been given in return for his agreement to attack my administration during the 1932 campaign.

Along with currency manipulation, the New Deal introduced to Americans the spectacle of Fascist dictation to business, labor and agriculture. A magazine summary must perforce be brief, and for full detailing I refer economists and students of history to my forthcoming book on this era. But I sketch here some of the high lights of New Deal dictation in those fundamental areas of our economic life.

A Move to Fascize Farming

Fascism came to agriculture by way of the Agricultural Adjustment Act of May 12, 1933, sent by the President to Congress as a "must," and passed with little real debate. This act, later thrown out by the Supreme Court, offered an uncanny parallel with the agricultural programs of Mussolini and Hitler. It provided, among other things, for "benefit payments" to farmers who voluntarily agreed to reduce their production on any "basic agricultural commodity."

There was little voluntary about it. In order to get the subsidy on one basic commodity the farmer was required to sign an agreement to accept government direction on all basic products. If he preferred to forgo benefits and thus retain his independence, he soon found himself in trouble marketing his crops.

Every county was equipped with a board, acting directly for Washington, to inspect and to deliver benefits. The political implications were enormous.

To impose these controls, a complicated scheme of voting, with a bare majority of farmers, was set up whereby prices binding on all farmers would be fixed. With agents in every township who could withhold benefits and loans, the necessary "majority" was inevitable.

I had many personal contacts during this period with the moral effects of the New Deal at the farm level. Mrs. Hoover and I did much motoring over the country. We made it a practice to stop in auto camps and talk with the folks.

A friend had asked me to visit a large cotton ranch in the San Joaquin Valley for which he was executor, and give him my impressions of the management. The manager, an intelligent man, was immersed in a "planned economy" program to destroy some 800 of his total 3,000 acres of cotton. He explained to me that he had about 800 acres of poor growth, and that the bonus payable for destroying these crops was more profitable than growing them to harvest. On the other hand, should he destroy his good cotton, he would make less than otherwise. He asked my advice. I stated that good citizens did not take advantage of the government by picking their worst crops, and that his boss would not like him to do so, no matter how evil the government's practices.

A few months later the manager called on me. I asked what had happened about the cotton. He said:

"I was sitting on the porch one afternoon when Secretary Wallace's County Committee came up the front walk. The chairman called out to me, 'Here comes the Wall Street money. Have you any poor cotton?' I replied that I had 800 acres that were pretty poor. He said, 'Which quarter sections are they?' I told him. He filled out a written order to plow them under and directions how to get the money. We are about $12,000 better off than if we had grown the cotton."

One evening when I was stopping at my son Allan's ranch, one of the foremen came in and said he had a check from the government for "reduction" of 200 pigs which did not exist. I asked him to explain. He said that the pig-destruction payments were based on a three-year average; that a few years before he had owned a hog farm up the valley and had sold it, but that this was his payment for his proportion of the three-year average.

Fascism came to business with the National Industrial Recovery Act of June, 1933. As I reported in a previous chapter, certain businessmen fretful about the anti-trust laws had come around in 1932 to the idea of industry codes, to be imposed by the industries themselves, and I had been urged to endorse it—to elicit business support for my re-election. Roosevelt had agreed to support the idea. I refused, pointing out that the idea was sheer Fascism—a mere remaking of Mussolini's "Corporate State."

The NRA Act authorized the President to approve codes of "fair competition" proposed by industrial or trade groups, and to set them up on his own motion. Further, he was authorized to license businesses and to deprive individual concerns not complying with the codes of their license to do business, with fines and penalties.

The act stated that the codes were not to promote or permit monopolies or monopolistic practices. This was sheer window dressing. As a matter of fact, the codes were the very essence of monopoly, because they provided for fixing prices, wages and control of production practically by the trades themselves.

The President appointed General Hugh S. Johnson NRA administrator. Johnson produced a Blue Eagle insigne to be displayed by every home and business establishment. No one was to do business with a nonholder of the Blue Eagle. "Compliance boards" were established in industries and counties to coerce the people, and machinery was erected to prosecute code violators. The whole of this added up to complete coercion.

Much ado was made by Roosevelt about the child-labor prohibition in the codes. As governor of New York he had refused support to ratification of the Republican constitutional amendment to end this evil.

At the level of the people, the NRA was one of the greatest trials to their primary freedoms. A small tailor in New Jersey filled headlines for a few days because he was arrested for pressing clothes at five cents less per suit than the code called for. Public indignation got him out of his cell.

Senators began to criticize the whole setup, and asked for an independent investigation. Roosevelt named Clarence Darrow, a noted left-wing criminal lawyer, to head a committee. To everyone's surprise, its report, in May, 1934, castigated the whole NRA business as "monopolistic," "grotesque" and "oppressive."

I had kept still until the people could learn from experience. Finally, in May, 1935, I issued a blast against the whole works, suggesting that "the only substitute for an action that rests on definite and proved economic error is to abandon it."

The Supreme Court a little later unanimously found Title I of the NRA Act unconstitutional, and an invalid delegation of legislative power to the President. At a press conference he declared: "The implications are more important than any made during my lifetime or yours and probably since the Dred Scott decision . . . It belonged to the horse-and-buggy stage of the Constitution."

It was here that the idea of subjugating the court began to take form in his mind.

Wagner Act Regulates Labor

Fascism came to labor by the so-called Wagner Act of July, 1935. This act (a) created the National Labor Relations Board, composed of three members with authority to make rules and regulations; (b) confirmed labor's right to collective bargaining through representatives of its own choosing; (c) provided for elections of workers to choose representatives; (d) provided for court prosecution of unfair practices, with board findings of fact binding on the court; (e) established regulations as to "unfair practices."

The greatest evil in this legislation was the failure of Congress to set proper standards of unfair practice. The board was judge, jury and prosecutor. There was no effective appeal from its decisions. The board issued a multitude of regulations, many going beyond any authority of Congress, and even including an encroachment on free speech by a limitation on what the employer could discuss with his employees.

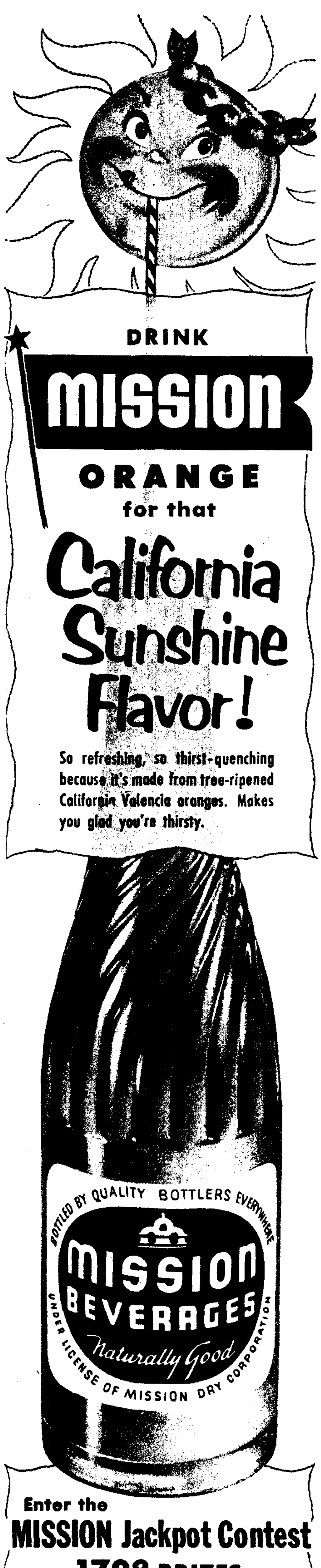
The board named by Roosevelt was a prime exhibit of the collectivist character of his appointees. Some top NLRB officials were later exposed as actual Communist party members. Worse than the act itself was its administration. The board proceeded to an orgy of dictation in industrial labor relations, and Communist-controlled unions were helped to expand despite great protests by the AFL.

The new CIO's left-wing character emerged into the light of day in a series of Communist-ordered "sit-down" strikes in Michigan in 1936. Strikers held possession of industrial plants for weeks. Neither Governor Murphy nor Roosevelt made any protest, although it patently violated constitutional rights.

Labor's right to bargain collectively by representatives of its own choosing had for years been upheld by thinking men—with whom I joined. But the absence of fair play and any semblance of judicial spirit made the career of the Wagner Act one of the most regrettable in our history. Certainly the New Deal's labor legislation brought no industrial peace. The total of man-days lost in labor conflict during my term as President was 25,554,737; during Roosevelt's first term, 66,619,510.

A good example of how the New Deal pattern of collectivism applied to a specific industry occurred in the field of electric power. As later reported by George Creel and others of the New Deal inner circle, Roosevelt had great dreams of the government's taking over electric-power services. He had given such assurances in the campaign.

The first New Deal undertaking in this direction was the Tennessee Valley Authority (TVA), established by an act of Congress in May, 1933. This organization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became a radiating headquarters for Socialism. Power was sold direct to consumers. "Co-operatives" were set up with government funds to buy and sell electrical appliances. It engaged in manufacturing fertilizer and other chemicals, and even established canneries and knitting mills.

By coercion and use of government money, which in effect subsidized its rates, the TVA compelled neighboring private-power companies to sell their business to the government at losses to their stockholders. It made and sold its fertilizers at a loss and crowded out some private suppliers.

It purported to be a "yardstick" of performance of private companies. In reality it proved the case against, not for, public power. Its capital was furnished by the government and no interest charge was included in the construction costs. Further, as stated by the Comptroller General of the United States, an undue part of the TVA's capital cost was charged to navigation.

A whole series of other Socialist electrification activities, encroaching on private enterprise, was initiated by the New Deal with presumed authority under various acts of Congress. In 1948-'49, when I served as chairman of the bipartisan commission set up by Congress to advise it on reorganizing the whole executive side of the government, I appointed the country's leading firm of auditors to examine these electrical enterprises. This examination, and the commission's direct investigations, showed that most of these enterprises were being operated at a loss to the national Treasury, and that more progress had been made in socializing the power industry than the public had any knowledge of.

At that time the electrical-power capacity of the country totaled about 52,000,000 kilowatts. The government had completed 56 power plants, with 37 more under construction, and Congress had authorized 79 more. All of them when completed would produce more than 20,000,000 kilowatts, or more than 30 per cent of the whole national output.

These plants were located in more than 40 different states. Every one of them became a potential center for coercing private companies in its neighborhood to sell out either by exercising powers of eminent domain, or by destroying their ability to raise capital. These plants are mostly tax free, have unlimited federal money available at 3 per cent interest or less, and their cost is based on fictitious write-offs of capital expenditure to navigation and irrigation, yet they are unable to undersell private power companies by more than the tax differential.

At the time of the commission's investigation, the federal government also operated nearly 100 business enterprises in various other fields at a total government investment of more than $15,000,000,000 capital. It was directly engaged in the sale of fertilizers, farm products and minerals, in building and renting houses, as well as in extensive lending operations of all kinds.

Another illustration of the specific workings of the New Deal pattern of collectivism occurred in the field of relief of the destitute unemployed.

During my administration we had set up a nonpartisan, voluntary system of committees to assure direct relief wherever it was needed. My consistent objective had been to avoid concentration of power by encouraging local responsibility and freedom from politics in this essentially human service. Local groups, knowing their townspeople, were able to administer relief with sympathy and according to need, and our national committee's field inspectors saw to it that there were no failures.

How well this system succeeded may be shown by the fact that, in the campaign, neither Roosevelt nor any Democratic speaker uttered any criticism of it.

But when the New Deal came in, it secured huge appropriations from Congress, dismissed our nonpartisan committee machinery—national, state and local—and replaced it with a great, politically appointed bureaucracy. All this helped perpetuate a one-party form of government via implanting in voters the fear of discrimination against them in relief. Moreover, as repeatedly shown by Congressional committee investigations, relief was used directly to promote the re-election of the party in power.

Relief costs at once enormously increased. The actual cost to the federal government of direct relief during Roosevelt's first term was $7,996,400,000—about $2,000,000,000 a year in addition to state contributions. The total was about double the combined federal, state and local costs in the last years of my administration. The number of dependents was about the same. For the first eight years of the New Deal the total of those on relief remained constant at between 16,000,000 and 20,000,000, since no substantial decrease occurred in the number of unemployed—as was shown by the AFL's figures each autumn.

We now come to the question of what all New Deal actions cost the taxpayer.

Before comparisons can be made, one must understand the changes made by the New Deal in accounting methods. Prior to the New Deal all moneys paid out of the Treasury—even for recoverable loans—were entered on one side of the ledger as expenditures; actual receipts were entered on the other side.

The New Dealers at once revised this form of "horse-and-buggy" accounting. There was no dishonesty in their method, but the effect was to make their spending seem smaller. Among other changes, certain trust and operational accounts which formerly appeared on both sides of the ledger were incorporated only as balances, and expenditures were divided into "ordinary" and "emergency." The latter included relief, public works, and loans on security by government or capital subscriptions.

To make a correct comparison, I give my administration's balance sheet calculated on the New Deal method of accounting by one of our former budget officers. Total revenues for my four years were $14,223,000,000; for Roosevelt's first four years, $13,111,000,000; for his second four years, $22,900,000,000. Total "ordinary" expenditures for my term were $14,872,000,000; for his first term, $26,316,000,000; for his second term $34,133,000,000. Total deficit of my administration, based on "ordinary" expenditures: $649,000,000; of Roosevelt's first term, $13,205,000,000; of his second term, $11,233,000,000.

Of the emergency expenditures in my administration, $2,459,000,000 were for loans which were later recovered. On the expenditure side, the New Deal by its accounting methods had the advantage of not showing its loans but using the RFC to pay the losses of government agencies. An astonishing juggle was made by an act of February 16, 1938, which directed the Treasury Secretary to cancel notes of the RFC and "all sums due and unpaid upon or in connection with such notes at the time of such cancellation."

This act canceled debts to the RFC, owing by 10 New Deal agencies, for moneys advanced for New Deal spending. The bill passed in less than three minutes. The total expenditures thus wiped off the books amounted to more than $2,700,000,000.

The only economy promises Roosevelt made good were in veterans' services and military defense expenditures. This latter came at a time when Hitler, Stalin, Mussolini and the Japanese were loudly threatening the peace of the world. In the early years of the New Deal, reductions in military defense expenditures amounted to about $125,000,000 a year.

The final question as to these eight years of creeping collectivism is: Did the New Deal succeed in securing economic recovery and employment?

Recovery from the depression came quickly to nations which still had a free economy, but never to the United States under the New Deal in peacetime. It took a war to make even a temporary "recovery" of employment here.

AFL figures on unemployment show that at the time of Roosevelt's election in 1932 the unemployed totaled about 11,000,000; 60 days after Roosevelt's election, 13,100,000; January, 1934, 13,282,000; January, 1935, 12,058,000; January, 1936, 12,646,000; January, 1937, 10,002,000; January, 1938, 10,926,000; January, 1939, 11,369,000; January, 1940, 10,656,000. There are differences in estimates of unemployment, but an actual government census in 1937 confirmed the reliability of the AFL's monthly reports.

After 1940, war production and mobilization began to have some effect, but even at the time of Pearl Harbor there were still more than 8,000,000 unemployed.

A further test of all this New Deal collectivism lies in a comparison of our recovery and our unemployment with that of other countries.

Figures on recovery in industrial production in the countries which still had a free economy tell the story. The year 1929 was

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the boom year in all such nations; they had production with full employment. With the depression this of course changed radically for the worse. But by two years after the election of the New Deal they had achieved recovery in both production and employment. By 1936, Britain's production was 6 per cent over 1929; Norway's 15 per cent; Denmark's 25 per cent; Estonia's 20 per cent; Finland's 33 per cent; and that of Greece 39 per cent. And by 1939, Britain's production was 24 per cent over 1929; Sweden's 56 per cent; Estonia's 49 per cent; Denmark's 46 per cent; Norway's 39 per cent; Chile's 35 per cent; and that of the Netherlands 8 per cent.

The only laggards were France, which had adopted a New Deal, and Canada, whose economy was interlocked with that of the United States. Our own productivity in 1939 was 18 per cent less than in 1929.

A Menace to Free Economy

The fundamental reason for the failure of the United States was injection of this creeping collectivism into the American system. It cannot be injected into a free, regulated economy and permit that economy to go on producing and making jobs. The two systems do not mix.

The reasons why there can be no mixture are clear. Under "planned economy" the actions of government and bureaucrats are unpredictable. In the American kind of free economy, regulated only to prevent abuse, production is the generator from which flow long transmission lines of initiative, employment and opportunity. Once these lines are interfered with at any point the whole current is weakened.

The American system is based on the conduct by each man of his own affairs on his own judgment. He determines his prices in relation to demand and supply. His policies are based on endless chains of contracts and agreements. If only one link be touched, the whole chain weakens and the expected results are frustrated. At once men become hesitant and fearful.

Every time the planners inject their dictation into some region of private enterprise, then somehow, somewhere, men's minds and judgments become confused. Initiative and enterprise slacken; production and consumption slow down. At once unemployment is increased and every fear is accelerated. Then more drastic powers and more government employment are demanded by the planners.

Thus the cancer of power over men grows by creating its own emergencies.

During 1930-'32, the impact of the European panic brought a period of imported fears. But by the time Roosevelt took office Europe was on the way out of its difficulties and these fears disappeared. New lines of domestic fears came into being which brought postponement of new activities and slackened national energies. Any study of the relative activities of capital-goods industries as compared to consumers'-goods industries shows this hampering influence of the New Deal prior to World War II's stimulating effect on industry.

These domestic fears were born, in sum, of tinkering with currency and credit and of Fascistic dictation to industry, labor and agriculture. We entered areas of Socialism through government production and distribution. We witnessed great centralization of power, with a huge bureaucracy. We began a vast increase in government expenses and debt. We witnessed great forces of moral corruption and intellectual dishonesty. We saw the legislative arm reduced to a rubber stamp, and the courts subjugated. We saw the development of class hatred by the government.

Moreover, it has been the technique of all collectivist leaders to single out some element of the community for concentrated hate. Lenin directed hate toward the *"bourgeoisie"*; Hitler, to the Jews; Mussolini, to the Communists and democrats. Roosevelt concentrated his denunciation on a generalized class he called "economic royalists." Whatever merit this technique may have politically, its result is to discourage good men and slow down the nation's economy. There was ample reason for men to fear, to hesitate, and to postpone commitments.

The New Deal was not unaware of its failure to secure recovery. There was a small boomlet in business in 1936, trumpeted by a great oratorical burst of triumph. But this soon faded away. A little boomlet started again in early 1937 but had a sad ending, called a "recession," which was expounded as being very different from a depression. The President blamed it on a gigantic conspiracy of business against him.

James Farley wrote of their miseries:

"At the Cabinet meeting that afternoon, October 8, 1937, Roosevelt said: 'I know that the present situation is the result of a concerted effort by big business and concentrated wealth to drive the market down just to create a situation unfavorable to me . . . The whole situation is being manufactured in Wall Street.'"

But worse was to come. In 10 days the stock market blew up still further. Its effect on the New Dealers is best described by Henry Morgenthau, Jr., in his diaries:

"Seven million shares changed hands while prices skidded amid a hysteria resembling a mob in a theater fire . . . The production index started to decline. Panic overcame the business community."

I could weep with them when I recalled the Black Friday of October, 1929.

Farley further reported the President as saying: "I know who's responsible for the situation. Business, particularly the banking industry, has ganged up on me."

The idea that a few thousand or even 10 businessmen had conspired to bring about an economic slump was preposterous. It becomes even more preposterous when one thinks of the losses such action would have projected on every one of them. Business never favors a depression.

I have no intention of appraising Roosevelt's character or his abilities. I shall leave that to his onetime supporters and associates. A dozen of them have made statements more violent than any by either myself or his other political opponents.

F.D.R. as Seen by Intimates

The student of history can indeed get some light on these matters of character and ability from the writings of these men who knew him intimately, for one of the significant phenomena of the times was the number of his 1932 backers and of his appointees who deserted him.

This much can be said with certainty: there was no economic recovery and there was not more, but less liberty in America as the result of eight years of the New Deal. World War II, by diverting 12,000,000 workers to our military establishment and by vastly increasing our military production, did restore employment. But with it came a vast (although often necessary) expansion of government controls. The result was to turn the public mind into revolt against further collectivism. Mr. Truman sensed this change, as is shown by the fact that within 18 months after he took office the entire Cabinet had shifted.

But the real turn away from collectivism came with the Congressional election of 1946. In the new Congress, Republican members, with the aid of conservative Democrats, repealed—according to an estimate by a responsible member—some 76,000 New Deal and wartime rules, regulations and orders, which went far to restore the American system. It has since had some setbacks, but that the system has survived at all is proof of its vitality. THE END

Mr. Hoover's account of the Great Depression will appear under that title, in an expanded version, in a book to be published by Macmillan August 11th, a day following the 78th birthday of our ex-President

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Women and Love

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 24

"Oh, Heavens, she'll be here any minute now."

Jenny wrapped her pink terry-cloth robe about her and went to the door. "I wish someone would come halfway across the country just to see me!"

Midge put her trembling hand to her cheek. If only she had gone home for Christmas, Mama would not have come. Both Laura and Carlie, her sisters, had warned her, but she had never believed that Mama, who had lived in Wisconsin all her life except for three days at the Chicago World's Fair, would come out here alone. At this moment, she would be crossing the Hudson from Auntie Mae's in Weehawken, standing in the prow of the ferry, one hand, in a black kid glove, holding her veil and the other grasping, like a weapon, a huge black lizard pocketbook.

"Of course she knows. That's why she's come. She wouldn't understand about Dick." She gave up trying to fix her face. After all, it was only Mama, whom she loved and who loved her. She settled for lipstick, her green suit, her yellow blouse and green shoes.

MAMA was waiting in the lobby. How young she looked, how small! And then Midge thought: "Why, she looks smart! Just as smart as anyone—and she *manages it on so little.*" Then Mama looked up, her brown eyes glowing with love, and she held out her hands in the black kid gloves, and Midge went to her.

"Mama!" she laughed, sitting beside her. "Imagine—you in New York!"

"Yes, indeed," her mother said. "I told your sisters they could run across the street from their houses and keep an eye on your father. Little Benjie sleeps at the house most of the time as it is."

"Benjie?" Midge said. Her first nephew, Carlie's boy, was that old! Then, looking at Mama, she saw that Mama was still beautiful and must have been incredibly lovely as a young girl. At the same time, all those other faces she had thought forgotten seemed to come swaying like sunflowers into her mind—her older sister, Carlie, the day of her wedding, when she wore Mama's veil; and her younger sister, Laura, who sang like an angel around the house; and all the children and the two brothers-in-law, who somehow looked exactly like Dad. And her father with the fish laid out in the hollow behind the garage, proudly holding each fish up for her to see.

Tears came to her eyes for that lost world to which she had once belonged, that curious world back there that the women had built for their men and children. It was the world in which, Mama used to say, everything that made for dignity and civilization was maintained like a weak, golden flame that would go out if the women forgot.

"I said to myself you'd be homesick about now," Mama said, patting her hand. "Dad insisted I come down to see for sure. We'll have some breakfast. I got up for church early with Auntie Mae and had my coffee."

"There's a grill here, Mama."

"Dreadful; bare place. I want something fashionable."

Midge laughed. "The Plaza's nice on Sunday mornings, Mama."

"Good. The Plaza, then."

Midge took Mama's arm, and they walked to the corner of Fifth Avenue. Mama was as erect and slim as a girl, and her arm felt strong and firm. She was wearing new black kid pumps and a black suit. Midge could imagine her sitting in the sewing room with one of the children rolling the chain of empty spools just as she had done as a child. Mama was a most impressive person when you had not seen her in a long time. She seemed all in one piece, proud and wise and unafraid. Of course, if you loved, you were afraid you might lose your love, and that was the worst fear.

"We'll take a taxi here," Mama said. She patted her huge pocketbook. It contained all she felt was necessary to maintain herself in any kind of peril—scissors and thread; three spare buttons for her suit; some snapshots of Dad as a young man standing beside the sorrel riding horse, Tramp, and others of all the family and the old house and the orchard behind; a bit of sachet; two white handkerchiefs, a gold pencil and address book; an extra pair of gloves; and a little tube for stopping stocking runs. Mama was prepared.

She leaned forward, commenting on the stores, Saint Patrick's and Rockefeller Center, talking all the time. "Dad says to go to the concerts. The Carters, the Morgans and Grandpa O'Connor sent love and said not to let the big city lick you. Whatever that may mean. Benjie sent a dreadful plastic bird he made in Scouts. That boy has no more skill with his hands than your father." Mama liked to bear family news.

But what would Dick think of that world back home? She knew Mama would like him because he was so kind, because he was a careful young man planning for his future, but Mama would not understand why he did not want to get married, since, to Mama, marriage saved the world.

At the table, Mama was a little shy at first in the way of a country person, sitting with her feet together, very straight-backed. She was pleased with everything. "Have a hearty breakfast, Margaret. You look a little shadowy around the eyes."

Midge stirred uncomfortably. "You mustn't worry, Mama. I'm doing well. You—you get the checks all right?"

Mama nodded, thoughtfully. "That Christmas check was more than train fare home would have been."

"I know, but I couldn't get away."

"Oh, we understood!" Mama studied the menu. "Order me something bold, dear. Mrs. Morgan's bound to ask, bite for bite. I want to be able to tell her fancy names. The poor lamb hasn't stirred from her wheel chair nine years now." After they had their coffee, she said, "I never asked my girls to conquer the world. As for money, we get along fine, same as always. Of course, i was brave of you to come here—only th other day Laura was saying she could neve have done it. She's happy with Todd though." She broke off. "You think thes expensive rolls are as good as my cinnamon rolls, Margaret?"

Midge laughed. "Nothing's *that* good!"

"My, the clothes are lovely this season. Look at that hat with all the flowers. Lilacs as real as real. I hope someday when you have time we can go window-shopping."

SUDDENLY it seemed important that Mama know she was welcome here. "You can stay a while, Mama?"

"For a while. I think it best I visit Auntie Mae. You're busy in the day, and—"

"I *want* you to stay a while, Mama."

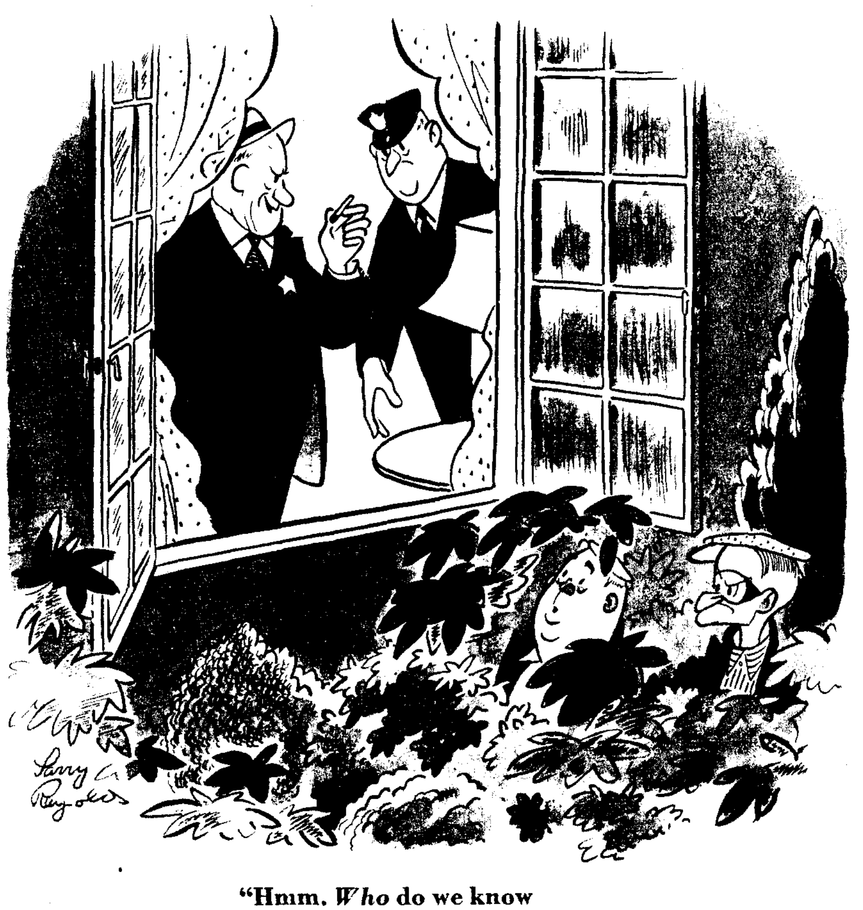
"Indeed, yes," she said mildly. She appeared to eat heartily and to be interested in her surroundings, but Midge knew that Mama was shrewdly studying her all the time. Mama, believing all people were children, was thinking of her as a child to be cooled and calmed under her touch. It was as though Mama's hand came lightly across her brow and over her mind, momentarily to illuminate it. It would be a shame to spoil her visit in any way. She thought: If Dick leaves me because I'm busy entertaining my mother, if he is as people say—oh, I *can't believe it*—if he's unable to keep his heart for me for a few days, then he'll just have to find himself another girl. The idea shook her, however.

"I wish you could see how Todd and Laura have settled down, Margaret. No need to have spent all that time worrying about Laura and that wild, reckless boy."

"I never knew you worried about Laura!" Underneath Mama's idle talk, there was always a design, another message.

"Ah, Margaret, she loved him so. She didn't have one sane thought, morning to night. And I know about that," she said simply. "There's this hot thing gets hold of you so you don't know if cats are flying or fish can walk, and days make no sense, and

BUTCH



"Hmm. *Who* do we know smokes 'Choco-Candy'?"

COLLIER'S LARRY REYNOLDS

the nights— Love is far too good for us when we are so young and raw."

"What?" She was astonished to hear Mama talk like this, to know that Mama had had her own time of it and could remember.

"Yes, indeed." Mama flushed and put her hand to her throat, and the gold wedding band caught the light. "You thought I'd forgotten?"

"Why, no." Margaret bit her lip. It would be the nicest thing in the world to talk about Dick. They had always talked to Mama about their dates. Mama had sat over her stubborn older sister, Carlie, until she had finally settled on Ed. And now Mama was satisfied there. She had refused to let Laura run off to meet Todd until he would come around to the house and call for her properly, and now she was at peace about that, too. Midge could not meet her mother's shrewd eyes, because she knew with a certainty that Mama suspected about Dick and had, as always, read her heart.

"Mama?" she said. Her voice hurt her throat. She wanted very much to be back in Mama's world, among women she could understand.

"Now, then," Mama said quickly. "I'm not here to pry. If you want me to meet some of your friends, dear, I brought along my navy-blue suit. On the other hand—"

"But I do!" Midge cried. She leaned toward Mama, nothing hidden in her heart. She told her about Dick and how she had met him at the party on Valentine Day, how he looked and how hard he worked, a serious kind of man. Mama listened, sipping her third cup of coffee. She said she had always found the ways of women in love enchanting. She adored the time when a girl could be foolish and flirtatious, because, once she had a husband and children and a budget, she could never feel like that again. She said a girl's heart was like a queen's crown—she had to wear it high to be sure no one, even herself, overlooked its value and stepped on it.

"I want you to meet Dick, Mama," Midge said boldly. She felt like a gambler, putting her money all on one number. "Once you see him, you'll love him. I—" She brushed at her hair nervously. "If you'd wait in the lobby a half an hour or so, then I could get him. I mean—I didn't tell him you were coming. And he'll want to dress and put on his best face and all. Though he doesn't need to. He's so—so marvelous, Mama!"

"Ah, you city girls," Mama said. If she was surprised that Midge had to go and fetch her young man, she didn't say so. "I'll sit in the lobby and watch the people. Also, I brought a sleeve of Benjie's sweater to knit while I wait."

IT WAS not until Midge was in the taxi, racing to his apartment downtown, that she thought he might refuse to come. Why should he want to meet Mama and put himself in such a position—committing himself like that? He had not mentioned marriage except to say that a man had to be on his feet and established before he asked a girl to marry him. Then, recently, he had said marriage was for people who were scared they might lose each other unless they had the law to chain them together. The thing was that Mama knew all of this, sensed it somehow, and had come down here to give her exactly this kind of push.

"Oh, dear," she moaned. There was not much she could do now with Mama sitting back there waiting, happy about everything. In Mama's world, women loved and lived by their loves and did not have to go about meeting in secret. Those women grew old sweetly, not savagely. Still, she was wild with indecision and marveled at how she could get herself into such a predicament. When she rang his bell and he appeared in the doorway, she became suddenly calm, as though Mama stood behind her, clicking her knitting needles. He drew her inside and leaned her against the door and they held each other, murmuring and smiling.

"I thought you'd never come. I hate Sundays without you."

"Darling," she said.

"What happened? We promised nothing would happen."

"Dick." She pulled away from him and took off her jacket and sat down on the floor, where he had spread out the Sunday papers. He stood above her, frowning. "Mama—my mother's here."

"You should have told me! I thought it was some other guy you were seeing."

"But how could that be?"

"Why not? You're free to—"

"No, I'm not free. That's a silly word." She lighted her cigarette to appear calm. "Mama's waiting in the Plaza lobby. I—I promised to bring you back with me." She held her breath, waiting.

HE SAT down beside her. He had on a white shirt, an old pair of pants and old shoes, his Sunday clothes. When she came here to cook Sunday dinner, she wore jeans or her velvet trousers. They played records and talked about everything that had happened all week. Then, when the city turned blue in the twilight, they would look at each other and kiss and never want to stop.

"What did you tell her?"

"How marvelous you are." She was risking everything in this moment. She thought: I'd rather have him forever—or not at all. I want us to be right, proper—nothing less!

"What else, darling?"

"That I love you, Dick."

"Did you say we had made plans?"

She blushed. "We haven't."

"And she wants to know my intentions, hey?" He smiled.

"No. I'm the one who wants to know."

"What?"

"Now, please." He leaned toward her, but she drew away. "Now, darling—please. I thought I was different from Mama and the women like her. They seemed old-fashioned. I thought we'd have a love affair, and when we didn't love each other any more, we could say so, right out. That's not what I want, really. I think I would die, darling, if we were together in a temporary way, and then if you found another girl—"

"S-s-sh, darling. Where could I find another girl? You're my girl."

"I don't want to hide things from Mama," she said simply. "I want to make her proud of me—the way she is of Carlie and Laura, my sisters."

He stood up and walked over to the windows, rubbing his forehead. "She's a powerful woman. I can feel her breathing down my neck. Today was a mess until you showed up. I didn't think I'd get married for ages. Maybe never. And here I am." He laughed. "Well, here *we* are, darling. The same as everyone else, I guess—not very modern or clever or anything."

"But you said, you always said—"

"You know, my father went up to Yellow Knife in the deadliest part of the winter to fetch my mother. Her father was a government official up there, and Father couldn't wait until the thaw. I always wanted to be reckless like that, do something daring when I fell in love, but I've had to be careful, make my own way." He laughed. "You can be so careful you're dead. Did I ever tell you that about my people?"

"No. You never told me a thing about them." His eyes were so kind, so warm. He lay down beside her and held her tightly against him.

"Well, I admired my father," he said, after he had kissed her. "He was my idea of a man, keeping his family together, never looking at another woman. I thought I would never love like that. Here I am now, wishing I could go thousands of miles on foot to the North Pole to get you, to show you how much I love you—beyond all common sense—and need you, too, darling," he whispered. He held her face in his hands. "Women can be very wise. If they didn't keep the world in order, where would a man go to take off his shoes and feel at home—hey?"

She nodded. She moved her lips against his cheek.

"What did you say, darling?"

"Oh—I just said thank you to Mama, dear," she said.

THE END

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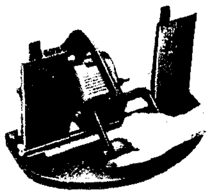

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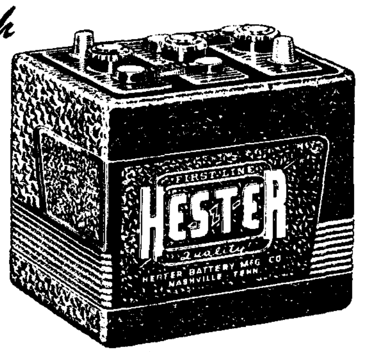

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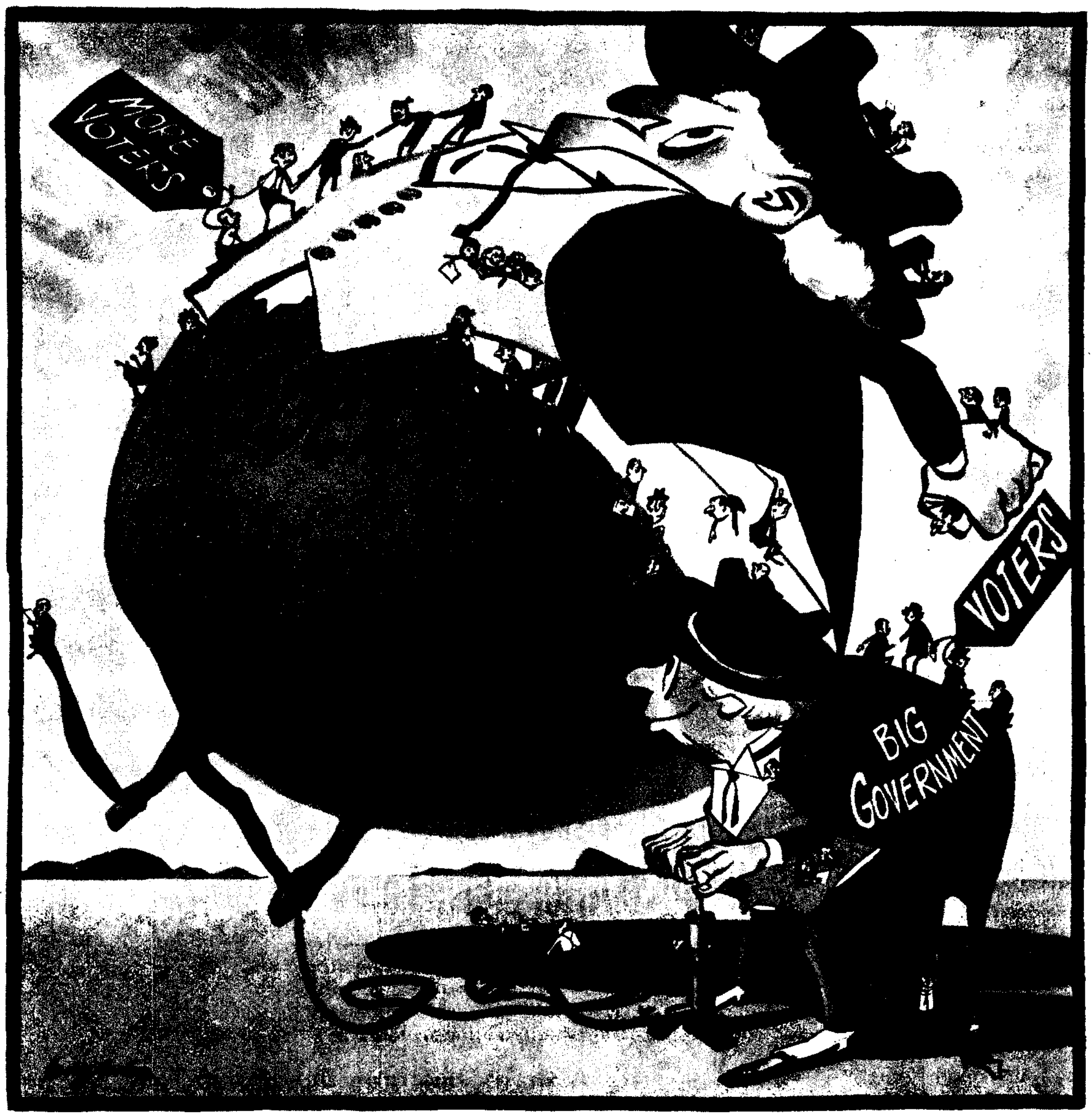


HARRY DEVLIN

The Campaign Issues

Another Kind of Inflation

ON LAST WEEK'S EDITORIAL PAGE we called attention to the beginning of David E. Lilienthal's series on the neglected virtues and benefits of Big Business—a theme which Mr. Lilienthal pursues in this issue. Now, by way of contrast, we should like to say something about the hidden evils and dangers of Big Government.

By Big Government we do not mean big spending for national defense, including the inseparable component of foreign aid. We do not mean necessary spending for services that are traditionally and logically within the province of the federal government. What we mean by Big Government is the swollen, boondoggling, power-building, 20-year-entrenched bureaucracy which continues to grow with a cancerous rapidity.

Unlike Big Business, Big Government puts no premium on integration and efficiency. Bureaucracy's aim is not better methods or better products. Big Government does not have to contend with any real competition or, except at election time, with the threat of any really effective censure. And the election-time threat is being increasingly well taken care of in a way which we are about to explain.

In 1944, the year of peak effort in a global war, the United States government had, in round numbers, 1,244,000 civilian employees. Today, with the country engaged in a limited war and a limited rearmament program, the number of civilian employees is 2,559,000, according to the latest available figures. Of that number, 2,380,700 are in the continental United States. Fewer than 250,000 work in the District of Columbia. The rest are scattered throughout the 48 states.

Most of those 2,559,000 employees are voters. It is true that the vast majority of them are in the civil service category. It is also true that some of them are Republicans. But unless our knowledge of simple psychology is far off the beam, the fact of government employment and the wish for job security would tend to influence many civil service workers in favor of the party in power.

After all, the Republicans have been talking about economy in government for almost 20 years. They have been promising to reduce the bloat of bureaucracy and tighten up operations generally. If elected, a Republican President and Congress would probably translate those promises into action. It seems reasonable to assume that most government employees know this. But it seems unreasonable to assume that a majority of them are going to cast a vote that might well lose them a job, civil service or no.

Now, government employees are not only voters. They are human beings with families—wives, husbands, parents, children, brothers and sisters. They are capable of exerting influence beyond their own ballot. A lot of them probably do.

So let us assume that every government employee influenced one and one-half votes in addition to his own in the 1948 Presidential election. That assumption, we believe, is modest and honest enough to cancel out the Republican voters on the federal payroll.

Proceeding on this assumption, what do we find? In six states outside the Solid South the number of government employees in 1948 exceeded the number of votes by which Mr. Truman carried the state. In four additional states the number of government employees plus the one and one-half voters apiece whom they could have influenced exceeded the Truman plurality.

The total electoral vote of those 10 states is 114. If the President had lost only 38 of those 114 electoral votes in the states where government employees held a potential balance of power, the Republicans would have been in.

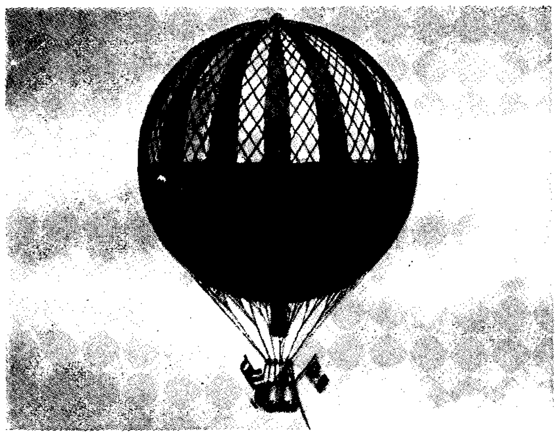
Since 1944, as we pointed out earlier, the federal payroll has more than doubled. Since the election year of 1948 it has been increased by more than 900,000. Why?

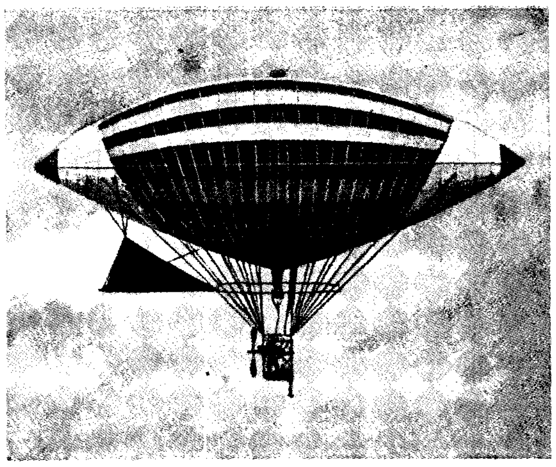
The civilian agencies of government, in making their annual pitch for bigger appropriations, have a way of answering that question which we think is not completely honest. Each of those agencies, of course, has some truly essential services to perform. And they tell Congress, in effect, that if their proposed budget is cut, their vital services will be curtailed with a consequent drastic effect on the general welfare.

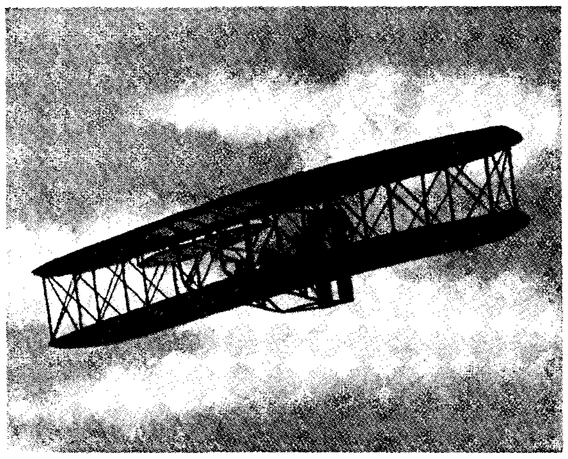
Such arguments don't hold water. The Hoover Report contained a number of excellent recommendations for streamlining government operations, improving efficiency and saving money without eliminating any essential operations. Many of those suggestions have been put into effect. And yet the number of federal employees gets bigger and bigger. (The government added more than 11,000 to its civilian roster between March 1st and April 1st of this year.) The only explanation of this contradictory situation, in our opinion, is the Democratic administration's desire to keep itself in power through a quiet and pious-faced padding of the payroll—a practice that has been going on since the days of WPA.

There is a danger in this apart from the usual perils of bureaucracy and the ever-increasing government control of more and more private activity. There is a danger beyond the annoyance of paper work, the burden of taxes and the promise of continuing corruption that Big Government offers. It is the danger that, at the present rate of increase, government employees by sheer weight of numbers might make it impossible ever to vote the Democratic party out of power.

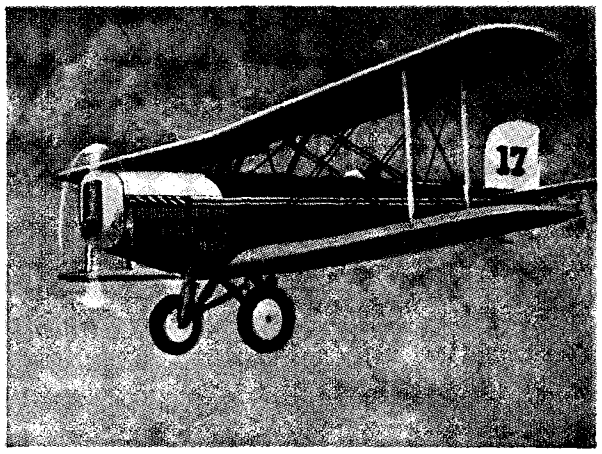
This danger lends a special urgency to the usual election-year plea to get out and vote. A lot of Republican and independent voters sat home on Election Day in 1948. They had better not repeat that performance this year, if they still believe that the country needs a change in administration. Four or eight years from now may be too late. The time to do something about it is 1952.

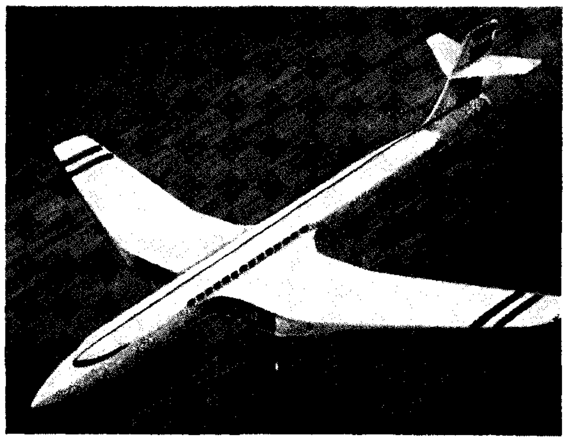






Paul Jones has made a top-flight drink for five generations!





SINCE 1865
Paul Jones
Paul
Jones
BLENDED WHISKEY

And five generations of experience have produced a whiskey with the extra mildness, extra smoothness, extra-rich, mellow flavor you usually expect only from much higher-priced whiskies.

But, there's *no* extra charge for experience. That's why we think you'll agree when you taste Paul Jones: *You just can't buy a better drink!*

Paul Jones

SINCE
1865

Frankfort Distillers Corporation, N. Y. C. Blended whiskey. 86 proof. 72½% grain neutral spirits.

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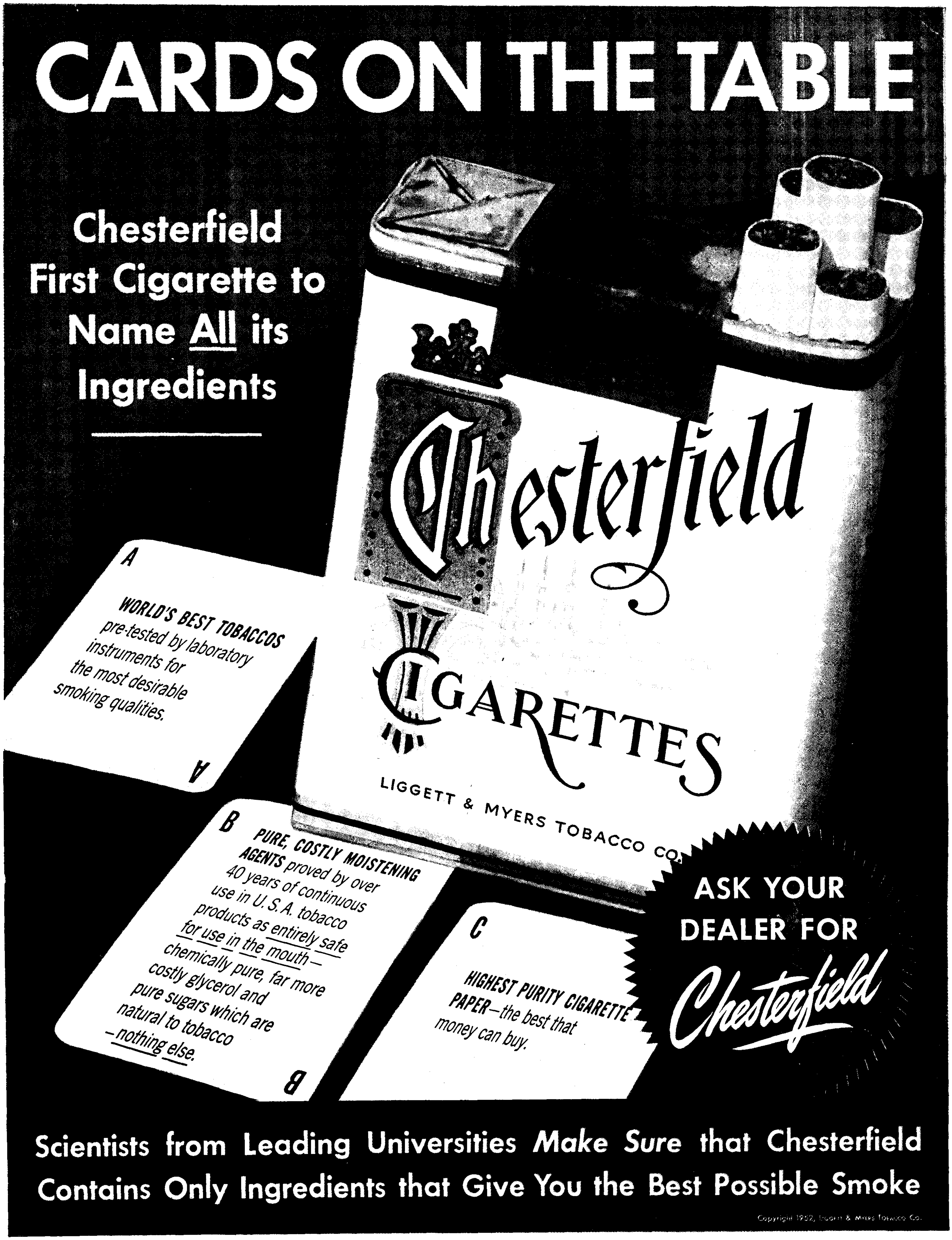

CARDS ON THE TABLE

Chesterfield First Cigarette to Name All its Ingredients

A

WORLD'S BEST TOBACCOS *pre-tested by laboratory instruments for the most desirable smoking qualities.*

A

B

PURE, COSTLY MOISTENING AGENTS *proved by over 40 years of continuous use in U. S. A. tobacco products as entirely safe for use in the mouth—chemically pure, far more costly glycerol and pure sugars which are natural to tobacco—nothing else.*

B

C

HIGHEST PURITY CIGARETTE PAPER—*the best that money can buy.*

ASK YOUR DEALER FOR Chesterfield

Scientists from Leading Universities *Make Sure* that Chesterfield Contains Only Ingredients that Give You the Best Possible Smoke

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